THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE:

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE

CHIEF POETS, ORATORS, AND PROSE WRITERS OF IRELAND.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND LITERARY NOTICES,

By CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life," "Stories from the Ancient Classics," &c.

THE conviction has been gradually growing that the literary wealth of Ireland is being scattered broadcast, while yet no standard Work can be procured in which the genius, the fire, the pathos, the humour, and the eloquence of Irish Literature are adequately represented.

The aim of the Publishers is to supply this want, and from the wide acquaintance of the Editor with the literature of his native land, it is hoped that a Work will be produced thoroughly NATIONAL in character, interesting to readers in general, and valuable as a book of reference. It will consist of a treasury of selections, accompanied by biographical notices of their authors. Besides the Poets, Dramatists, Novelists, and Historians, the Orators will be fully represented in it, among whom such men as Burke, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, Plunkett, O'Connell, Whiteside, Butt, and Cairns stand out conspicuously. The Biographical Sketches will in general contain notices of the principal works published by each author, with such remarks on their respective merits as may assist the reader in forming a just estimate of the place they each hold in public and critical estimation. The specimens selected will be arranged chronologically from the year 1600 to the present time, and taken together with the biographical notices, will present a comprehensive historical view of Irish literature; so that the work as a whole will supply in this convenient collective form an infinitely varied store of literary matter that cannot fail to afford both instruction and amusement to readers of all classes.

In preparing the Biographical Sketches the Editor has throughout consulted the best authorities, and endeavoured to place before the reader the authors and orators, their writings and speeches, from a literary point of view, entirely unbiassed by prejudice, political or religious.

The Work will be illustrated with admirable portraits in mesochrome, specially prepared for the *Cabinet of Irish Literature*, and the series when completed will form an interesting Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen. The Work will be issued in *four volumes*, super-royal 8vo, cloth elegant, with edges in burnished olivine, at $2·50 each.

DUBLIN: BLACKIE & SON, 89 TALBOT STREET;
LONDON, GLASGOW, BELFAST, AND EDINBURGH.

THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE.

The value and comprehensive scope of THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE will be at once understood by a glance at the following list of some of the authors whose works will contribute to its pages. To each name is appended the title of one or more of the writings by which the author is known.

BISHOP ALEXANDER,	'The Waters of Babylon;' 'The Conquest of the Earth.'
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,	'Day and Night Songs;' 'Lawrence Bloomfield.'
JOHN ANSTER,	'Translation of Faust.'
EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG,	'The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael, and other Poems.'
JOHN BANIM,	'Tales of the O'Hara Family;' 'The Boyne Water.'
COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,	'The Belle of the Season;' 'The Idler in France.'
DION BOUCICAULT,	'London Assurance;' 'The Shaughraun.'
HON. ROBERT BOYLE,	'Seraphic Love;' 'The Sceptical Chemist.'
EDMUND BURKE,	'Parliamentary Speeches;' 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.'
W. ARCHER BUTLER,	'The Even Song of the Streams;' 'History of Ancient Philosophy.'
ISAAC BUTT,	Speeches.
EARL CAIRNS,	Speeches in Parliament; Forensic Speeches.
J. J. CALLANAN,	'Gaugane Bara;' 'The Recluse of Inchidony,' poems.
WILLIAM CARLETON,	'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.'
MRS. CENTLIVRE,	'The Busy Body;' 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' comedies.
ANDREW CHERRY,	'The Bay of Biscay;' 'The Soldier's Daughter.'
GENERAL CHESNEY,	'Russo-Turkish Campaigns;' 'Exploration of the Euphrates.'
WILLIAM CONGREVE,	'The Double Dealer;' 'The Way of the World,' dramas.
JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE,	'The Hope of the Family;' 'Urgent Private Affairs.'
THOMAS CROFTON CROKER,	'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.'
J. PHILPOT CURRAN,	Speeches in the Irish Parliament; Speeches at the Bar.
JOHN D'ALTON,	'The Archbishops of Dublin.'
THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS,	'The Sack of Baltimore;' 'Fontenoy,' poems.
SIR JOHN DENHAM,	'Cooper's Hill,' a poem; 'The Sophy, a Tragedy.'
THOMAS DERMODY,	'The Harp of Erin.' Poems.
SIR AUBREY DE VERE,	'Mary Tudor;' 'Song of Faith.'
DR. DRENNAN,	'Wake of William Orr;' 'Glendalough,' poems.
DR. W. H. DRUMMOND,	'Trafalgar;' 'Clontarf;' 'The Man of the Age.'
LADY DUFFERIN,	'The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.' Songs.
LORD DUFFERIN,	'Letters from High Latitudes;' Speeches.
SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY,	'The Irish Chiefs,' and other Poems;' 'Young Ireland.'
MARIA EDGEWORTH,	'Castle Rackrent;' 'The Absentee.'
GEORGE FARQUHAR,	'The Beaux' Stratagem;' 'The Constant Couple,' comedies.
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON,	'Lays of the Western Gael;' 'The Forging of the Anchor.'
W. J. FITZPATRICK,	'Irish Wits and Worthies;' 'The Days of Tone and Emmet.'
HENRY FLOOD,	Speeches in the Irish Parliament.
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,	'Letters of Junius.'
NICHOLAS FRENCH,	'Sale and Settlement of Ireland;' 'The Bleeding Iphigenia.'
THOMAS FURLONG,	'The Misanthrope;' 'Translation of Carolan's Remains.'
JAMES GODKIN,	'Land War in Ireland;' 'Ireland and her Churches.'
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,	'The Vicar of Wakefield;' 'She Stoops to Conquer.'
HENRY GRATTAN,	Speeches in the Irish and in the Imperial Parliament.
T. COLLEY GRATTAN,	'Highways and Byways;' 'Agnes of Mansfeldt.'
GERALD GRIFFIN,	'The Collegians;' 'The Invasion.'
MRS. S. C. HALL,	'Stories of the Irish Peasantry.'
COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON,	'The Memoirs of Grammont;' 'Fairy Tales.'
WILLIAM HICKEY ("Martin Doyle"),	'State of the Poor in Ireland.'
M. J. HIGGINS ("Jacob Omnium"),	'Essays on Social Subjects.'
MRS. JAMESON,	'Sacred and Legendary Art;' 'Diary of an Ennuyée.'
JULIA KAVANAGH,	'Nathalie;' 'English Women of Letters.'
GEOFFRY KEATING,	'History of Ireland.'
CHARLES J. KICKHAM,	'Sally Cavanagh;' 'Knocknagon.'
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,	'Virginius;' 'The Hunchback,' dramas.
JOHN LANIGAN, D.D.,	'Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.'

W. H. E. Lecky,	'History of European Morals.'
J. Sheridan Le Fanu,	'Uncle Silas;' 'Willing to Die.'
Dr. Thomas Leland,	'Life of Philip of Macedon;' 'History of Ireland.'
Charles James Lever,	'Harry Lorrequer;' 'Charles O'Malley.'
Samuel Lover,	'Rory O'More;' 'Handy Andy.'
Edward Lysaght,	'The Sprig of Shillelagh.'
D. F. MacCarthy,	'Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics;' 'Calderon's Dramas.'
Justin M'Carthy,	'The Waterdale Neighbours;' 'A History of Our Own Times.'
Charles Macklin,	'The Man of the World;' 'Love à la Mode.'
R. R. Madden,	'Lives and Times of the United Irishmen.'
T. D'Arcy Magee,	'Book of Poems;' 'Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century.'
Dr. Maginn,	'Whitehall;' 'Homeric Ballads.'
J. P. Mahaffy,	'Rambles and Studies in Greece.'
Rev. F. S. Mahony,	'Reliques of Father Prout.'
J. Clarence Mangan,	'Dark Rosaleen;' 'German Anthology.'
Father Mathew,	Temperance Orations.
Rev. C. Maturin,	'Bertram;' 'The Albigenses.'
W. H. Maxwell,	'Wild Sports of the West;' 'Stories of Waterloo.'
John Mitchell,	'Jail Journal;' 'Modern History of Ireland.'
William Molyneux,	'The Case of Ireland Stated.'
Thomas Moore,	'Lalla Rookh;' 'The Epicurean.' Songs.
Lady Morgan,	'The Wild Irish Girl;' 'France.'
Sir Charles James Napier,	'William the Conqueror, an Historical Romance.'
Sir William F. P. Napier,	'History of the Peninsular War.'
Hon. Mrs. Norton,	'Child of the Islands;' 'Old Sir Douglas.'
William Smith O'Brien,	'Meditations in Exile.'
Turlough O'Carolan,	'Irish Poems.'
Michael O'Clery,	'Annals of the Four Masters.'
Daniel O'Connell,	Political and Forensic Speeches.
J. R. O'Flanagan,	'Lives of the Lord Chancellors;' 'The Bar Life of O'Connell.'
John O'Keefe,	'Wild Oats;' 'The Prisoner at Large,' comedies.
Lord Plunkett,	Speeches, Forensic and Parliamentary.
J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D.,	'Five Years in Damascus;' 'The Giant Cities of Bashan.'
Captain Mayne Reid,	'The Rifle Rangers;' 'Afloat in the Forest.'
W. H. Russell, LL.D.,	'Letters from the Crimea;' 'The Adventures of Dr. Brady.'
Marmion W. Savage,	'My Uncle the Curate;' 'The Woman of Business.'
Sir Martin Archer Shee,	'Rhymes on Art;' 'Alasco.'
Richard Lalor Sheil,	'Sketches of the Irish Bar;' 'Evadne,' a tragedy.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan,	'The School for Scandal;' 'The Rivals,' comedies.
Thomas Southerne,	'Oroonoko;' 'Isabella,' dramas.
Sir Richard Steele,	Essays 'Tatler,' 'Spectator;' 'The Conscious Lovers,' a comedy.
Laurence Sterne,	'Tristram Shandy;' 'A Sentimental Journey.'
Alex. M. Sullivan,	'New Ireland.'
T. D. Sullivan,	'The Voyage of the O'Corras;' 'Dunboy,' and other poems.
Jonathan Swift,	'Gulliver's Travels;' 'Tale of a Tub;' 'Poems.'
Sir J. Emerson Tennant,	'History of Modern Greece;' 'Account of Ceylon.'
William Thompson,	'Natural History of Ireland.'
Mrs. Tighe,	'Psyche,' and other poems.
Archbishop Trench,	'Study of Words.'
Professor Tyndall,	Scientist.
Archbishop Usher,	'Body of Divinity;' 'Chronology of the Bible.'
J. C. Walker,	'Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards.'
John Francis Waller,	'The Slingsby Papers;' 'Poems.'
Sir James Ware,	'Antiquities of Ireland;' 'Annals of Ireland.'
Richard Henry Wilde,	'Life of Tasso;' 'Poems.'
W. G. Wills,	'The Man o' Airlie,' a drama; 'My Wife's Evidence.'
Cardinal Wiseman,	'Lectures on Connection between Science and Revealed Religion.'

DUBLIN: BLACKIE AND SON, 89 TALBOT STREET;
LONDON, GLASGOW, BELFAST, AND EDINBURGH.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

They are as handsome and as elaborately finished volumes, in regard of type and illustration, as any volumes that we know; and in regard of specimens of native Irish genius we may venture to term the "Cabinet" unique. It is in fact a treasury of selections from the works of the best Irish poets, orators, historians, and novelists, enriched with biographical notices, compiled in every case from the best authority. The writers were of various religious and political schools, but an excellent discretion has been exercised in the volume, and indeed all through the serial, to keep clear of controversial and irritating subjects. Together with this rigid exclusion of sectarianism in the extracts, there is a most unsectarian comprehension of authors. . . . The gallery of artists is an honour to the country, as the style of execution in letterpress and engraving is a testimony to the presses of the publisher.

NATION.

This is a publication which not only brings together passages illustrative of the genius, the fire, the pathos, the humour, and the eloquence which characterise the works of the chief Irish orators, poets, historians, essayists, novelists, and dramatists, from 1600 down, who have adopted English as the vehicle of their thoughts, but also gives some notion, by means of short biographical and critical sketches, of the sort of men the various authors were from whose works the extracts are made, and of the position they hold in the estimation of the literary world. . . . A work which commands the warmest commendation.

DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS.

There is one feature of the book which merits our hearty praise—namely, the manifest effort which the author has made to regard his subject from a purely literary point of view, and to avoid all political and theologic bias.

NORTHERN WHIG (Belfast).

The want of a standard work embracing selections from the poets, dramatists, novelists, historians, and orators of Ireland, with pithy biographical notices, has long been felt. The present publication comes at an opportune moment, now that attention is being directed to the wealth of Irish Literature.

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

The importance of the literary labours of Irishmen has always been recognized; but it is not until one glances over a collection such as the present that one is made aware of how extensive and how full of variety have been these labours.

LONDONDERRY SENTINEL.

It is an incident of rare occurrence that places within easy reach of the lovers of all classes of Irish literature a book which can be opened almost at random, and will be found capable of presenting to the eye of the reader a rich gem from the pen of some accomplished author who stands immortalized by the brilliancy of his or her literary achievements. Such an incident, however, has just been brought prominently before the public by Messrs. Blackie's publication of Mr. Charles A. Read's *Cabinet of Irish Literature*, a work only requiring to be seen and read to be deservedly admired and highly appreciated.

The LIMERICK CHRONICLE.

This is the first attempt, worthy of the name, to group together in a convenient and accessible form sketches of the lives and works of our great literary Irishmen. . . . These volumes may be opened anywhere and read with pleasure. They are a most valuable contribution to literature in general, and simply stand alone unrivalled in their special department. They ought to occupy a place in every library in the country.

CORK EXAMINER.

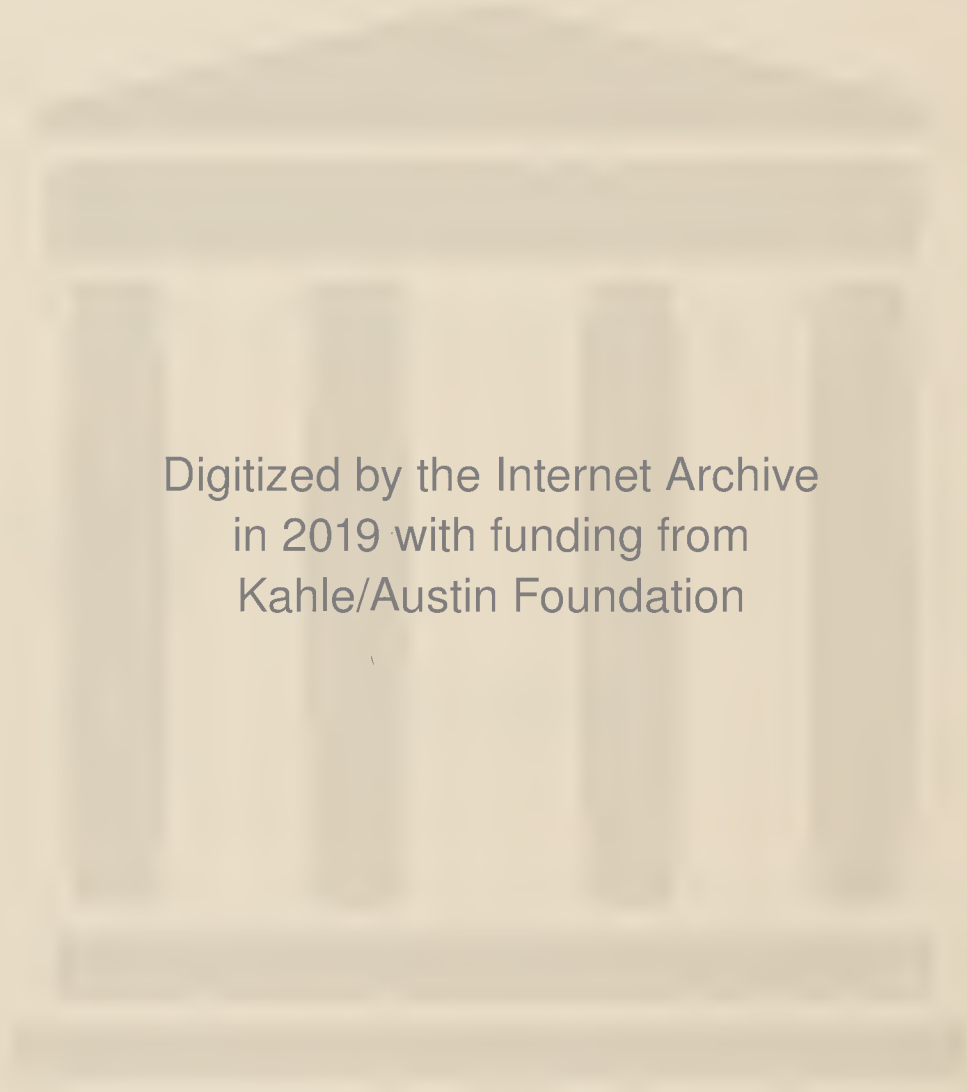
In these four handsome volumes we have an admirable tribute to the genius of Ireland. It is the only collection that we know which gives a complete view of Irish literature from the earliest period that Irishmen wrote in the English language to the present day. And in one sense it is highly gratifying as illustrative of the profusion of gifts in every branch of letters which has marked this country at all times. . . . Not the least attractive part of these splendid volumes will be found in the portraits with which they are enriched. The earlier likenesses are taken from the most authentic pictures that could be found, the later from photographs. They are admirably executed, and present traits which the lovers of our native literature will be glad to see.

DUBLIN: BLACKIE & SON, 89 TALBOT STREET;
LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND BELFAST.

THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/cabinetofirishli0001unse

JONATHAN SWIFT. D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY MARKHAM.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.

THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE:

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE

CHIEF POETS, ORATORS, AND PROSE WRITERS

OF IRELAND.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND LITERARY NOTICES,

BY

CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life," "Stories from the Ancient Classics," &c.

VOL. I.

LONDON: BLACKIE AND SON, OLD BAILEY;
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH,
AND 89 TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN.

PREFACE.

A ROMAN historian in a well-known passage rebuked an ancient people for ignorance of their own land and their own race. Strong as is the attachment of the Irish people to their country, they cannot be wholly acquitted of the same charge. It is only within the last half century that a real attempt has been made to subject early Irish literature to severe and systematic investigation; and German scholars at one period seemed likely to anticipate Irishmen in the study of the Celtic tongue. The rise of men like O'Donovan, O'Curry, Petrie, and others, fortunately averted this national discredit, and an impetus has now been given to Celtic research which, so to speak, secures the future of that department of Irish literature.

But it is not the ancient literature or the elder generations of Irish *littérateurs* that alone have been neglected by the Irish people. There are few Irishmen, I venture to think, who have any conception of the number of well-known literary names which belong to Ireland. Accustomed to read and hear of many writers as belonging to English literature, we are liable to forget their connection with Ireland; and thus many eminent authors pass for being English who were born on Irish soil.

Apart, however, from this consideration, the want has long been felt for a work in which the prose, the poetry, and the oratory of great Irishmen might be found in a collected and accessible form. Such a book is primarily necessary for the purpose of enabling the literary history of Ireland to be traced in a systematic manner; and not the literary history only, but also the historical and social development of the people. In Ireland, as in other countries, literature is the mirror wherein the movements of each epoch are reflected, and the study of literature is the study of the country and the people. Most Irishmen, moreover, have felt the desire for a work in which they could readily find access to the gems of literary effort which rest in their memory, and would be gladly seen again.

I have made ample confession of the neglect of Irish literature among Irishmen themselves, and with the greater freedom I can make complaint of the astonishing ignorance of Irish literature among Englishmen. It is no exaggeration to say that many London writers of comparatively small importance are better known than some Irish writers of genius.

So much for the ideas which led to this Work; I now pass on to the plan on which it has been prepared. As will be seen, a biographical sketch is first given of each author, and this is followed by selections from his works. The memoirs are not, as a rule, of great length, for the book is meant to be a cabinet of literature and not a biographical dictionary. In the selection of extracts the choice has been guided by a desire to present those specimens of an author which best

illustrate his style. Other considerations had also to be taken into account. It would be obviously absurd to give a passage which was not intelligible without full knowledge of all by which it was preceded or followed. As a consequence it was necessary to seek for an extract which stood out in something like relief, and which required no acquaintance with the context, or only such acquaintance as could be conveyed in a short preliminary note. This consideration has necessitated occasionally the selection of passages which were not, perhaps, the most brilliant in the author's works. Finally, it has been the constant aim to avoid the quotation of anything that had become hackneyed or that could wound the feelings or offend the taste of any class or creed.

As will be seen from the final memoir in the last volume I have had no large share in the preparation of the Work. Well nigh the whole of the first three volumes were prepared by the late Mr. Read, whose life-history Mr. Charles Gibbon has so touchingly told, and were carried through the press by Mrs. Read, who supplemented by various contributions what was necessary to their completion. I am responsible for the fourth volume only.

Finally, Mrs. Read unites with me in thanking the many authors and publishers who have so readily and courteously accorded permission to use extracts from the various works quoted.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.A.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

PAGE

Portrait—Jonathan Swift, D.D.—After the picture by Markham,.....*frontispiece.*
„ James Usher, D.D.—After the picture by Sir Peter Lely,.....*to face* 24
„ Hon. Robert Boyle—After a drawing by R. White,..... „ 64
„ Anthony, Count Hamilton—From an authentic portrait,..... „ 94
„ Sir Richard Steele—After the picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller,..... „ 134
„ Thomas Southerne—After the picture by James Worsdale,..... „ 196
„ Laurence Sterne—After the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds,..... „ 230
„ Oliver Goldsmith—After the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds,..... „ 264

PAGE

Geoffry Keating (1570–1650),..... 1
Thoughts on Innisfail,..... 2
How the Milesians came,..... 2
The Parliament of Tara,..... 4
The Fenians of the Olden Time,..... 5
How the Dailgais returned Home after Clontarf,..... 6
Keating to his Letter,..... 7

Gerald Nugent (fl. cir. 1588),..... 8
Ode written on Leaving Ireland,..... 8

Teige Macdaire (1570–1650),..... 9
Advice to a Prince,..... 9

Michael O'Clery (1580–1643),..... 10
The Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell (from "The Annals of the Four Masters"),.. 11
The Escape of Hugh Roe (do.),..... 12
The Story of an Eraic (do.),..... 14

Owen Ward (fl. cir. 1600–1610),..... 15
Lament for the Tyronian and Tyrconnellian Princes buried at Rome,..... 15

Richard Stanihurst (1545–1618),..... 18
First Preface to Translation of Virgil,.. 19
Opening of the First Book of Virgil,... 20
A Prayer to the Trinitie,..... 20

Ludovick Barry (fl. cir. 1611),..... 20
Prologue to "Ram Alley,"..... 20
Extracts from "Ram Alley,"..... 21

James Usher (1580–1656),..... 23
Of Meditation,..... 25
How Adam and Eve Broke all the Commandments at once,..... 26
On the Oath of Supremacy,..... 28

Maurice Fitzgerald (fl. cir. 1612),..... 29
Ode on his Ship,..... 29

Sir James Ware (1594–1666),..... 30
Language of the Ancient Irish,..... 32
Surnames of the Ancient Irish,..... 32
The Origin of the Irish,..... 33
Of the Life of St. Patrick,..... 34

PAGE

Sir John Denham (1615–1669),..... 36
Cooper's Hill,..... 38
Of a Future Life,..... 39
To Sir Richard Fanshawe,..... 40
On Cowley's Death,..... 40
Extract from "The Sophy: a Tragedy,".. 41

Nicholas French (1604–1678),..... 42
The Impeachment of Ormond,..... 43
Sage Counsels (from "The Bleeding Iphigenia"),..... 45
A Remonstrance (from "The Settlement and Sale of Ireland"),..... 46

Maurice Dugan (fl. cir. 1641–1660),..... 47
The Coolin,..... 47

Duald MacFirbis (1585–1670),..... 48
Finnachta and the Clerics (from "Annals of Ireland"),..... 49
How Finnachta became Rich (do.),..... 50
The Battle of Almhain (do.),..... 50

Richard Flecknoe (1600–1678),..... 52
Silence,..... 52
Of Drinking,..... 52
On Travel,..... 53
To Dryden,..... 53
On the Death of our Lord,..... 53
Extract from "Love's Kingdom,"..... 53
One who turns Day into Night,..... 53
A Sower of Dissension,..... 54

Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery (1621–1679),..... 54
On Christmas Day,..... 55
Death of Sohemus,..... 55
On the Day of the Crucifixion,..... 56
From the Poem on the Death of Cowley,.. 56
The Death of Zanger,..... 56

William Molyneux (1656–1698),..... 57
A Nation's Rights (from "The Case of Ireland Stated"),..... 59

Earl of Roscommon (1633–1684),..... 61
The Day of Judgment,..... 62
Ode upon Solitude,..... 62

PAGE

Imitation of the Twenty-second Ode of First Book of Horace, ... 63
Essay on Translated Verse, ... 63

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1626–1691), ... 64
Some Considerations about the Possibility of the Resurrection, ... 65
The Christian Virtuoso, ... 66
Fishing with a Counterfeit Fly, ... 67
On a Glow-worm in a Phial, ... 68

THOMAS DUFFET (fl. cir. 1676), ... 69
To Francelia, ... 69
Since Coelia's my Foe, ... 69
The Mistake, ... 70
Uncertain Love, ... 70
Come all you pale Lovers, ... 70
Wisdom, ... 71

GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678–1707), ... 71
A Woman of Quality ("Sir Harry Wildair"), 72
A Gentlemanly Caning (from "The Constant Couple"), ... 74
The Counterfeit Footman (from "The Beaux' Stratagem"), ... 75
Father and Son (from "The Inconstant"), . 76

HENRY DODWELL (1641–1711), ... 78

THE HON. MRS. MONK (1677–1715), ... 80
On Providence, ... 80
On a Statue of a Lady, ... 80
Epitaph on a Gallant Lady, ... 80
Orpheus and Eurydice, ... 80
Runaway Love, ... 81

NAHUM TATE (1652–1715), ... 82
Absalom and Achitophel, ... 82
The Voyagers, ... 84
The Choice, ... 84
To a Desponding Friend, ... 84
The Second Chapter of Job, ... 84
The Man of Wisdom, ... 85
Upon an Anatomy, ... 85

NICHOLAS BRADY (1659–1726), ... 86
The Value of the Soul, ... 87
In Favour of Church Music, ... 87
Æolus Rousing the Winds, ... 89

RODERIC O'FLAHERTY (1628–1718), ... 89
The Lia Fail, or Jacob's Stone (from "Ogygia"), 90
The Idolatry of the Irish (do.), ... 91

ANTHONY, COUNT HAMILTON (1646–1720), ... 93
Rondeau, ... 93
Portrait of Grammont, ... 94
Fiddlestick (from "May Flower, a Circassian Tale"), ... 94
The Siege of Lerida and its Sequel (from "Memoirs of Grammont"), ... 99
The Enchanter Faustus, ... 101

JOHN TOLAND (1669–1722), ... 103
Reason and Revelation, ... 105
Of Carn Fires, ... 106
Clito: a Poem on the Force of Eloquence, . 107

THOMAS PARNELL (1679–1717), ... 108
A Fairy Tale, ... 109
An Allegory on Man, ... 111
The Hermit, ... 112

PAGE

ROBERT VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH (1656–1725), ... 114
The Court of Denmark, ... 115
Administration of Justice, ... 117

MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE (1667–1723), ... 117
The Busybody, ... 118
Marplot's Cleverness, ... 119
Miss Lovely and her Guardians (from "A Bold Stroke for a Wife"), ... 120
Father and Daughter (from "The Wonder"), 124

DR. WILLIAM KING (1650–1729), ... 126
Discourse on Predestination, ... 127
Hunger, Thirst, and Labour (from "Essay on the Origin of Evil"), ... 129
Why has God placed Man in reach of Evil? (do.) 131

JOHN O'NEACHTAN (fl. cir. 1695–1720), ... 131
Maggy Laidir, ... 132
A Lament, ... 133

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672–1729), ... 134
The Civil Husband (from "The Tatler"), . 136
Inkle and Yarico (from "The Spectator"), . 137
Sir Roger de Coverley's Wooing (do.), . . 139
Charity (from "The Guardian"), ... 141
The Old Style and the New (from "The Conscious Lovers"), ... 143
A Romantic Young Lady (from "The Tender Husband"), ... 144

MRS. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON (1706–1733), ... 148
At a Country Assize, ... 148
Cupid's Speech upon seeing himself painted on a Fan, ... 148
On the Art of Printing, ... 149

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1672–1729), ... 149
Amoret, ... 151
Letter to a Friend, ... 151
Of Pleasing, ... 151
Talking of Lovers (from "The Way of the World"), ... 152
Settling the Contract (do.), ... 154
A Literary Lady (from "The Double Dealer"), 155
Extracts from "The Mourning Bride," . . 156

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN (1670–1738), ... 156
Peggy Browne, ... 158
Gentle Brideen, ... 158
Bridget Cruise, ... 158
Why, Liquor of Life, ... 159
On the Death of Mary Maguire, ... 159
Song for Gracey Nugent, ... 160
Song for Mabel Kelly, ... 160

JOHN ABERNETHY (1680–1740), ... 161
The Existence of God proved by Human Morality, ... 162
Religion and True Interest Agree, . . . 163
Christianity opposed to Persecution, . . . 164

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745), ... 166
A Digression concerning Critics (from "The Tale of a Tub"), ... 172
Thoughts on Various Subjects, ... 176
Political Projectors (from "Gulliver's Travels"), ... 178
Faction, ... 181
A Meditation on a Broomstick, ... 181
A Vindication, ... 182

PAGE
Prometheus, ... 183
Wishes and Realities, ... 184
The Happy Life of a Country Parson, . . 185
Stella's Birthday, 1724, ... 185
In Sickness, ... 186
The Furniture of a Woman's Mind, . . . 186
Lawyers, ... 187

Samuel Boyse (1700–1749), ... 187
Hope's Farewell, ... 189
The Home of Content, ... 189
The Glory of the Deity, ... 190
To a Candle, ... 191
The Golden Rule, ... 191
Justice, Why Blind? 191

Sir Hans Sloane (1660–1752), ... 192
The Light of the Sea, ... 193
The Coco Tree, ... 193
The Cotton Tree, ... 194
On the Return Voyage, ... 195

Thomas Southerne (1660–1746), ... 196
Extract from "Oroonoko," 197

Matthew Concanen (d. 1749), ... 202
The Advice, ... 202
A Love Song, ... 203
October Ale, ... 203
Cupid's Revenge, ... 203
The Football Match, ... 204

Bishop Berkeley (1684–1753), ... 205
The Life of the World, ... 207
On America, ... 208
Of Arithmetic, ... 208

Mrs. Laetitia Pilkington (1712–1750), ... 209
Mrs. Pilkington's Patrons, ... 210
Expostulation, ... 212
Contentment, ... 212
Written on her Death-bed, ... 213

John Boyle, Earl of Cork (1707–1762), ... 213
The Pride of Birth (from "The Connoisseur"), 214
Mrs. Muzzy on Duelling (from "The World"), 214
A Remarkable Duel (do.), ... 217

John MacDonnell (1691–1754), ... 218
Granu Wail and Queen Elizabeth, ... 218
Claragh's Lament, ... 219
Old Erin in the Sea, ... 219
Claragh's Dream, ... 220

Charles Molloy (1706–1767), ... 221
Miser and Maid (from "The Perplexed Couple"), ... 222
A Candid Beauty (from "The Coquette"), . 223

Samuel Madden (1686–1765), ... 224
The Lost Tribes Found (from "Memoirs of the Twentieth Century"), ... 225
Life and Death, ... 227
The Thirst for Gold, ... 227

Mrs. Barber (1712–1757), ... 227
Apology for the Rich, ... 228
The Oak and the Ivy, ... 228
Stella and Flavia, ... 228

PAGE
Laurence Sterne (1713–1768), ... 229
Widow Wadman's Eye, ... 230
The Bastile *v.* Liberty, ... 231
The Story of Yorick, ... 232
The Story of Le Fevre, ... 236
The House of Feasting and the House of Mourning described: a Sermon, ... 239

Philip Francis (1719–1773), ... 242
Death of Maximian (from "Constantine"), . 243
Horace's Epistle to Aristius Fuscus in Praise of a Country Life, ... 244
Horace's Advice how to Excel as a Poet, . 244

John Cunningham (1729–1773), ... 245
Morning, ... 245
Noon, ... 246
Evening, ... 246
The Ant and the Caterpillar, ... 246
The Holiday Gown, ... 247
A Pastoral, ... 247
Newcastle Beer, ... 248
An Epigram, ... 248

Henry Jones (1721–1770), ... 248
Essex and the Queen, ... 250
A Cruel Traitress, ... 251

Patrick Delany (1686–1768), ... 252
The Duties of a Wife, ... 253
The Duty of Paying Debts, ... 255

Frances Sheridan (1724–1766), ... 258
Ode to Patience, ... 258
A Wonderful Lover, ... 259
A Romantic Love Match (from "Sidney Biddulph"), ... 261

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774), ... 264
The Deserted Village, ... 269
Switzerland and France (from "The Traveller"), ... 273
Description of an Author's Bedchamber, . . 274
Hope, ... 274
The Budding Rose, ... 274
Extracts from "The Good-natured Man," . 274
Mrs. Hardcastle (from "She Stoops to Conquer"), ... 278
The Gentleman in Black (from "The Citizen of the World"), ... 280
Advice to the Ladies (do.), ... 283
The Vicar's Home (from "The Vicar of Wakefield"), ... 284
Moses at the Fair (do.), ... 286
A City Night Piece (from "The Bee"), . . 288

Hugh Kelly (1739–1777), ... 289
In Debt and in Danger (from "The School for Wives"), ... 290
A Hollow Victory (do.), ... 292
Extract from "Thespis," 294
All her own Way (from "The Romance of an Hour"), ... 294

James Delacour (1709–1781), ... 296
How Love was Born, ... 297
Euphrates, ... 297
A Moonlit Night, ... 297
How to Praise, ... 297

PAGE

The Poor Poet, ... 297
On Seeing a Lady at an Opposite Window, . 298

William Havard (1710–1778), ... 298
Charles I. in Prison (from "King Charles the First"), ... 299
Fairfax and Cromwell (do.), ... 299
A Dying Roman's Advice (from "Regulus"), 301
Scanderbeg's Temptation, ... 302

Kane O'Hara (d. 1782), ... 303
A Most Tragical Tragedy (from "Tom Thumb"), ... 304
Pan's Song to Apollo, ... 305
Push about the Jorum, ... 305

Thomas Leland (1722–1785), ... 305
The Battle of Aughrim (from "The History of Ireland"), ... 306
Education of Alexander, ... 308
On Sublimity of Composition, ... 309

Henry Brooke (1706–1783), ... 310
Gustavus and the Dalecarlians (from "Gustavus Vasa"), ... 312
After the Battle (do.), ... 313
Essex and Elizabeth (from "The Earl of Essex"), ... 314
Essex and Nottingham (do.), ... 314

PAGE

Gone to Death (from "The Earl of Essex"), 315
Nature's Skill and Care, ... 316

Francis Gentleman (1728–1784), ... 317
The Birthday (from "Royal Fables"), . . 317
Two Opposites (from "The Stratford Jubilee"), 318

Thomas Sheridan (1721–1788), ... 320
The Perfection of Modern Works only Settled by Comparison, ... 321
Want of Efficiency in our Education, . . . 322
Captain O'Blunder: a Farce, ... 324

Andrew Magrath (about 1723–after 1790),..... 326
A Canticle of Deliverance, ... 327
Ol Dah.—Song to Drink, ... 327
A Fragment.—Bloghadh, ... 328

General Burgoyne (cir. 1728–1792),..... 328
The Lady and the Cynic (from "The Heiress"), 329
An Old Rascal (do.), ... 330
Rural Simplicity (from "The Maid of the Oaks"), ... 332

Charlotte Brooke (1740–1793),..... 334
The Song of the Bard Craftiné, ... 334
To a Warrior, ... 335
Oh, Give me Sight! 335

THE CABINET

OF

IRISH LITERATURE.

Period A.D. 1550 — 1730.

GEOFFRY KEATING.

Born 1570 — Died 1650.

[This celebrated Irish historian and divine, to whose indefatigable labours Irish history is so deeply indebted, was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in county Tipperary, about the year 1570. Of the details of his life there is left us but a scanty record. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and in the college of Salamanca he studied for twenty-three years. On his return home he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish, Tubbrid, in county Tipperary. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighbouring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. "Among others," says the editor of *Clanricarde's Memoirs*, "came a gentleman's wife whom common fame reported to be too familiar with the Lord-president of Munster. The preacher's discourse was on the sin of adultery, and the eyes of the whole congregation being on the lady, she was in great confusion, and, imagining that the doctor had preached that sermon on purpose to insult her, she made loud complaint of him to the president, who was so enraged that he gave orders for apprehending him, intending to punish him with all the rigour of the law." Before, however, the soldiers reached his house, the historian, warned by his friends, had fled for safety into the Galtee Mountains near at hand.

In the solitude of the mountains Keating caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and at once proceeded to write his well-known and important *History of Ireland*, which was written in his native language, and ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, however, Keating was enabled, owing to the recall of the president, Sir George Carew, to England, to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and laboured peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian—

> "In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
> A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
> All these and more than in one man could be
> Concentred was in famous Jeoffry."

Keating's writings prove him to have been an eloquent preacher, a ripe scholar, a graceful poet, a skilful writer in Latin and Irish, and a patient enthusiast in the collection and study of the ancient annals and bardic works of his country.

As to Keating's History there are many and very varying opinions. Peter Talbot speaks of it as "an able but extravagantly mad performance." D'Arcy Magee calls it "a semi-bardic, semi-historic work, full of faith in legends and trust in traditions." He, however, acknowledges that "if it contains improba-

bilities or absurdities they are not of his (Keating's) creation." He further asserts that "ignorance has criticized what it knew not of, and condemned accounts which it had never examined." O'Curry says of it, "This book is written in the modified Gaedhilic of Keating's own time." He also truly says it would be better for those who extract information from his writings "to endeavour to imitate his devoted industry and scholarship, than to attempt to elevate themselves to a higher position of literary fame by a display of critical pedantry and what they suppose to be independence of opinion, in scoffing at the presumed credulity of those whose labours have laid in modern times the very groundwork of Irish history." To our thinking, however, Keating is best defended by himself in his own lengthy preface to the History. In an early part of the work itself he also says, in giving the legend of a settlement in Ireland before the flood—"nor have I inserted it in the beginning of this history with any desire that it should be believed, but only for the sake of order, and out of respect to some records of the kingdom that make mention of it." Remembering this and other like statements in the history, we cannot join in charging the author with unbounded credulity.

Dermod O'Connor's translation is not at all as perfect as could be desired, nor is the translation published lately in New York a very great advance upon it in accuracy. We have still room for an accomplished Irish scholar to give us a creditable rendering, and every facility, as the MS. in the original Irish by O'Mulcoury is to be found at present in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland;" a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies;" the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration.

Keating's death is generally supposed to have taken place in 1650.]

THOUGHTS ON INNISFAIL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY THE EDITOR.)

For the sorrow of Innisfail sleepless I lie,
When I think of the morrow I hopelessly sigh;
I am heart-sick at thought of the races of old,
O'er whose plains the red tide of invasion hath rolled.

But, oh! Erin, my heart's love, why will you not learn
To trust only the old blood Milesian and stern!
For, alas! the fierce Sasenach boar hath ripped deep,
And drained dry the full veins your soft bosom did keep.

See, each band of invaders that come through the tide,
To this land that was once ruled with glory and pride,
Sets its rude chiefs on high in the halls of our great,
And its lordlings to ride round the island in state!

In the fields of our race foreign weeds are upreared,
And the soil they grow rich in no longer is feared!
The mighty O'Cavanagh chiefs are departed;
Dalcassian, Eugenian, are weak and cold-hearted.

The O'Mores and O'Connors no longer are bold,
Though like thunder their cry in the fierce fights of old—
Mighty reapers in fields that were ripened in wrath!—
Till they turned to the faithless no foe shut their path.

Fitzgeralds of Arney! would ye yet trod the field,
That the old *crom aboo* through our valleys yet pealed,
By your rivers not long would the waster be found—
Soon his cries and lamentings would echo around!

But oh! it were better, far better, good God!
That the last few were gathered and flying abroad
O'er the wild waves of Cleena, than thus trampled sore—
If the race and the island you favour no more.

HOW THE MILESIANS CAME.[1]

The Milesian fleet first attempted to land upon the northern coast of Leinster, at a place then called Inbher Slainge, but now known by the name of the Harbour of Wexford.[2] The Tuatha de Danaus, alarmed at the number of the ships, immediately flocked towards the

[1] This and the three extracts that follow are from the *History of Ireland* translated by Dermod O'Connor.

[2] Keating states on good authority that the Milesians first landed in Ireland 1300 years before Christ.

shore, and by the power of their enchantments and diabolical arts they cast such a cloud over the whole island that the Milesians were confounded, and thought they saw nothing but the resemblance of a hog; and for this reason the island was called Muicinis. The inhabitants, by these delusions, hindered the Milesians from landing their forces, so that they were obliged to sail about the island, till at last, with great difficulty, they came on shore at Inbher Sceine, in the west of Munster. From thence they marched in good order to a mountain called Sliabh Mis; here they were met by Banba, attended by a beautiful train of ladies, and followed by her Druids and soothsayers. Amergin, the Milesian, addressed himself to her, and desired the honour to know her name; she answered her name was Banba, and from her the island was called Inis Banba. From thence they proceeded on their march, and arrived at Sliabh Eibhline, where the Princess Fodhla met them, with a retinue of ladies and Druids about her; they desired to know her name, and she replied her name was Fodhla, which also was the name of the island. They went on and came to Visneach, where they were met by Eire and her attendants; she was likewise desired to discover her name, and she told them her name was Eire, and from her the country was called Eire. This transaction is confirmed by the testimony of an ancient poet, who, in a poem that begins thus, Sanna bunadhus na ngaoidhiol, has these lines:—

Banba they met with all her princely train,
On Sliabh Mis; and on the fruitful plain
Of Sliabh Eibhline, Fodhla next they spied,
With priests and learned Druids for her guide,
And all her charming court of ladies by her side;
Then virtuous Eire appeared in pomp and state
In Visneach's pleasant fields majestically great.

The Milesians, after this adventure, continued their march till they came to the palace of Teamair, where the sons of Cearmada kept their court, and appeared in great grandeur and magnificence, encompassed with their enchanted guards. Amergin immediately addressed himself to the three kings, and resolutely demanded of them to resign their government, or be decided by the hazard of a pitched battle; and this he insisted upon in revenge for the death of the valiant Ith, whom they had treacherously slain. The prince of the Tuatha de Danaus, surprised at this bold summons, made answer that they were not prepared to decide the dispute in a military way, because they had no standing forces and could not instantly bring an army into the field, but they were willing the whole affair should be determined by the arbitration of Amergin, who they perceived was a person of great judgment and abilities, but threatened him withal, that if he imposed any unjust conditions, they would certainly destroy him by their enchantments. Amergin immediately ordered the Gadelians to retire to Inbher Sceine, and with all possible expedition to hasten on shipboard with the rest of the Gadelians, and to sail out of the mouth of the harbour, or as others say, nine waves from the shore; then he made this proposal to the Tuatha de Danaus, that if they could hinder his men from landing in the island he, with his whole fleet, would return into Spain, and never make any other attempt upon the country; but if he and his resolute Gadelians could in defiance of them land upon their coast, the Tuatha de Danaus should resign the government and become their tributaries. This offer was well accepted by the inhabitants, who, depending upon the influence of their art, thought they should soon get rid of these insolent invaders; for they had that command over the elements by their enchantments, that they made no question of preventing them from ever setting foot upon the shore again.

In obedience to the command of Amergin, the Milesians returned to their shipping, and he went on board with them; they weighed anchor, and moved no more than the distance of nine waves from the shore. The Tuatha de Danaus perceiving the ships were afloat, confiding in their art, had immediate recourse to their enchantments, which succeeded so far as to raise a most violent and tempestuous wind, which soon disordered the Milesian fleet and drove them foul one upon another. Amergin and Donn, the sons of Milesius, knew the storm proceeded from no natural cause, and Arranan, the youngest son of the brave Milesius, went up to the topsail to make discoveries, but was unfortunately blown off by a gust of wind, and falling upon the hatch he instantly died. The Gadelians began to be in great confusion, for the ships were dreadfully tossed, and the whole fleet was in danger of being lost; the vessel which Donn commanded was by the violence of the storm separated from the rest of the fleet, and was broken to pieces, and himself and all the crew were drowned. . . .

Aeremon with part of the Milesian fleet was driven to the left, towards the island, and with great difficulty arrived safely at Inbher

Colpa, now called Drogheda. . . . Three days after Heber and his followers were got on shore, they were attacked by Eire, the wife of Mac Breine, one of the princes of the country, at Sliabh Mis, or the Mountain of Mis; this lady was attended by a strong body of men, and a desperate battle followed, where many were destroyed on both sides. . . . An old poet makes honourable mention of this battle, and confirms some of the particulars in these verses.

On Sliabh Mis our warlike squadrons stood,
Eager of fight, and prodigal of blood;
Victorious arms our stout Gadelians bore,
Ruin behind, and terror marched before;
A thousand of the enchanted host are slain,
They try their charms and magic arts in vain,
For with their mangled limbs they cover all the plain.
Three hundred only of our troops are kill'd,
Who bravely turned the fortune of the field.
The learned Uar rushed among the rest,
But with repeated blows and wounds oppressed
He fell, and by his side expiring lay
Either, a priest, and gasp'd his soul away.
The victors then the funeral rites prepare,
Due to their dead companions of the war.

THE PARLIAMENT OF TARA.

(INSTITUTED BY KING OLLAMH FODHLA A.M. 3082.)

This illustrious assembly was called by the name of Feis Feamhrach, which signifies a general meeting of the nobility, gentry, priests, historians, and men of learning, and distinguished by their abilities in all arts and professions: they met by a royal summons, in a parliamentary manner, once every three years, at the palace of Tara, to debate upon the most important concerns of state; where they enacted new laws, and repealed such as were useless and burthensome to the subject, and consulted nothing but the public benefit in all their resolutions. In this assembly the ancient records and chronicles of the island were perused and examined, and if any falsehoods were detected they were instantly erased, that posterity might not be imposed upon by false history; and the author who had the insolence to abuse the world by his relation, either by perverting matters of fact and representing them in improper colours, or by fancies and inventions of his own, was solemnly degraded from the honour of sitting in that assembly, and was dismissed with a mark of infamy upon him; his works likewise were destroyed, as unworthy of credit, and were not to be admitted into the archives, or received among the records of the kingdom. Nor was this expulsion the whole of his punishment, for he was liable to a fine, or imprisonment, or whatever sentence the justice of the parliament thought proper to inflict. By these methods, either out of scandal or disgrace, or of losing their estates, their pensions and endowments, and of suffering some corporal correction, the historians of those ages were induced to be very exact in their relations, and to transmit nothing to after times but what had passed the solemn test and examination, and was recommended by the sanction and authority of this learned assembly.

In this parliament of Tara, that wise prince Ollamh Fodhla ordained that a distinction should be observed between the nobility, the gentry, and other members of the assembly, and that every person should take his place according to his quality, his office, and his merit. He made very strict and wholesome laws for the government of his subjects, and particularly expressed his severity against the ravishment of women, which, it seems, was a piece of gallantry and a common vice in those days, for the offender was to suffer death without mercy; and the king thought fit to give up so much of his prerogative, as to put it out of his power either to extend his pardon or even to reprieve the criminal. It was a law, likewise, that whoever presumed to strike or assault a member of the parliament during the time of the session, or give him any disturbance in the execution of his office, either by attempting to rob him or by any other violence, he was condemned to die, without any possibility, by bribes, by partiality, or affection, to save his life or escape the sentence.

The members of this triennial convention usually met together, though not in a parliamentary way, six days before the beginning of the session, that is three days before the festival of All-Saints, and three days after which time they employed in mutual returns of friendships and civility, and paying their compliments one to another. . . .

The place appointed for the meeting of this assembly was a convenient room in the palace of Tara; the apartment was long but narrow, with a table fixed in the middle, and seats on both sides. At the end of this table, and between the seats and the wall, there was a proper distance allowed for the servants and attendants that belonged to the members to go between and wait upon their masters.

In this great hall this triennial parliament

assembled; but before they entered upon public business they were entertained with a magnificent feast, and the order wherein every member took his place was in this manner. When the dinner was upon the table, and the room perfectly cleared of all persons except the grand marshal, the principal herald, and a trumpeter, whose offices required they should be within, the trumpeter sounded thrice, observing a proper distance between every blast, which was the solemn summons for the members to enter. At the first sound all the shield-bearers that belonged to the princes and the chief of the nobility came to the door, and there delivered their shields to the grand marshal, who, by the direction of the king-at-arms, hung them up in their due places upon the wall, on the right side of the long table, where the princes and nobility of the greatest quality had their seats. When he blew the second blast, the target-bearers that attended upon the generals and commanding officers of the army and of the militia of the kingdom advanced to the door, and delivered their targets in the same manner, which were hung in their proper order upon the other side of the table. Upon the third summons the princes, the nobility, the generals, the officers, and principal gentry of the kingdom entered the hall and took their places, each under his own shield or target, which were easily distinguished by the coat of arms that was curiously blazoned upon the outside of them; and thus the whole assembly were seated regularly without any dispute about precedency or the least disorder. No person was admitted beside the attendants that waited, who stood on the outside of the table. One end of the table was appointed for the antiquaries and the historians, who understood and were perfectly skilled in the records and ancient monuments of the kingdom; the other end was filled by the chief officers of the court: and care was particularly taken that their debates should be kept secret, for which reason no woman was ever to be admitted.

When dinner was ended and everything removed, they ordered the antiquities of the kingdom to be brought before them, and read them over, and examined them strictly lest any falsehood or interpolations should have crept in; and if they found any mistakes or false representations of facts, occasioned either by the prejudice or the ignorance of the historians, they were scratched out, after they had been censured by a select committee of the greatest learning appointed to inspect into those old records. The histories and relations that were surveyed and found true and perfect were ordered to be transcribed, after they had passed the approbation of the assembly, and inserted in the authentic chronicles that were always preserved in the king's palace, and the book wherein they were written was called the Psalter of Tara. This ancient record is an invaluable treasure, and a most faithful collection of the Irish antiquities; and whatever account is delivered in any other writings repugnant to this, is to be esteemed of no authority, and a direct imposition upon posterity.

THE FENIANS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(ABOUT A.D. 230.)

Every soldier that was received into the militia of Ireland by Fionn was obliged, before he was enrolled, to subscribe to the following articles: the first, that, when he was disposed to marry, he would not follow the mercenary custom of insisting upon a portion with his wife, but, without regard to her fortune, he should choose a woman for her virtue, her courtesy, and good manners. The second, that he would never offer violence to a woman, or attempt to ravish her. The third, that he would be charitable and relieve the poor, who desired meat or drink, as far as his abilities would permit. The fourth, that he would not turn his back or refuse to fight with nine men of any other nation that set upon him, and offered to fight him.

It must not be supposed that every person who was willing to be enlisted in the militia of Ireland would be accepted, for Fionn was very strict in his inquiry, and observed these rules in filling up the number of his troops, which were exactly followed by his successors in command when they had occasion to recruit their forces.

He ordained, therefore, that no person should be enlisted or received into the service in the congregation or assembly of Visneach, or in the celebrated fair of Tailteau, or at Feas Teamhrach, unless his father and mother, and all the relatives of his family, would stipulate and give proper security that not one of them should attempt to revenge his death upon the person that slew him, but to leave the affair of his death wholly in the hands of his fellow-soldiers, who would take care to do him justice as the case required; and it was ordained, likewise, that the relations of a soldier of this mi-

litia should not receive any damage or reproach for any misbehaviour committed by him.

The second qualification for admittance into these standing forces was, that no one should be received unless he had a poetical genius and could compose verses, and was well acquainted with the twelve books of poetry.

The third condition was, that he should be a perfect master of his weapons, and able to defend himself against all attacks; and to prove his dexterity in the management of his arms he was placed in a plain field, encompassed with green sedge that reached above his knee; he was to have a target by him and a hazel stake in his hand of the length of a man's arm. Then nine experienced soldiers of the militia were drawn out, and appointed to stand at the distance of nine ridges of land from him, and to throw all their javelins at him at once; if he had the skill with his target and his stake to defend himself, and come off unhurt, he was admitted into the service, but if he had the misfortune to be wounded by one of these javelins, he was rejected as unqualified, and turned off with reproach.

A fourth qualification was, that he should run well, and in his flight defend himself from his enemy; and to make a trial of his activity he had his hair plaited, and was obliged to run through a wood, with all the militia pursuing him, and was allowed but the breadth of a tree before the rest at his setting out; if he was overtaken in the chase, or received a wound before he had run through the wood, he was refused as too sluggish and unskilful to fight with honour among those valiant troops.

It was required in the fifth place that whoever was a candidate for admission into the militia should have a strong arm, and hold his weapons steady; and if it was observed that his hands shook, he was rejected.

The sixth requisite was, that when he ran through a wood his hair should continue tied up during the chase; if it fell loose he could not be received.

The seventh qualification was, to be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing upon it.

The eight condition was, that none should have the honour of being enrolled among the Irish militia that was not so active as to leap over a tree as high as his forehead; or could not, by the agility of his body, stoop easily under a tree that was lower than his knees.

The ninth condition required was, that he could, without stopping or lessening his speed, draw a thorn out of his foot.

The tenth and last qualification was, to take an oath of allegiance to be true and faithful to the commanding officer of the army. These were the terms required for admission among these brave troops, which, so long as they were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad.

HOW THE DAILGAIS RETURNED HOME AFTER CLONTARF.[1]

This illustrious tribe met with new difficulties in their return, for Donough Mac Giolla Patrick, king of Ossery, having raised a considerable army of his own subjects and the people of Leinster, resolved to hinder the march of the Dailgais, and oppose their journey through any part of his territories. For this purpose he sent out scouts and spies to attend the motions of this tribe, and to bring him intelligence of every day's march since they began their journey from the battle of Clontarf. The King of Ossery had conceived an invincible hatred against the Dailgais, because Bryen Boiroimhe had made his father prisoner and killed many of his subjects, and therefore he thought that it was reasonable for him at this time to take revenge for the indignities his father had received, which he proposed to accomplish by harassing the Dailgais, and cutting them off in their return. But before he began hostilities he sent a messenger, Donough, the general of that tribe, to Athy, where he was encamped, to demand hostages from him, as security that he would not commit any outrages in passing through his country, or if he refused, the King of Ossery would oppose his march and prevent his return. Donough received this insolent demand with scorn and indignation, and instead of complying, returned for an answer that he was amazed at the baseness of the King of Ossery for taking advantage of the distress of his army; but notwithstanding his men were fatigued by their long journey, he would decide the dispute with him in a pitched battle, and give him ample satisfaction; and told the messenger withal, that it was the greatest misfortune of his whole life to be insulted by Mac Giolla Patrick, whom he ever despised as below his notice; but now his circumstances

[1] The great battle of Clontarf was fought on Friday, April 23d, 1014.

were so changed, as to put him under the contempt of a cowardly prince, who had the insolence to demand hostages, or to challenge him into the field, where he did not doubt to make him feel the force of his arms, and of his courageous followers, who were justly esteemed invincible. The messenger, instead of returning the answer, presumed to dissuade Donough from his design of fighting; and insisted that his men were in no capacity to engage with the forces of his master, whose army was fresh and in good heart, and seemed impatient to enter into the field. But Donough replied with his usual majesty that if the law of nations had not secured him from ill treatment, he would instantly cut his tongue out for his insolence, and ordered him out of his presence with this injunction, to tell his master that he would meet him and his subjects of Ossery in the field if he had but one man to stand by him.

With this answer the messenger returned, and Donough drew up his men in order of battle. His sick and wounded he designed to commit to the charge of one third part of his army, and with the rest he resolved to engage the enemy, but the wounded soldiers, who were lying upon the ground, immediately started up, and by the violence of the motion bursting open their wounds, they desired their general not to leave them behind, but suffer them to have a part in the action; and stopping their wounds a second time with moss, they laid hold of their weapons, and took their places in the ranks, resolved to assist their companions, and come off with victory or bravely die in the attempt. But most of them were so much reduced by loss of blood that they could not stand upon their legs, and to remedy this misfortune, they desired the general that a number of stakes should be cut in the neighbouring wood and driven into the ground; every wounded soldier was to be tied fast to one of these piles, and then to be placed regularly between two sound men, which would have that effect, that their sound companions would be ashamed to fly and abandon them in that helpless condition to the fury of the enemy; and therefore it would sharpen their courage to reflect that nothing but victory could secure the lives of their distressed friends, who would be cut off to a man if they were not relieved by the bravery of their fellow-soldiers. This proposal was put in execution to the great surprise of the enemy, who judged that they had nothing to expect but death or victory.

The army of Leinster and Ossery, under the command of Mac Giolla Patrick, were astonished at the resolution of that martial tribe, who were under arms expecting the sign of battle. They positively refused to fight, and told the king in a mutinous manner that nothing but a defeat was to be expected from the bravery of the Dailgais, that the wounded were as eager to engage as the sound, and therefore they would not run wilfully into the jaws of lions, who would inevitably tear them to pieces. Mac Giolla Patrick was ashamed, after he had given the challenge, to retire without fighting; and, upbraiding his army with fear and cowardice, insisted that they had the advantage of numbers, that the enemy had but a handful of men, worn out with grievous wounds and long marches, and that the first charge must give them victory. But the courage of the Dailgais, and their unexpected resolution, had impressed such a terror upon the army of Leinster, that they absolutely refused to engage with such desperate enemies; and the king, fearing a general mutiny and defection, was obliged to give over his design, and content himself with falling upon the Dailgais, and by constant skirmishes and stratagems of war to cut them off in their retreat; and this method was so successfully executed, that he annoyed the Dailgais and destroyed more of their men than he could possibly have done in a pitched battle. The conduct and experience of Donough was remarkable in making good his retreat and securing his men against the sudden attack of the enemy; but, notwithstanding all his diligence and caution, he brought back into their own country no more of that valiant tribe than 850, for a great number perished in the battle of Clontarf, and 150 were cut off in their return by Mac Giolla Patrick, king of Ossery.

KEATING TO HIS LETTER.[1]

For the sake of the dear little Isle where I send you,
For those who will welcome, and speed, and befriend you;
For the green hills of Erin that still hold my heart there,
Though stain'd with the blood of the patriot and martyr,
My blessing attend you!
My blessing attend you!

---

[1] From a translation by John D'Alton in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy.*

Adieu to her nobles, may honour ne'er fail them!
To her clergy adieu, may no false ones assail them!
Adieu to her people, adieu to her sages,
Her historians, and all that illumine their pages!
In distance I hail them,
More fondly I hail them!

Adieu to her plains all enamelled with flowers!
A thousand adiens to her hills and her bowers!
Adieu to the friendships and hearts long devoted!
Adieu to the lakes on whose bosom I've floated,
In youth's happy hours,
In youth's happy hours!

Adieu to her fish rivers murmuring through rushes!
Adieu to her meadows, her fields, wells, and bushes!
Adieu to her lawns, her moors, and her harbours;
Adieu from my heart, to her forests and arbours,
All vocal with thrushes,
All vocal with thrushes!

Adieu to her harvests, for ever increasing!
And her hills of assemblies, all wisdom possessing!
And her people—oh! where is there braver or better?
Then go to the Island of Saints, my dear letter!
And bring her my blessing,
And bring her my blessing!

GERALD NUGENT.

Flourished about 1588.

[Gerald Nugent was, says Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, the "son of a settler," that is, he was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Delvin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent, "the ancestor of our poet and also of the present noble family of Westmeath." By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond we extract from Hardiman's *Minstrelsy*. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. Where and when Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.]

ODE WRITTEN ON LEAVING IRELAND.

What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Innisfail!
Oh, anguish from her scenes to part,
Of mountain, wood, and vale!
Vales that the hum of bees resound,
And plains where generous steeds abound.

While wafted by the breeze's wing,
I see fair Fintan's shore recede,
More poignant griefs my bosom wring,
The farther eastward still I speed.
With Erin's love my bosom warms,
No soil but hers for me has charms.

A soil enrich'd with verdant bowers,
And groves with mellow fruits that teem;
A soil of fair and fragrant flowers,
Of verdant turf and crystal stream:
Rich plains of Ir, that bearded corn,
And balmy herbs, and shrubs adorn.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold;
Enriched with every female grace
Are Banba's maids with locks of gold.
Of men, none with her sons compare;
No maidens with her daughters fair.

If Heaven, propitious to my vow,
Grant the desire with which I burn,
Again the foamy deep to plow,
And to my native shores return;
"Speed on," I'll cry, "my galley fleet,
Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet."

No perils of the stormy deep
I dread—yet sorrow wounds my heart;
To leave thee, Leogaire's fort, I weep;
From thee, sweet Delvin, must I part!
Oh! hard the task—oh! lot severe,
To flee from all my soul holds dear.

Farewell, ye kind and generous bards,
Bound to my soul by friendship strong;
And ye Dundargvais' happy lands,
Ye festive halls—ye sons of song;
Ye generous friends in Meath who dwell,
Beloved, adored, farewell! farewell!

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

BORN 1570 — DIED 1650.

[Teige MacDaire, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about the year 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brien, fourth earl of Thomond, and as his appanage possessed the castle of Dunogan, with adjoining lands, in the west of Clare. MacDaire was an elegant and elaborate poet, as may be seen by his longest effort, from which we quote—*Advice to a Prince*. This poem was written in accordance with the ancient custom, which not only allowed but almost compelled the presentation of an ode of advice to the chieftain on his appointment, and was to be read before him when he was being enthroned.

MacDaire, in order to "elevate the house of O'Brien above the tribes descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages, such as the O'Neills, O'Donnells, &c.," attacked the works of Torna Eigeas, the last of the heathen bards. This brought forth an answer from O'Clery, who defended Torna, to which MacDaire replied, and reply and answer following reply and answer, almost all the bards of north and south got mixed up in the poetic strife. The poems written on the subject, which were called the *Contention of the Bards*, are most of them still extant, and are very valuable for the light they throw on ancient Irish history. Of course the discussion ended as do all such discussions, by the parties to it becoming silent through exhaustion and weariness—neither side being convinced that it was in the wrong.

MacDaire was "assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army" some time about 1650. This soldier was most likely an Irishman, though serving the Cromwellians; for, as he treacherously flung MacDaire down a precipice, he cried out in Irish with exultant mockery, "Say your verses now, my little man!"]

ADVICE TO A PRINCE.[1]

How serious is the task, how vastly great,
To teach a prince his duty to the state!
'Tis his each blessing on the land to bring,
And (what becomes a good and patriot king),
To draw his glory from such order'd sway,
That all may love and cheerfully obey—
To raise his country to a prosp'rous height,
Or plunge it deep in dark disastrous night!
Since by his deeds the state must rise or fall,
He should incline to hear th' advice of all. . . .
A king, as many a sage hath truly told,
If he his pow'r by tyranny uphold,
Must blast the public welfare and his own;—
He sacrifices not himself alone!—
Death, want, and famine ghastly stalk around,
And rapine's voice is heard with horrid sound,
Plague, war and blood, disaster and defeat,
The rage of elements, the crash of fate,
The bane of anarchy—destructive train—
Sprung from the monarch's crimes, assume th' imperial reign.
Not so the king who rules with lawful sway,
No gloomy evil clouds his peaceful day!
Abundance spreads her joys, with copious hand,
Throughout great Feilim's fair-inclining land.[2]
Propitious plenty spreads her wide domain
Through Erin's fields when rightful princes reign.
The land teems wealth, and all the harbours round
Productive prove; with fish the streams abound;
The seasons genial fruit abundant bring;—
May all these blessings fair await my king!
And numerous fleets, if so his will ordain,
With richest treasures, crowding from the main,
Shall fill his harbours,—for the fav'ring tides
Waft them in safety where just rule abides.

. . . . .

Thou mighty king of Lumnia's fertile plain,
Let not thy poet's warning voice be vain;
Most bounteous Hand of all the world's domain!
Oh ne'er forgetful from him turn astray,
From whom thou hold'st but delegated sway.
Monarch, his dreadful might and power attend,
Before whose throne the nations trembling bend:
To him resign thyself,—thy service whole,—
Let him completely occupy thy soul:
Forsake not ever, or the love, or fear,
Of him who rules the universal sphere.
The fear of God on man impress'd with force,
Of all true wisdom is the first great source!
Oh! daily let thy supplications rise
To him whom glory veils above the skies,
Though nothing 'scapes his all-beholding eyes.
If anxious cares disturb thy noble mind,
With him alone a sure redress you'll find.
Run not thy wayward will's inord'nate race;
It leads to fell disorder and disgrace;

[1] From the translation by Theophilus O'Flanagan in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin* for the year 1808.

[2] Ireland as the land of Feilim the lawgiver.

Daily attend, my prince, thy people's cause,
For 'tis thy duty to dispense the laws.
No easy task, with justice to decide,
The tedious office yet you must abide. . . .
With calm deliberation judge the cause,
And justly dispensate to all the laws,
Thy mind not sinking or to awe or fear,
Or love or hate,—to keep the right severe.
For sordid bribes of silver or of gold,
Be not thy judgment basely bought and sold. . . .
In wood-crown'd Fodla 'tis a law supreme,
That just decisions permanency claim:
If friends oppose, then firm resistance show
Till, humbled, to thy majesty they bow.
And should thy foe to supplication bend,
Forgive, and treat him as a new-made friend.
Thou mighty prop of Brian's race renown'd,
When war destructive breathes the plains around,
Furious be thy look and stern thy mien. . . .
Son of my soul, be then thy spirit prov'd,
And in the battle's rage persist unmov'd. . . .
To man of violence intrust no pow'r,
Or else thy country rues the fatal hour;
Attempt not, sovereign of Tumonia's plain,
T'engage in war that justice won't maintain;
Nor e'er resign thy right for dubious peace,
If thou wouldst guard thy pow'r against disgrace.
Restrain thy will, nor to extremes proceed;
Admit, sometimes, that thou be disobey'd;
Yet sooner will the land thy rule abide:—
Oppose strong patience to thy wrath's full tide,
Slow to engage, but certain to maintain
His plighted faith, oppressors to restrain;
To shield the weak, the turbulent chastise,
To stablish peace, both lasting, just, and wise,
A mighty monarch's reign immortalize.
Though numerous precepts still I could unfold,
For thy sure guidance, yet will I withhold,
Reserv'd my further counsel:—for, imprest
Be this just maxim deep upon thy breast,
Instruction briefly given is the best.
I will not, till my footsteps you pursue,
Praise thy fair limbs, or frame of fulgent hue;
Nor round, strong knee, torose, well form'd and fair,
Nor tap'ring active foot, alert as air,
Nor lib'ral soul, majestic, great, and good,
Prompt, fearless, brave, impetuous as the flood;
Undaunted, firm, with native valour fir'd;
For prowess, might, and steadiness admir'd;
Facetious,—mild, as zephyrs gentle blow,
Nor ever furious, but against the foe.
Yet will I praise, nor will my voice alone
Be rais'd to celebrate thy great renown. . . .
If thou fulfil the purport of my lays,
From letter'd source deriv'd of wisdom's ways;[1]
The glorious sun shall spread thy praises round,
And feather'd songsters warble the sweet sound;
Each element beneath high heav'n's expanse,
Earth, water, air, will in full choir advance,
To sing in strain sublime, that ne'er will die,
Thy beaming, sprightly, animated eye.
The hum of bees will murmur o'er the woods,
And sportive trouts will wanton through the floods,
And e'en the sea-calves their deep tones will raise,
At once with me to celebrate thy praise.
The king, the warrior, the poetic sage,
Who live to see the blessings of thine age,
Shall praise thy name, thy great wise deeds avow,
And none thine equal, virtuous prince, allow!

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

Born 1580—Died 1643.

[Michael O'Clery, the principal author of the well-known *Annals of the Four Masters*, was, according to Geraghty in his introduction to Connellan's translation of that work, born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities and laboriousness. While yet young he left Ireland and retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own county, and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from the comparative oblivion into which they had fallen.

O'Clery, accepting the offer made to him, returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials *The Life of St. Rumold*, an *Irish Martyrology*, and a treatise on the *Names of Ireland*. John Colgan, also a native of Done-

[1] The works of his predecessors.

gal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints *Trias Thaumaturga* and *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*. Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had already commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of *The Annals of Donegal*, then by the title of *The Ulster Annals*, and is now known over the world as *The Annals of the Four Masters*, as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys, hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught.

In the "Testimonials" prefixed to the work it is stated that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labours were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the *Annals* were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, is subscribed the names of the superior and two of the monks, together with the counter signature of O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the *Annals* O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a *Vocabulary of the Irish Language*. This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life. Magee, however, tells us that "relics of other undertakings both by him and Ward are reported to exist in some continental collections." *The Annals of the Four Masters* commence at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and terminate A.D. 1616, embracing a period of 444 years. They were fully translated from the original Irish in which Michael O'Clery and his assistants wrote them into English by Owen Connellan, Irish historiographer to George IV. and William IV., and one of the best Irish scholars of his day. The *Annals* were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

O'Clery's great work, written as it is in the annalistic form, can never become popular reading. A knowledge of it is necessary, however, to any one who even pretends to the study of Irish history or antiquities.]

THE CAPTURE OF HUGH ROE O'DONNELL.[1]

[The capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, or Red Hugh O'Donnell, was effected in A.D. 1587, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the custom at that time, we are told, to imprison any chieftain, or son of a chieftain, who might in any way contribute to the disturbance of a country already troublesome enough to England. For this purpose all possible stratagems were resorted to. One of which in the following extract is demonstrated.]

The fame and renown of Hugh Roe or Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, spread throughout the five provinces of Ireland even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, as being distinguished for wisdom, intellect, personal figure, and noble deeds, and all persons in general said that he was truly a prodigy, and that, should he be allowed to arrive at the age of maturity, the disturbance of the whole island of Ireland would arise through him, and through the Earl of Tyrone, should they be engaged on the one side, and that they would carry the sway, being in alliance with each other, as we have before stated; so that it was for these reasons the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin determined in their council what kind of plot they should adopt respecting that circumstance which they dreaded, and the resolution they came to was to fit out in Dublin a ship, with its crew, and a cargo of wine and spirituous liquors, and to send it by the left-hand side of Ireland north-eastward as if it were they went on traffic, and to take port in some harbour on the coasts of Tirconnell. The ship afterwards came with a fair wind from the west, without delay or impediment, until it arrived in the old harbour of Suilidh (Lough Swilly, in Donegal), exactly opposite Rath Maolain (Rathmullen), a town which had been formerly founded on the sea-shore by Mac Sweeney of Fauat, the hereditary marshal to the Lord of Tirconnell. This ship having been moored there by her anchors, a party of the

[1] This extract and also the two that follow are from Connellan's translation of *The Annals of the Four Masters*.

crew came to land in a small boat, under the appearance of traffic and a semblance of peace and amity, and they began to spy and observe, and to sell and bargain with the people who were sent to them, and they stated that they had wine and strong drink with them in their ship; and when Mac Sweeney and his people received intelligence of this, they commenced buying and drinking the wine until they were intoxicated. When the people of the adjoining district heard of that ship, they flocked from all quarters to it. The forementioned Hugh Roe, who was then in his career of careless simplicity, and on his youthful visit and amusement, happened then to be in the neighbourhood, and the unthinking playfellows who were along with him prevailed on him to go to that place; his imprudence indeed was excusable at that time, for he had not then completed his fifteenth year, and there was none of his experienced counsellors, of his tutors, or of his professors along with him, to direct him in his proceedings or offer him advice. When the spies heard that he had come to the town they immediately returned back to their ship; this was perceived by Mac Sweeney and the chiefs in general, and they sent servants and attendants for some wine to the ship for the guest who had arrived; the merchants said that they had no more wine with them than what was necessary for the crew, and that they would let no more from them to land for any person; but, however, that if a few chiefs would come to them to their ship, they should get as much wine and strong drink as they required. When this information was communicated to Mac Sweeney he was ashamed of himself, so that the resolution he came to was to bring Hugh along with him to the ship; and having decided on that resolution, they went into a small boat which was at the verge of the strand, and they rowed it over to the ship; having been welcomed, they were conveyed down to a cabin in the middle of the ship without delay or ceremony, and they were served and administered to until they were cheerful and merry. While they were regaled there, the hatch door was closed behind them, and their arms having been stolen from them, the young son, Hugh Roe, was made a prisoner on that occasion. The report of that capture having spread throughout the country in general, they flocked from all parts of the harbour to see if they could devise any stratagem against those who had committed that treachery, but that was impossible, for they were in the depth of the harbour, after having weighed their anchor, and they had neither ships nor boats at their command to be revenged of them. Mac Sweeney of the Districts, in common with all others, came to the shore; he was foster-father to that Hugh, and he proffered other hostages and sureties in lieu of him, but it was of no avail to him, for there was not a hostage in the province of Ulster they would take in his stead. With respect to the ship and the crew which were in it, when they had procured the most desirable to them of the inhabitants of the country, they sailed with a full tide until they arrived at the sea, and continued the course of passage by which they had come and landed in the harbour of Dublin. His arrival after that manner was immediately known all over the city, and the Lord Justice and the council were delighted at his having come, although indeed it was not for love of him, and they commanded to have him brought before them; having been accordingly brought, they discoursed and conversed with him, scrutinizing and eliciting all the knowledge of him they could for a long time; they at length, however, ordered him to be put in a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of the noble sons of the Milesians were in chains and captivity, as well as some of the Fionn Ghaill (Normans or English), whose chief subject of conversation both by day and night was complaining to each other of their injuries and troubles, and treating of persecutions carried on against the noble and high-born sons of Ireland in general.

THE ESCAPE OF HUGH ROE.

Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, son of Manus O'Donnell, remained in imprisonment and in chains in Dublin, after his former escape, till the winter of this year [1592]. He and his fellow-prisoners, Henry and Art, the sons of O'Neill, *i.e.* of John, having been together in the early part of the night, got an opportunity of the guards before they had been brought to the dining-room, and having taken off their fetters they afterwards went to the privy, having with them a very long rope, by which the fugitives descended through the privy, until they reached the deep trench which surrounded the castle; they afterwards gained the opposite side, and mounted the side of the trench. There was a trusty servant who was in the habit of visiting them, to whom they disclosed their intention, and he met them at that time

to direct them; they then proceeded through the streets of the city indiscriminately with others, and no one took notice of them more than of any other person, for the people of the town did not stop to make their acquaintance that time, and the gates of the city were open. They afterwards passed through every intricate and difficult place until they arrived on the open plain of Slieve Piol (the Red Mountain, on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow), by which Hugh in his first escape had passed. The darkness of the night and the swiftness of their flight, through dread of being pursued, separated the oldest of them from the others, namely, Henry O'Neill. Hugh was the youngest of them in age, although he was not so in noble deeds. They were much grieved at Henry's separation from them; but, however, they continued their progress, led on by their own man. The night was dropping snow, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without clothes or outside coats, having left their upper garments in the privy through which they had come. Art (O'Neill) became more exhausted by the hasty journey than Hugh, for it was a long time since he had been incarcerated, and he became very corpulent from the length of his residence in the prison; it was not so with Hugh; he did not exceed the age of boyhood, neither did he cease in growth or become corpulent, and his pace and progress were quick and active. When he perceived that Art became exhausted, and that his pace was slow and tardy, he requested him to put his hand on his own shoulder, and the other hand on the shoulder of the servant, and they proceeded in that manner until they crossed the Red Mountain; after which they were fatigued and wearied, and they could not bring Art farther with them; and since they could not convey him with them they stopped there, and stayed under the shelter of a high projecting rock which stood before them. Having remained there they sent the servant with word to Glenmalure (in Wicklow), where dwelt Fiacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne), who was then at war with the English; that glen was an impregnable stronghold, and a great number of the prisoners of Dublin, when they made their escape, were in the habit of proceeding to that glen, for they considered themselves secure there until they returned to their countries. When the servant arrived at the place of Fiacha he related to him his message, and the condition he left the persons in who had fled from the city, and they would not be overtaken alive unless they came to relieve them at once. Fiacha immediately commanded a number of his friends whom he could rely on to go to them, one man bearing food, another ale and mead. They accordingly proceeded, and arrived at the place where the men were; but, alas! unhappy and uncomfortable were they on their arrival, for the manner in which they were was that their bodies were covered as it were in beds of white hailstone, like blankets, which were frozen about them, and congealed their thin light dresses, and their thin shirts of fine linen to their skins, and their moistened shoes and leathern coverings to their legs and feet, so that they appeared to the people who came as if they were not actually human beings, having been completely covered with the snow, for they found no life in their members, but they were as if dead; they took them up from where they lay, and requested them to take some of the food and ale, but they were not able to do so, for every drink they took they cast it up immediately, so that Art at length died and was buried in that place. As to Hugh, he afterwards took some of the mead, and his faculties were restored after drinking it, except the use of his feet alone, for they became dead members, without feeling, having been swelled and blistered by the frost and snow. The men then carried him to the glen which we have mentioned, and he remained in a private house, in the hidden recesses of a wood, under cure, until a messenger came privately to inquire after him from his brother-in-law the Earl O'Neill. After the messenger had come to him he prepared to depart, and it was difficult for him to go on that journey, for his feet could not be cured, so that another person should raise him on his horse, and take him between his two hands again when alighting. Fiacha sent a large troop of horse with him by night, until he should cross the river Liffey, to defend him against the guards who were looking out for him; for the English of Dublin received intelligence that Hugh was in Glenmalure, so that it was therefore they placed sentinels at the shallow fords of the river, to prevent Hugh and the prisoners who had fled along with him from crossing thence into the province of Ulster. The men who were along with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the river Liffey, near the city of Dublin, which they passed unnoticed by the English, until they arrived on the plain of the fortress. He was accompanied by the persons who had on a former occasion forsaken

him after his first escape, namely, Felim O'Toole and his brother, in conjunction with the troops who were escorting him to that place, and they ratified their good faith and friendship with each other; after bidding him farewell, and giving him their blessing, they then parted with him there. As to Hugh O'Donnell, he had none along with him but the one young man of the people of Hugh O'Neill who went for him to the celebrated glen, and who spoke the language of the foreigners (the English), and who was also in the habit of accompanying the earl, *i.e.* Hugh O'Neill, whenever he went among the English, so that he knew and was familiar with every place through which they passed. They proceeded on their two very swift steeds along the direct course of the roads of Meath, until they arrived on the banks of the Boyne before morning, a short distance to the west of Drogheda; but they were in dread to go to that city, so that what they did was to go along the bank of the river to a place where a poor fisherman usually waited, and who had a small ferrying curach (cot or small boat). Hugh having gone into the curach, the ferryman left him on the opposite side after he had given him his full payment; Hugh's servant having returned took the horses with him through the city, and brought them to Hugh on the other side of the river. They then mounted their horses, and proceeded until they were two miles from the river, where they saw a thick bushy grove before them on the way in which they went, surrounded by a very great fosse, as if it were a strongly-fenced garden; there was a fine residence belonging to an excellent gentleman of the English near the wood, and he was a trusty friend of Hugh O'Neill. When they had arrived at the ramparts they left their horses and went into the wood within the fosse, for Hugh's faithful guide was well acquainted with that place; having left Hugh there he went into the fortress and was well received; having obtained a private apartment for Hugh O'Donnell he brought him with him, and he was served and entertained to his satisfaction. They remained there until the night of the following day, and their horses having been got ready for them in the beginning of the night, they proceeded across Sliabh Breagh and through Machaire Conaill (both in the county of Louth) until they arrived at Traigh-Baile Mic-Buain (Dundalk) before the morning; as the gates of the town were opened in the morning early they resolved to pass through it, and they proceeded through it on their horses until they arrived on the other side, and they were cheerful and rejoiced for having got over all the dangers which lay before them till then. They then proceeded to the Fiodh (the wood) where lived Torlogh, the son of Henry, son of Felim Piol O'Neill, to rest themselves, and there they were secure, for Torlogh was a friend and connection of his, and he and the Earl O'Neill were born of the same mother; they remained there till the following day and then proceeded across Slieve Fuaid (the Fews Mountains in Armagh), and arrived at Armagh, where they arrived privately that night; they went on the following day to Dungannon, where the earl, Hugh O'Neill, lived, and he was rejoiced at their arrival, and they were led to a retired apartment, without the knowledge of any excepting a few of his trusty people who were attending them, and Hugh remained there for the space of four nights, recovering himself from the fatigue of his journey and troubles, after which he prepared to depart, and took leave of the earl, who sent a troop of horse with him until he arrived at the eastern side of Lough Erne. The lord of the country was a friend of his and a kinsman by the mother's side, namely, Hugh Maguire, for Nualadh, the daughter of Manus O'Donnell, was his mother. Maguire was rejoiced at his coming, and a boat having been brought to them, into which they went, they then rowed from thence until they arrived at a narrow creek of the lake, where they landed. A number of his faithful people having gone to meet him, they conveyed him to the castle Ath-Seanaigh (Ballyshannon), in which were the guards of O'Donnell his father; he remained there until all those in their neighbourhood in the country came thither to pay their respects to him. His faithful people were rejoiced at the arrival of the heir to the chieftaincy, and although they owed him sincere affection on account of his family, they had motives which made him no less welcome to them, for the country up to that time had been plundered a hundred times over between the English and the Irish.

THE STORY OF AN ERAIC.

[According to the laws of the ancient Irish a fine or compensation was required either in value or person as a reparation for crimes or injuries. This fine was called an *eraic* or *eric.*]

Felim, son of Cathal Crovdearg, marched

with his forces eastward into Brefney against O'Reilly, to be revenged for his ward and kinsman Teige O'Conor; they remained a night encamped at Fiodhuach, of Moy Rein. The abbot was not at home on that night, and the church of Fiodhuach being unroofed, a party of the soldiers burned the tents and huts which were erected in the inside without the permission of their leaders, and the alumnus of the abbot was smothered. The abbot himself came the following day, very much incensed and enraged at the death of his alumnus, and demanded his eraic from O'Conor, who answered that he would grant him his own demand. "My demand," said the abbot, "is that the best man among you be given up as an eraic for my alumnus." "That person," said O'Conor, "is Manus, son of Murtogh Muimnagh." "I am not indeed," replied Manus, "but the chief commander is." "I shall not part with you," said the abbot, "until I obtain my eraic." The party after that marched out of town, and the abbot having followed them, they proceeded to Ath-na-Cuire, on the river Geircthign, but the flood so overflowed its banks that they could not cross it; and in order to pass over they broke up the chapel house of St. John the Baptist, which was adjacent to the ford, and placed the timber across the river. Manus, son of Murtogh Muimnagh, went into the house, accompanied by Conor, son of Cormack Mac Dermott, and while Manus was giving directions to the man that was on the top of the house stripping the roof, he pointed up his sword and said, "There is the nail which prevents the beam from falling;" and on saying so, the top rafter of the house fell on his head, which it smashed, and killed him on the spot. He was buried on the outside of the door of the church of Fiodhuach, and three times the full of the king's bell of money were given as an offering for his soul, and also thirty steeds, so it was thus that the abbot of St. Caillin obtained an eraic for his alumnus. A monument of cut stone and a handsome carved cross were raised over the body of Manus, but after some time they were broken by the people of O'Rourke.

OWEN WARD.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1600–1610.

[Of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, little is known beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's *Irish Writers* the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The elegy which we give here is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.]

LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.[1]

["As the circumstances connected with the flight of the northern earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, clerk of the council, dropped in the council chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and translated by Mr. O'Donovan:—

"'Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus), and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill —namely, his countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh the

[1] Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan.

baron, John, and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell—namely, Caffer his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Dogherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother's son, Donnell Oge, son of Donnell, Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies.'"]

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Compassionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint[1]
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*[1]
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names those noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

[1] St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—J. C. M.

[2] The funeral wail.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*[1]
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-rung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great!
No marvel this—for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric*[2] for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners, to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warrior's eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No northern chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must alas have felt
The deadly blow!

[1] A song.

[2] A compensation or fine. See page 14.

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As he decrees.

Embrace the faithful crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod!
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

RICHARD STANIHURST.

Born 1545 — Died 1618.

[Stanihurst may be said to be the first Irish writer of importance who wrote in English. His importance, however, arises not so much from the value of his English writings in a literary point of view—for in this some of them were sadly deficient—as in the fact that one at least, *Descriptio Hiberniæ*, which, notwithstanding its Latin title, is written in English, is essential to every student of Irish history. His position is also important from the fact that he had for friends some of the most remarkable men of his day—Gabriel Harvey, who induced him to produce his lumbering hexameters, Sir Henry Sidney, and the gallant Sir Philip—and that he was recognized by all as deserving the words applied to him by Camden—"Eruditissimus ille nobilis Richardus Stanihurstus."

Richard Stanihurst was born in Dublin in or about the year 1545. In 1563 he removed to Oxford, where he became a commoner in University College. After graduating he left Oxford and entered at Furnival's Inn, which he soon left for Lincoln's, where he pursued the study of the law with diligence for some time. From Lincoln's Inn he returned to Ireland, where he married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell, who accompanied him shortly afterwards to London. About 1579 he moved to Leyden, where in a short time he acquired considerable reputation for scholarship. Here he took holy orders, and not long after was made chaplain to Albert, archduke of Austria, who was then governor of the Spanish Netherlands. In 1618 he died at Brussels, leaving an only son, who became a Jesuit.

A great portion of Stanihurst's writings are in Latin, a language which he wrote with considerable vigour and even elegance. His first work, which was published at London in folio, 1570, is entitled *Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*, and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student of St. John's College. His other works are—*De rebus in Hibernia gestis* (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); *Descriptio Hiberniæ*, which is to be found in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, of which it formed a part of the second volume; *De Vita S. Patricii* (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); *Hebdomada Mariana* (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); *Hebdomada Eucharistica* (Douay, 1614, 8vo); *Brevis praemonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio* (Douay, 1615, 8vo); *The Principles of the Catholic Religion; The four first Books of Virgil's Æneis in English Hexameters* (1583, small 8vo, black letter), with which are printed the four first psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and finally some epitaphs. To this last work is prefixed a curious and pedantic preface, the apologetic reasoning of which seems

to have been overlooked by the critics with a common consent. The work is now very rare, and commands a high price among bibliophiles.

Several of the critics have been very severe upon Stanihurst's poetical attempts. Warton, speaking of his hexameters, says that "in the choice of his measure he is more unfortunate than his predecessors, and in other respects succeeded worse." He also quotes Thomas Nash where he says, "Stanyhurst, though otherwise learned, trod a foul, lumbring, boistrous, wallowing measure in his translation of Virgil. He had never been praised by Gabriel Harvey for his labour, if therein he had not been so famously absurd." Wills says that "he seems to have been utterly devoid of all perception of the essential distinction between burlesque and serious poetry;" while Southey, more contemptuous than any, says that "as Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanihurst be called the common sewèr of the language. His version is exceedingly rare, and deserves to be reprinted for its incomparable oddity."

Apart from his works Stanihurst has another claim to be remembered. He was uncle to the celebrated Usher (whom he would gladly have converted, and who would gladly have converted him), his sister being the mother of that prelate.]

FIRST PREFACE TO TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.[1]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY VERY LOVING BROTHER THE LORD BARON OF DUNSANYE.

What deepe and rare pointes of hidden secrets *Virgil* hath sealed up in hys twelve bookes of *Æneis* maye easily appeare to such reaching wits, as bend their endevours to the unfolding thereof; not only by gnibling upon the outward rine of a supposed historie, but also by grouping the pyth that is shrind up within the barke and bodie of so exquisit and singular a discourse. For whereas the chief praise of a wryter consisteth in the enterlacing of pleasure with profit; our author hath so wisely alayde the one with the other, as the shallow reader may be delighted with a smooth tale, and the diving searcher may be advantaged by sowning a pretious treatise. . . . Having therefore (my good lord) taken upon mee to execute some parte of Master *Askams* will, who in his golden pamphlet, intitled the *Schoolemaister*, doth wish the Universitie students to applie their wittes in beautifying our Englishe language with heroicall verses: I held no *Latinist* so fit to give the onset on as *Virgil*, who for his perelesse stile and machlesse stuffe doth bear the pricke and price among all the Romane poëts. Howbeit, I have here halfe a gesse, that two sorts of carpers will seeme to spurne at this mine enterprise. The one utterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant will imagine that the passage was nothing craggy, in as much as *M. Phaer* hath broken the ice before mee: the meaner clearkes will suppose my travaile in these heroicall verses to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice, to make what word I woulde short or long, having no English writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whose squire I shoulde leavel my syllables. To shape therefore an aunsweare to the first, I say, they are altogether in a wrong boxe: considering that suche wordes as fit *M. Phaer* may be very unapt for me, whiche they woulde confesse if their skil were so much as spare in these verses. . . . To come to them that gesse my travaile to be easie, by reason of the libertie I had in English words . . . this much they are to consider, that as the first applying of a word may ease me in the first place, so perhaps, when I am occasioned to use the selfe same worde elsewhere, I may bee as much hindered as at the beginning I was furthered. . . . Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will discover. The three firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serve me. In the fourth booke I did taske my selfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. *M. Phaer* tooke to the making of that booke fifteene dayes: I hudled up mine in ten. Wherein I covet no praise, but rather doe crave pardon. . . . To the stirring therefore of the ryper, and the incouraging of the younger gentlemenne of our *Universities* I have taken some paines that waye, which I thought good to beetake to youre Lordships patronage, beeing of itselfe otherwise so tender, as happly it might scant endure the tippe of a frumping fillip. And thus omitting all other *ceremoniall complementoes* betweene your Lordeshippe and me, I committe you and youre proceedings to the garding and guyding

[1] The second preface, that "To the Learned Reader," is, as we have said, very curious and pedantic, but to the "general" reader almost unreadable.

of the almightie. From Leiden in Holland, the laste of June, 1582. Your Lordships loving brother,

RICHARD STANYHURST.

OPENING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF VIRGIL.

I blaze the captayne first from *Troy* cittie repairing
Like wandring pilgrim to famosed *Italie* trudging
And coast of *Lauyn;* toust wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,
On land and sayling, by God's predestinate order:
But chiefe through *Junoes* long fostred deadlye revengement.
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could stately be buylded,
Or gods there setled: thence flitted the Latine ofspring.
The roote of old Alban: thence was *Rome* peereles inhaunced.

My muse shew the reason, what grudge or what furie kindled
Of gods the princesse, through so curs'd mischevus hatred,
Wyth sharp sundrye perils to tugge so famus a captaine.
Such festred rancoure doo saynctes celestial harbour.

A long buylt citty there stood, *Carthago* so named,
From the mouth of *Tybris*, from land eke of *Italie* seaver'd,
Possest with Tyrians, in strength and riches abounding,
There Juno the princes her empyre wholye reposed,
Her Samos outcasting, heere shee did hir armorie settle,
And warlike chariots, heere cheefly hir joylitie raigned.
This towne shee labored to make the gorgeus emprcsse,
Of towns and regions, hir drift if destinie furthred.
But this her whole meaning a southsayd mysterie letted,
That from the Trojans should braunch a lineal ofspring,
Which would the Tyrian turrets quite batter asunder.

A PRAYER TO THE TRINITIE.

Trinitee blessed, deitee coequal,
Unitie sacred, God one eeke in essence,
Yeeld to thy servaunt, pitifullye calling,
Merciful hearing.

Vertuus living dyd I long relinquish,
Thy wyl and precepts misirablye scorning,
Graunt toe mee, sinful pacient, repenting,
Helthful amendment.

Blessed I judge him, that in hart is healed:
Cursed I know him, that in helth is harmed:
Thy physick therefore, toe me, wretch unhappye,
Send, mye Redeemer.

Glorye toe God, the father, and his onlye
Soon, the protectoure of us earthlye sinners,
Thee sacred Spirit, laborers refreshing,
Still be renowned. Amen.

LUDOVICK BARRY.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1611.

[Of Ludovick Barry very little is known, and we should scarcely have spoken of him here but for the fact that he seems to have been the first Irish dramatist who wrote in the English tongue. The years of his birth and death are both doubtful, but the first publication of his only extant work is known to have been in 1611. This, which was a comedy called *Ram Alley;*[1] *or, Merry Tricks,* is, "for liveliness of incident and spirit and humour in dialogue and character, one of the best of our old English dramas." The prologue to the comedy is quoted by Lamb in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, and the play itself was reprinted in 1636, and is contained in Dodsley's collection of old plays. Barry is ranked among English dramatic poets by Longbaine, and in Harris's *Ware* it is said that "Anthony Wood hath complimented him with the title of Lord Barry."]

[1] So called from Ram Alley, a court in Fleet Street.

PROLOGUE TO "RAM ALLEY."

Home-bred mirth our muse doth sing:
The satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,

Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this play are not affected.
But if conceit, with quick-turn'd scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams
Which from the Horse-foot Fount do flow—
As time, place, person—and to show
Things never done, with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shown be true,
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present: if these,
Free from the loathsome stage-disease
(So overworn, so tired and stale,
Not satirising but to rail),
May win your favours, and inherit
But calm acceptance of his merit,—
He vows by paper, pen, and ink,
And by the learned Sister's drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil,
Till from the silent hours of night
He doth produce for your delight
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see
A play; yet not in public preach,
That players such lewd doctrine teach,
That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
When they do see a man resemble
The picture of a villain.—This,
As he a friend to Muses is,
To you by me he gives his word
Is all his play doth now afford.

EXTRACTS FROM "RAM ALLEY."

A SPEECH ON NOSES.

Taffata speaks:—I'll tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is lovely, large, and broad,
Much like a goose; your valiant, generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose;
Your scholar's nose is very fresh and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton in his dish of porrage;
Your Puritan nose is very sharp and long,
And much like your widow's, and with ease can smell
An edifying capon some five streets off.

A LAWYER'S DEN.

Enter THROAT *the lawyer from his study; books and bags of money on a table, a chair and a cushion.*

Throat. How happy are we that enjoy the law
So freely as we do; not bought and sold,
But clearly given, without all base extorting,
Taking but bare ten angels for a fee,
Or upward; to this renown'd estate
Have I by indirect and cunning means
Inwoven myself, and now can scratch it out,
Thrust at a bar, and cry my Lord as loud
As e'er a listed gownman of them all.
I never plead before the honour'd bench,
But bench right worshipful of peaceful justices
And country gentlemen; and yet I've found
Good gettings by the mass; besides odd cheats.—
Dash!

Enter DASH.

Dash. Sir?
Throat. Is that rejoinder done?
Dash. Done, sir.
Throat. Have you drawn't at length; have you dashed it out,
According to your name?
Dash. Some seven score sheets.
Throat. Is the demurrer drawn 'twixt Snipe and Woodcock?
And what do you say to Peacock's pitiful bill?
Dash. I have drawn his answer negative to all.
Throat. Negative to all! The plaintiff says
That William Goose was son to Thomas Goose;
And will he swear the general bill is false?
Dash. He will.
Throat. Then he forswears his father; 'tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before ourselves. Has he paid all his fees?
Dash. He has left them all with me.
Throat. Then truss my points;—
And how think'st thou of law?
Dash. Most reverently,
Law is the world's great light, a second sun
To this terrestrial globe, by which all things
Have life and being, and without which
Confusion and disorder soon would seize
The general state of men; wars, outrages,
The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs and cures;
It is the kingdom's eye, by which she sees
The acts and thoughts of men.
Throat. The kingdom's eye!
I tell thee, fool, it is the kingdom's nose,
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors:
Nor is't of flesh, but merely made of wax,
And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please:
Or it may be, as thou say'st, an eye indeed;
But if it be, 'tis sure a woman's eye,
That's ever rolling.
Dash. One knocks.
Throat. Go see who 'tis:
Stay, my chair and gown, and then go see who knocks,
Thus must I seem a lawyer, which am, indeed,
But merely dregs and offscum of the law.

THE LAWYER BAFFLED.

Enter Lady Somerfield *and* Justice Tutchin.

Lady S. To what extremes doth this licentious time
Hurry unstayed youth! Nor gods nor laws,
Whose penal scourges are enough to save
Ev'n damn'd fiends, can in this looser age
Confine unbounded youth. Who durst presume
To steal my youth's delight, my age's hope,
Her father's heir, and the last noble stem
Of all her ancestors? fear they, or gods or laws?

Justice T. I say as you say, sister; but for the laws,
There are so many that men do stand in awe
Of none at all. Take heed they steal not you.
Who woos a widow with a fair full moon
Shall surely speed: beware of full moons, widow.

Enter Serving-man.

Serving-M. Here's a gentleman much desirous to see you, madam.

Lady S. What is he for a man?

Serving-M. Nothing for a man, but much for a beast;
I think him lunatic, for he demands
What plate of his is stirring in the house.
He calls your men his butlers, cooks, and steward,
Kisses your women, and makes exceedingly much
Of your coachman's wife.

Justice T. Then he's a gentleman, for 'tis a true note of a gentleman to make much of other men's wives. Bring him up at once, sirrah. Makes he much of your coachman's wife? a man may make much more of another man's wife than he can do of's own.

Enter Serving-man *and* Throat.

Serving-M. That's my lady.

Throat. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight
I here create thee clerk of the kitchen;
No man shall beg it from thee.

Lady S. What would you, sir? I guess your long profession
By your scant suit.

Throat. Law is my living,
And on that ancient mould I wear this outside:
Suit upon suit wastes some, yet makes me thrive;
First law, then gold, then love, and then we wive.

Lady S. Be brief, good sir, what makes this bold intrusion?

Throat. Intrude I do not, for I know the law.
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coin, coin gets me friends:
Your son-in-law hath law at's fingers' ends.

Lady S. My son-in-law!

Throat. Madame, your son-in-law
Mother, I come (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your favour,
And win your approbation of my choice.
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renown'd
For beauty, virtue, and a wealthy dower)
I have espous'd.

Lady S. How? you espouse my daughter?

Throat. *Noverint universi,* the laws of heaven,
Of nature, church, and chance, have made her mine;
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

Justice T. How's this? made her yours, sir? *per quam regulam?*
Nay, we are letter'd, sir, as well as you.

Throat. By that same rule these lips have taken seizin:
Tut, I do all by statute law and reason.

Lady S. Hence, you base knave! you petti-fogging groom!
Clad in old ends, and piec'd with brokery:
You wed my daughter!

Justice T. You, sir Ambo-dexter;
A summer's son, and learn'd in Norfolk wiles,
Some common bail or Counter lawyer,
Marry my niece! your half sleeves shall not carry her.

Throat. These storms will be dissolved in tears of joy,
Mother, I doubt it not: justice to you,
That jerk at my half sleeves, and yet yourself
Do never wear but buckram out of sight;
A flannel waistcoat, or a canvas truss,
A shift of thrift, I use it: let's be friends,
You know the law has tricks, ka me, ka thee.

Lady S. Speak, answer me, sir Jack; stole you my daughter?

Throat. Short tale to make, I fingered have your daughter:
I have ta'en livery and seizin of the wench.
Deliver her, then, you know the statute laws,
She's mine without exception, bar, or clause;
Come, come, restore.

Lady S. The fellow's mad, I think.

Throat. I was not mad before I married;
But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not.

Justice T. Fellows, come in there.

Enter two or three Servants.

By this, sir, you confess you stole my niece,
And I attach you here for felony.
Lay hold on him! I'll make my mittimus,
And send him to the jail; have we no bar
Nor clause to hamper you? Away with him,
Those claws shall claw you to a bar of shame
Where thou shalt show thy goll. I'll bar your claim,
If I be Justice Tutchin.

Throat. Hands off! you slaves;
Oh! favour my jerkin, though you tear my flesh;
I set more store by that: my *Audita*
Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorari*
I'll fetch her from you.

JAMES USHER.

Born 1580 — Died 1656.

[Unlike too many of the prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, Archbishop Usher, or Ussher as he is sometimes called, was not only of Irish birth but of long-continued Irish descent. The originator of the family was one Nevil, who came over to Ireland in the train of King John, and who, from his office, received the name of Usher, which he transmitted to his descendants. James Usher, known as one of the most eminent scholars of modern times, was born on the 4th January, 1580, in the city of Dublin.

His earlier education was attended to by two aunts, who, although blind from their youth, were inwardly full of intellectual and religious light. By these he was encouraged in his passion for books. While only eight years old he was sent to school to two young Scotchmen, who, in the disguise of schoolmasters, had been placed in Dublin to further the interests of James I., before he became king of England. The Scotchmen are said to have been excellent masters, and under their care he progressed rapidly. In 1593, when the college of the University of Dublin was opened, he was, though only thirteen years of age, admitted one of the first three students, in which position his name may to this day be seen in the first line of the roll.

In 1596, while only in his seventeenth year, he took his degree of bachelor. Even before this he had already drawn up the plan and collected much of the materials for his *Annals of the Old and New Testament*. While in his nineteenth year he had a controversy with the learned Jesuit Henry Fitz-Symonds, then a prisoner in Dublin Castle, and acquitted himself so well that the Jesuit, who at first despised him as a boy, afterwards acknowledged the ripeness of his wit and his skill in disputation. Usher himself says, in answer to the foolish yet constantly repeated taunt of youth, "If I am a boy (as it hath pleased you very contemptuously to name me) I give thanks to the Lord that my carriage towards you hath been such as could minister unto you no occasion to despise my youth." In 1600 he acquired the degree of Master of Arts, and was appointed proctor and lecturer of the university, and soon after, though under canonical age, he was, on account of his great abilities, ordained deacon and priest by his uncle, then Archbishop of Armagh. In 1601, among other sermons, he preached one which has since been claimed as prophetical, and which contained the words, "From this year I reckon forty years; and then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." In the rebellion of 1641 came the supposed fulfilment of the prophecy.

In 1603 Usher was appointed to proceed to London in company with Dr. Luke Challoner, in order to purchase books for the library of the university. In 1607 he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and was soon after made Chancellor of St. Patrick's. In the same year Camden visited Dublin to collect materials for his description of that city, which may be found in the last edition of his *Britannia*. In this he concludes his description thus:— "Most of which I acknowledge to owe to the diligence and labour of James Usher, chancellor of the church of St. Patric, who in various learning and judgment far exceeds his years." In this year also, while yet only twenty-six years of age, he was chosen divinity professor in the university, the duties connected with which he performed diligently for thirteen years.

In 1609 Usher visited London for the third time, and on this occasion he became acquainted with the most able and learned men then there. These comprised Camden, whom he had already met, Selden, Sir Robert Cotton, Lydiat, Dr. Davenant, by all of whom he was treated with the utmost respect and consideration. After this he made it a rule to visit England once every three years for a stay of about three months, one of which he spent at each of the universities, the other in London. In 1610 he was elected provost of Trinity College, Dublin, which office he refused, fearful of its duties interfering with his literary designs, and in 1612 he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. Next year, while in London, he published his first real work, *De Ecclesiarum Christianarum Successione et Statu*, which in its best shape in the edition of 1687 is printed with his *Antiquities of the British Churches*.

On his return to Ireland in 1613 he married the only daughter of Dr. Luke Challoner. The marriage was a happy one, and in

no way interfered with the studies or habits of Usher, who we find in London in 1619, when he so satisfied James I. that he was next year made Bishop of Meath. In 1623 he was again in England collecting materials for a work which the king had employed him to write on the antiquities of the churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Just before the king's death he visited England, and was advanced to the archbishopric of Armagh, which he failed to enter upon for some months in consequence of an attack of ague. His appointment was on the 21st; the death of James occurred six days later, on the 27th March, 1625.

Before returning to Ireland Usher made the acquaintance of Charles I., by whom he was highly favoured, and who ordered him for his expenses £400 out of the Irish treasury. On entering upon the labours of his diocese he found matters, religious and political, in an excited condition, but though he took part in them vigorously he was not to be prevented from following his beloved studies. Aided by his increased income he employed a British merchant residing at Aleppo to purchase oriental writings, and through this person he soon obtained several rare and curious, as well as valuable and important, manuscripts. One of these was a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, another a copy of the Old Testament in Syriac. All these treasures he liberally placed at the disposal of other scholars, and many of them are now to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In 1634 there arose again the ever-recurring dispute as to precedence between the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin. This time the prelate of Armagh asserted his right to first place with such clearness and vigour that it was decided in his favour, a decision which forty years later was confirmed at a full meeting of cardinals in Rome.

In 1640, just before the outbreak of the troubles in Ireland, Usher and his family—he had only one child, a daughter—came over to England. Prevented returning to Ireland by the rebellion of 1641, he was appointed to the bishopric of Carlisle; but from this, owing to the successes of the Parliamentarians, he derived no benefit, though afterwards parliament voted him a pension of £400 a year, which he received once or twice. Shortly before King Charles came to Oxford he removed there, and in 1643 he was appointed one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, but refused to sit, his principles leading him not only to preach against, but refuse to be present at the revision and remodelling of the Church which the Assembly contemplated. For this refusal and for some expressions in his sermons parliament ordered his library to be seized. Dr. Featly, however, obtained it for his own use, and so preserved it to its rightful owner. In the midst of the political and religious turmoil and rancour of the age he lived quietly at Oxford for some time, and there he published his tracts *On the Lawfulness of Levying War against the King; Historical Disquisition touching Lesser Asia;* and *The Epistles of Saint Ignatius.*

Just before the siege he left Oxford and retired to Cardiff Castle, commanded by Sir T. Tyrrel, who had married his daughter. Here he continued in quietness for some months, still engaged in study, and here he was visited by the king shortly after the fatal fight of Naseby. From Cardiff he presently moved to the castle of St. Donats, to which he was invited by the Dowager Lady Stradling. On his way thither he and his party were set upon, and the chests containing the most dearly beloved of his books and manuscripts were broken open, and their contents flung about. A few gentlemen of the country, however, appeared on the scene, and prevented further outrage. At St. Donats he was attacked with a dangerous illness, the first premonitions of the end.

From St. Donats he moved to London to the house of Lady Peterborough in 1646, and in 1647 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn. In 1648 he was sent for by the king, who was confined in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, to give his advice in several important matters; and in 1649, from the roof of Lady Peterborough's house, he saw with horror the execution of the unfortunate Charles. In 1650 he published the first part of his *Annals of the Old Testament,* and the second in 1654. In this last year, in answer to an invitation, he paid Cromwell a visit, and again in 1655 he appeared before him to plead the cause of the Church of England clergy, when he received a promise that they should not be molested if they kept clear of politics. This promise Cromwell afterwards refused to ratify—a refusal which greatly pained the prelate. On March 20th, 1656, while at the house of Lady Peterborough at Reigate, he was taken ill, and died on the next day. While preparations were being made to bury him privately, Cromwell ordered him to be interred in Westminster Abbey, which was done accordingly with great pomp on the 17th of April. His

JAMES USHER. D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

library, which consisted of over ten thousand volumes, was eagerly sought after, the King of Denmark and Cardinal Mazarin offering large sums for it. Cromwell interfered, however, and it was soon after purchased by the army in Ireland, and stored in Dublin Castle, from whence on the Restoration it was moved to Trinity College.

The works of Usher are well known to all scholars for their breadth of view, deep learning, and wide research. His chronology of the Bible is still the chronology adopted in the authorized version; his work on the *Solar Calculations of the Syrians*, a work *On the Apostles' Creed and other Ancient Confessions of Faith*, and his work *De Græca Septuaginta*, are remarkable as displaying his wide range of reading. Of his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the British Churches* Gibbon says, "All that learning can extract from the rubbish of the dark ages is copiously stated by Archbishop Usher." Bishop Jebb says he was "the most profoundly learned offspring of the Reformation;" and Dr. Johnson says, "Usher is the great luminary of the Irish Church; and a greater no church can boast of." The *Body of Divinity*, from which we quote, we are told, was published without his approbation, and of it Bickersteth says, "Usher's *Body of Divinity*, though never revised by him, is full of valuable theology."

Such was the universal esteem of his character and literary reputation that he was offered a professorship at Leyden, and Cardinal Richelieu invited him to settle in France, promising him perfect freedom as to the exercise of his religion, although his notions of church government had a considerable leaning towards Presbyterianism. He was wont to hold learned conferences with Dr. John Preston, "the most celebrated of the Puritans;" and at the conclusion of these interviews it was very common with the good archbishop to say, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part." "He hath a great name deservedly," says Edward Leigh, "among the Reformed Churches for his skill in ecclesiastical antiquities, his stout defence of the orthodox religion, frequent and powerful preaching, and unblamable life."

It is remarkable, as has been pointed out in *Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century*, "that though living in an age when even Waller was lured from his flute, and Milton from his high dreams of Paradise to fight on affairs of church and state, Usher only once used his pen in defence of the king and his cavaliers."]

OF MEDITATION.[1]

"Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom" (Prov. xviii. 1).

In the words above recited, if you compare them with the words that follow after, you have Solomon's wise man, a man of understanding, and Solomon's fool, who is destitute of wisdom. Solomon's wise man is not a worldly wise man, but he that takes care for the great things, for spiritual understanding; and as for these worldly things takes that which is needful, and seeks earnestly for the main things, desirous to understand all things which may save his soul. But the fool sees nothing that is far off; he's purblind, as the apostle Peter calls him. These transitory things are all the fool looks for, and this is the difference which Solomon makes. A wise man seeks after saving wisdom, intermeddles with all wisdom, spends a great deal of labour to obtain his desire: he knoweth the preacher doth his part, but he doth not look it should fall into his mouth, he must put his hand to some labour of his, because he knoweth it cannot be obtained without a great deal of diligence, and therefore, for the great desire he hath to attain this knowledge, he separates himself, works on his own heart in private. On the other side, a fool seeks only to have the things of this life; such a fool was he to whom our Saviour said, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee. All the knowledge he hath is to talk and prate of religion, and never stores his heart with wisdom, but that little knowledge he hath many times discovers his folly rather than his wisdom. But the wise man separates himself and intermeddleth with all wisdom.

So that the point is,—

That man that would attain to saving wisdom must not have an ear only to the preacher, but there is something required of him in particular, he must take pains, separate himself, enter into his chamber, examine himself touching his life past. Put his hand to the plough; if he never work himself he will never be a wise man. Let a man desire to hear the most powerful preacher, it will do him no good except to be an actor and worker himself, and therefore let no man deceive himself. Look to things of this life, food, apparel, wealth; do not men labour for it? And therefore they

[1] From *A Method for Meditation*, London, 12mo, 1656.

bring up their children in a trade whereby they may labour. If it be so for earthly things, much more for heavenly. "But I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I but the grace of God that was in me." Observe, the more thou labourest, the more grace thou hast, the more diligent in receiving the sacrament, in hearing the word, in prayer. The grace of God is so far from making a man idle, to look that heaven should drop in his mouth, as the drops of rain that fall on the earth, that it will make him work and labour in private, separate himself, which is an argument of grace; and this a man will not do till his heart be seasoned with grace. "For it is God that worketh in you both the will and the deed." You will say, If God work let him go on, what would you have me to do? But mark the conclusion the apostle hath drawn, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling," for it is God that worketh both the will and the deed, yet his grace makes thee work out thy salvation. Thou prayest in the Lord's prayer, Give us this day our daily bread. In the word "give us" I acknowledge I must be a beggar, and beg every bit of bread I eat; if I do not beg it I am an usurper; yet for all that, though it be God's bread, yet thou must labour for it, as it is commanded, "We command and exhort you by our Lord Jesus Christ that they work with quietness, and eat their own bread." It is called their own bread, because they work for it. If it be thus for the food of our bodies, then how much more for the bread of life? "But labour for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life." Thou must not think this bread shall come without great pains and labour. No, thou must labour earnestly. You may not think the mere hearing of a sermon will do it. Thou thyself must get it with the sweat of thy brows; and when thou hast laboured thou must acknowledge that it comes from God. "Beware lest thou say in thy heart, My power and the strength of mine arm hath prepared me this abundance;" but remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth in this world. Think not because thou takest pains it is by thy wit and by thy strength thou hast got it: it is the Lord which gave thee power to get substance. If thus in the outward meat, much more in the spiritual. Thou must labour for it, and when thou hast it, say, that the Lord my God gave me power. It is not in thine own power, but it is from God. If ever thou meanest to come to heaven, idle not out thy time. Consider how many drops of sweat it hath cost the preacher. The day is far spent, thou knowest not how little time thou hast to spend. . . . "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby you have transgressed, and make you a new heart, and a new spirit." So that, though all come from God's grace and mercy, yet this doth not exclude our labour. Every child of grace must be a co-worker with God.

To enable thee to do this,—

First, a desire. If a man do not desire it, he will not take pains. Strive to enter in at the strait narrow gate, it's a narrow gate: peradventure he must leave his skin behind him. And therefore the spring and the ground of the labour must be an earnest desire. Set an high price on it. Until thou set a price on grace, thou wilt not labour for it. . . . Bare desires that put not a man to work, make him not separate himself; this is the desire of the slothful, and it kills him. A bare desire is worth nothing.

This desire then must make thee separate thyself, to examine thyself which way thou art going—to heaven or hell—to cast up thy accounts, and see whether thou thrivest in grace. Set apart some time for meditation that the word may be ingrafted in thy heart. . . .

Again, without this separating, setting apart some time for meditation, our prayers cannot approach the throne of grace. . . . By a powerful prayer Heaven suffereth violence; not a stronger thing on earth than the prayer of a Christian; it binds God's hands, it returns not in vain. . . . This pouring out of the soul in prayer is as it is said of Hannah. "And Hannah answered and said, No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out myself before God." This pouring of the soul is a prayer in God's own language, which cannot be done without meditation.

Thus you see the necessity of meditation; we must resolve upon the duty if we ever mean to go to heaven.

HOW ADAM AND EVE BROKE ALL THE COMMANDMENTS AT ONCE.[1]

How doth it agree with the goodness, or with the very justice of God, to punish mankind so fearfully for eating of a little fruit?

Very well; for first, the heinousness of an

[1] From the fifth edition (1658) of *A Body of Divinity.*

offence is not to be measured by the thing that is done, but by the worthiness of the person against whom it is committed. And how much more the commandment our first parents broke was easy to be kept (as to abstain from one only fruit in so great variety and pleasure), so much more grievous was their sin by breaking it.

Secondly, though God tried their obedience in that fruit especially, yet were there many other most grievous sins, which in desiring and doing of this they did commit. In so much that we may observe therein the grounds of the breach in a manner of every one of the ten commandments. For the transgression was terrible, and the breach of the whole law of God; yea, an apostacie whereby they withdrew themselves from under the power of God, nay, rejected and denied him; and not so little an offence as most men think it to be.

What breaches of the first commandment may be observed in this transgression?

First, infidelity, whereby they doubted of God's love toward them, and of the truth of his word.

Secondly, contempt of God, in disregarding his threatenings, and crediting the words of Satan, God's enemy and theirs.

Thirdly, heinous ingratitude and unthankfulness against God for all his benefits, in that they would not be beholden unto him for that excellent condition of their creation (in respect whereof they owed unto him all fealty), but would needs be his equal.

Fourthly, curiosity in affecting greater wisdom than God had endued them withal by virtue of their creation, and a greater measure of knowledge than he thought fit to reveal unto them.

Fifthly, intolerable pride and ambition, not only desiring to be better than God made them, but also to be equal in knowledge to God himself, and aspiring to the highest estate due to their Creator.

How did our first parents break the second commandment?

Eve, by embracing the word of the devil, and preferring it before the word of God; Adam, by hearkening to the voice of his wife rather than to the voice of the Almighty.

What were the breaches of the third?

First, presumption in venturing to dispute God's truth, and to enter in communication with God's enemy, or a beast who appeared unto them, touching the word of God, with whom no such conference ought to have been entertained.

Secondly, reproachful blasphemy, by subscribing to the sayings of the devil, in which he charged God with lying and envying his good estate.

Thirdly, superstitious conceit of the fruit of the tree, imagining it to have that virtue which God never put into it, as if by the eating thereof such knowledge might be gotten as Satan persuaded.

Fourthly, want of that zeal in Adam for the glory of God which he ought to have showed against his wife, when he understood she had transgressed God's commandments.

How was the fourth commandment broken?

In that the Sabbath was made a time to confer with Satan in matters tending to the high dishonour of God. If it be true that on that day man fell into this transgression, as some not improbably have conjectured, for at the conclusion of the sixth day all things remained yet very good, and God blessed the seventh day. Now it is very likely Satan would take the first advantage that possibly he could to entrap them before they were strengthened by longer experience, and by partaking of the sacrament of the tree of life (whereof it appeareth that they had not yet eaten), and so from the very beginning of man become a manslayer.

Show briefly the grounds of the breach of the commandments of the second table in the transgressions of our first parents.

The fifth was broken, Eve giving too little to her husband in attempting a matter of so great weight without his privity, and Adam giving too much to his wife in obeying her voice rather than the commandment of God, and for pleasing of her, not caring to displease God.

The sixth: by this act they threw themselves and all their posterity into condemnation and death, both of body and soul.

The seventh: though nothing direct against this commandment, yet herein appeared the root of those evil affections which are here condemned, as not bridling the lust and wandering desire of the eyes, as also the inordinate appetite of the taste, in lusting for and eating that only fruit which God forbade, not being satisfied with all the other fruits in the garden.

The eighth: first, laying hands upon that which was none of their own, but by special reservation kept from them. Secondly, discontent with their present estate, and covetous desire of that which they had not.

The ninth: judging otherwise than the truth

was of the virtue of the tree, and receiving a false accusation against God himself.

The tenth: by entertaining in their minds Satan's suggestions, and evil concupiscence appearing in the first motions leading to the forenamed sins.

ON THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.[1]

What the danger of the law is for refusing this oath, has been sufficiently opened by my lords the judges, and the quality and quantity of that offence has been aggravated to the full by those that have spoken after them. The part which is most proper for me to deal in is the information of the conscience touching the truth and equity of the matters contained in the oath; which I also have made choice the rather to insist upon, because both the form of the oath itself requireth herein a full resolution of the conscience (as appeareth by those words in the very beginning thereof, "I do utterly testify and declare in my conscience," &c.), and the persons that stand here to be censured for refusing the same have alleged nothing in their own defence, but only the simple plea of ignorance.

That this point, therefore, may be cleared, and all needless scruples removed out of men's minds, two main branches there be of this oath which require special consideration. The one positive, acknowledging the supremacy of the government of these realms, in all causes whatsoever, to rest in the king's highness only. The other negative, renouncing all jurisdictions and authorities of any foreign prince or prelate within his majesty's dominions.

For the better understanding of the former we are, in the first place, to call unto our remembrance that exhortation of St. Peter: "Submit yourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be unto the king, as having the pre-eminence, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil-doers and for the praise of them that do well." By this we are taught to respect the king, not as the only governor of his dominions simply (for we see there be other governors placed under him), but as him that excelleth and hath the pre-eminence over the rest; that is to say (according to the tenure of the oath), as him that is the only supreme governor of his realms. Upon which ground we may safely build this conclusion, that whatsoever power is incident unto the king by virtue of his place must be acknowledged to be in him supreme; there being nothing so contrary to the nature of sovereignty as to have another superior power to overrule it. "Let him who is a king not have a king."

In the second place, we are to consider that God, for the better settling of piety and honesty among men, and the repression of profaneness and other vices, hath established two distinct powers upon earth: the one of the keys, committed to the church; the other of the sword, committed to the civil magistrate. That of the keys is ordained to work upon the inner man, having immediate relation to the remitting or retaining of sins. That of the sword is appointed to work upon the outward man, yielding protection to the obedient, and inflicting external punishment upon the rebellious and disobedient. By the former the spiritual officers of the church of Christ are enabled to govern well, to speak, and exhort, and rebuke, with all authority, to loose such as are penitent, to commit others unto the Lord's prison until their amendment, or to bind them over unto the judgment of the great day, if they shall persist in their wilfulness and obstinacy. By the other princes have an imperious power assigned by God unto them for the defence of such as do well, and executing revenge and wrath on such as do evil; whether by death, or banishment, or confiscation of goods, or imprisonment, according to the quality of the offence.

When St. Peter, that had the keys committed unto him, made bold to draw the sword, he was commanded to put it up, as a weapon that he had no authority to meddle withal. And on the other side, when Uzziah the king would venture upon the execution of the priest's office, it was said unto him, "It pertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but unto the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn incense." Let this, therefore, be our second conclusion—that the power of the sword and of the keys are two distinct ordinances of God; and that the prince hath no more authority to enter upon the execution of any part of the priest's function, than the priest hath to intrude upon any part of the office of the prince.

In the third place we are to observe that the

---

[1] From a very rare work entitled "*Clavi Trabales*, or Nailes fastened by some great Masters of Assemblyes, with a preface by the Lord-bishop of Lincoln. 1661. A speech delivered in the Castle Chamber at Dublin, 22d November, 1622, at the censuring of some officers who refused to take the oath of supremacy. By the late Primate Usher, then Bishop of Meath."

power of the civil sword (the supreme managing whereof belongeth to the king alone) is not to be restrained unto temporal causes only, but is by God's ordinance to be extended likewise unto all spiritual or ecclesiastical things and causes; that as the spiritual rulers of the church do exercise their kind of government, in bringing men into obedience, not of the duties of the first table alone (which concerneth piety and the religious service which man is bound to perform unto his Creator) but also of the second (which respecteth moral honesty, and the offices that man doth owe unto man): so the civil magistrate is to use his authority also in redressing the abuses committed against the first table as well as against the second; that is to say, as well in punishing of an heretic, or an idolater, or a blasphemer, as of a thief, or a murderer, or a traitor; and in providing, by all good means, that such as live under his government may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all piety and honesty.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1612.

[Maurice Fitzgerald was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and, as his poems testify, lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. Though several works of his are extant the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the *Ode on his Ship*, though, as Miss Brooke says in her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's *Irish Writers* is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. Fitzgerald seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. The *Ode on his Ship* is greatly admired in the original for its purity of language and strength of expression.]

ODE ON HIS SHIP.[1]

Bless my good ship, protecting power of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destined coast,
Breathe, benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
  Spread their angelic shields!
Before us the bright bulwark let them place,
  And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

  Oh calm the voice of winter's storm!
  Rule the wrath of angry seas!
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
  Oh check the biting wind of spring,
    And, from before our course,
  Arrest the fury of its wing,
    And terrors of its force!
So may we safely pass the dangerous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

  I grieve to leave the splendid seats
    Of Teamor's ancient fame!
  Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
    Adieu, ye sweet retreats,
Where the famed hunters of your ancient vale,
  Who swelled the high heroic tale,
    Were wont of old to dwell!
And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul
      proclaim!

Receive me now, my ship!—hoist now thy sails
    To catch the favouring gales.
Oh Heaven! before thy awful throne I bend!
Oh let thy power thy servant now protect!
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
Our course through every peril to direct;
  To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain
  Oh may thy pow'r their wrath assuage!
May smiling suns and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave
    Majestic in its might,
  Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
    Erects its stately height!
  From her strong bottom, tall in air
  Her branching masts aspiring rise;
Aloft their cords and curling heads they bear,
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

    Dreadful in the shock of flight
    She goes—she cleaves the storm!

[1] Translated by Miss Brooke.

Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails, exulting in her might;
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean, to the destin'd shore
Her course triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dangerous path she dares explore;
Wrecks, storms, and calms alike she braves,
And gains with scarce a breeze the wished-for shore.
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on she bounds, in conscious might,
To meet the promised fight!
While, distant far,
The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
And view her course with emulous amaze,
As, like some champion'd son of fame,
She rushes to the shock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame!

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight
Her monstrous bulk appears,
While o'er the seas her towering height,
And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame—
The strife of swords, the deathless name—
So does she seem, and such her rapid course!
Such is the rending of her force;
When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendours play,
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way.
Like the red bolt of heaven she shoots along,
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! oh hear my pray'r!
Safe passage now bestow!
Soft o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
And prosperous breezes flow!
O'er the rough rock and swelling wave,
Do thou our progress guide!
Do thou from angry ocean save,
And o'er its rage preside!

Speed my good ship along the rolling sea,
O heaven! and smiling skies, and favouring gales decree!
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
Swift in her glittering flight and sounding course!
Stately moving on the main,
Forest of the azure plain!
Faithful to confided trust,
To her promis'd glory just;
Deadly in the strife of war,
Rich in every gift of peace,
Swift from afar,
In peril's fearful hour,
Mighty in force and bounteous in her power
She comes, kind aid she lends,
She frees from supplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease!

Hear, blest Heaven! my ardent pray'r!
My ship—my crew—oh take us to thy care!
Oh may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While, from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

SIR JAMES WARE.

Born 1594—Died 1666.

[Among all the men who have made posterity their debtors by preserving for its edification the relics of a dying past few deserve more credit than Sir James Ware, and few have had that credit accorded them with more of common consent. Living chiefly in a time when the air was full of horrors, and being himself, in consequence of the office he held, constantly brought in contact with these things, he yet found time to collect an enormous amount of Irish manuscripts, and to compile a series of works which every day renders more and more important, and which, though they may be added to, cannot be set aside. Though religious and political strife seethed all round him, and though he himself stood forth honourably for his political leaders and friends, he has kept his works almost absolutely free from any taint of either bigotry or intolerance.

Ware was born in Castle Street, Dublin, on the 26th November, 1594, his father being then auditor-general of Ireland after having already served as secretary to two different lord deputies. At sixteen he entered Trinity College as a student, and while there, much to

his advantage, made the acquaintance of Usher, who had already started on the road to fame. Like Usher, Ware was quick at learning, and in regular course he took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. Like Usher also, he had already commenced the labours which were to make him famous, and before he was thirty years of age his collection of books and manuscripts was anything but contemptible. In 1626 he visited London, and in that same year the *Antiquities of Ireland* began to appear. It was published in parts, as were almost all his works, and, as Magee observes, still bears the external evidences of profound patchwork. In London he was introduced by Usher to Sir Robert Cotton, who gave him every help in his power, and who placed his library and collection at his service. He availed himself largely of the treasures thus placed before him, and he also made considerable researches among the state papers in the Tower and elsewhere. Soon after his return to Ireland he commenced the publication of his *Lives of the Irish Bishops;* and two years later, in 1628, he again visited London, where he this time made the acquaintance of Selden, and from whence he brought back to Ireland large additions to his collection. In 1629 he was knighted, and in 1632, when his father died, he succeeded to both the fortune and office of his parent. In 1639 he was made one of the privy-council, and the same year, despite the labours of his office and the distractions by which he was surrounded, he managed to publish his most quoted work, the *Writers of Ireland.* In this year also he was elected member of parliament for the university of Dublin, and in 1640, as the friend of Strafford, he strongly opposed the election of the Irish committee which was sent to London to assist in the accusation of the unlucky viceroy. During the rule of Borlase and Parsons and the succeeding viceroyalty of Ormond, the conduct of Ware was such as to be admired by friend and foe.

In 1644 Ware left Dublin for Oxford as one of the deputies from Ormond to the king, and while in Oxford he still continued his favourite studies, and was made a Doctor of Laws by the university. On his way back to Ireland the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a Parliamentarian vessel, and he was sent a prisoner to the Tower of London, where he remained ten months, until exchanged, and returned to Dublin. In 1647, on the surrender of Dublin, he was given up as one of the hostages and despatched to London, where he was detained two years. On his again returning home he lived privately for a time, but in 1649 the Puritan deputy ordered him to quit the kingdom, and with one son and a single servant he departed for France. In France Ware resided chiefly at Caen and Paris, and at both places busied himself, as might be expected, in his favourite pursuits of hunting for manuscripts and making extracts from those lent to him or which he was allowed to see. In 1651 he was permitted to return to London on family business, and in 1653 he was allowed to return to Ireland to visit his estate, which was then in a sad condition. In 1654 he published his final instalment of the *Antiquities of Ireland*, of which a second and improved edition appeared in 1659. In 1656 appeared his *Works Ascribed to St. Patrick*, in 1664 his *Annals of Ireland*, and in 1665 he saw the completion of his *Lives of the Irish Bishops.*

The Restoration brought restoration of his previous offices to Ware, and at the election for parliament he was again chosen member for the university. He was soon also appointed one of the four commissioners for appeals in excise cases, and he was offered the title of viscount, which he "thankfully refused." Two blank baronetcies were then presented to him, and these he filled up with the names of two friends. A little later, on the 1st December (Wills says the 3d), 1666, he died, famed for uprightness and benevolence. He was buried in the family vault in the church of St. Werburgh, Dublin.

Ware's works were all written and published in Latin, but in the following century they were translated into English by Walter Harris, who married Ware's great-granddaughter, and thereby inherited his manuscripts. His translation filled two massive folio volumes, which are to be found on the shelves of every library deserving the name. The very excellence of these important works—their brief accuracy and minute comprehensiveness—render them almost as unquotable as a dictionary. In them, also, the author rarely falls into theorizing, for which, says Wills, "he had too little genius, yet too much common sense." Magee speaks of him as "a great, persevering bookworm, a sincere receiver and transmitter of truth." Bishop Nicolson says of him, "To Sir James Ware (the Cambden of Ireland) this kingdom is everlastingly obliged for the great pains he took in collecting and preserving our scattered monuments of antiquities."]

LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.[1]

Some learned men are of opinion that the British was the ancient language of the Irish; and they labour to demonstrate this assertion from the vast abundance of British words which the Irish, even at this day, use, either entire or but little corrupted. I confess I am of the same opinion, but as I think that their most ancient language was British, introduced among them by their first colonies, who were from Britain, so I cannot but be of opinion that their proper language was partly refined and polished by the intermixture of other colonies, and that it was partly changed by the revolutions of time. According to Horace—

> "Such words which now the present age decries,
> Shall in the next with approbation rise;
> Others, grown old in fame and high request,
> In the succeeding age shall be supprest.
> So much doth custom o'er our speech prevail,
> The sole unquestioned judge and law of all."

The Greeks and Italians may serve us for examples of this assertion, and (which is not to be forgotten in this place) it is evident that, in some years after the arrival of the Saxons, the British language was in Britain itself, as it were, banished and thrust down into Cornwall and Wales, insomuch that in the other parts of the island scarce the least tract or footstep of the ancient language remains to this day.

Besides, as the Irish of old spoke the ancient British language, so also they borrowed their alphabet or letters from the ancient Britains, as it is possible the Saxons afterwards might have done from the Irish, when they flocked to their schools for the sake of education. Further, as, among other arguments, the first inhabitants of Ireland are thought to be colonies of Britains, from the affinity between their languages, so the Albanian Scots, especially those of the north, are for the same reason thought to be colonies of the Irish. "It is from many arguments plain (says Johannes Major) that we derive our origin from the Irish. This we are taught by Bede, an Englishman, who would not be fond of lessening the offspring of his own country; this is evident from the language, for almost half Scotland speaks Irish at this day, and more did so some time past."

Besides the vulgar characters, the ancient Irish made use of various occult forms and artificial rules in writing called *ogum*, to which they committed their secret affairs. I have in my custody an ancient parchment book filled with such characters.

SURNAMES OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

Surnames have been added to the proper names of the ancient Irish either from some remarkable action, or from the quality of the mind, or from the colour, or mark, or defect in the body, or from some accident, and sometimes ironically. Thus Neill, king of Ireland, was called Nigialac,[2] because he had exacted nine hostages from the petty kings, and held them for some time bound in fetters. King Bryen was called Boruma, because he had recovered from the provincialists of Leinster an annual tribute called by that name. Caenfela was called the wise; St. Barr, Finn Barr, or Barr the white; St. Cornin, Fada, *i.e.* long Cornin; and Æd, Clericus Barbosus, the bearded clerk, from an overgrown beard he affected to wear. . . . The same practice prevailed among the Grecians. Seleucus, the third king of Syria, was called Ceraunus, the thunderbolt, from his violent temper. Ptolemy, the seventh king of Egypt, was known by the name of Physcon, from the grossness of his paunch; and, to pass by other instances, the last Ptolemy save one was called Auletes, or the piper, from his excessive fondness of the pipe. So among the Romans Marcus Valerius was called Corvus, and his posterity Corvini, because in a single combat he slew a Gaul, who had challenged him, by the help of a raven. One of the Scipios got the name of Africanus, the other of Asiaticus, from victories obtained by them in these two different quarters of the world. So a man born in the absence of his father was called Proclus, if after his father's death, Posthumus, and if lame, Claudius. . . .

It is to be observed that the old Irish besides surnames took other names, by ancient custom, from their paternal names, as Dermod MacCormac, or the son of Cormac; Cormac MacDonald, or the son of Donald; Donald MacTirdelvach, or the son of Tirlagh.

At length, in the reign of King Brien, the surnames of the Irish, or family names, began to be fixed, and handed down to posterity

[1] This and the three following pieces are from *The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland*, translated by Walter Harris, and published in Dublin in 1764.

[2] *Nigi* signifies nine, and *geall* a pledge or hostage.

with the aspirate *h* or the monosyllable *va* prefixed, which was afterwards changed into the vowel *O*, and signifies one descended from some chieftain or head of a principal family, as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill. Yet it must be confessed that some centuries after King Brien's reign numbers of families took no fixed or certain surnames. It has been observed by writers that about the year 1000, in Brien's reign, surnames also began to be ascertained in France, England, and Scotland, first among people of distinction, and afterwards by degrees among the inferior sort. Finally, after surnames were settled in Ireland, some particular children of Irish families had additional sobriquets or nicknames given them, as Bane-White, Boy-Yellow, Bacca-Lame, Moil-Bald, and the like; and the same custom also gradually crept in among some families of English birth.

THE ORIGIN OF THE IRISH.

It is certain there is nothing concerning the first original of nations to be found anywhere worthy of credit but in Holy Writ. Moses hath given us a catalogue of the posterity of Noah, whose children and grandchildren he recounts in order, probably not all, but the principal of them, from whom the most famous nations of the world have drawn their names and originals. "By the sons of Japhet the isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands, every man after his tongue, and after their families in their nations." Commentators interpret the isles of the Gentiles to mean the maritime parts of Asia, and all Europe, to which the necessary passage is by sea. Josephus hath placed the posterity of Japhet in those countries of Asia which lie extended from the mountains Taurus and Amanus near the Mediterranean Sea, to the river Tanais northward of the Euxine, and from thence hath brought them into Europe, as far as the Gades, that is Cadiz or Cales, within the mouth of the Streights of Gibraltar. If then this be so, it is easy to conceive how the rest of Europe came in time to be peopled. For as the nature of man is inquisitive after novelties, and as the number of our ancestors increased, both necessity and curiosity forced them to go in quest of other countries, at once to gratify their ambition and find room for their people. From Cadiz we can easily see them dispersing themselves over Spain; from thence in process of time pushing one another forward into Germany, Gaul, &c., and across the narrow firth from Calis to the coast of Kent; from thence by degrees northward into that part of Britain since called Scotland, and south and south-west to Wales; from each of which countries Ireland is visible, and might easily receive colonies in their wicker corraghs, and other contrivances of these early ages. And this I take to be the most rational way of accounting for the first planting of Ireland; as it is most natural to suppose, that islands were first planted from countries that border nearest to them; which is the reason given by Tacitus why the Gauls first peopled Britain.

But as Ireland, with the rest of Europe, are descended from Japhet, the difficulty then remains from which of his sons we are to claim our original. In the time of Moses the names and fixed seats of the descendants of Noah were without question clear enough; but now, after the space of upwards of three thousand years, after so many flittings, changes, and confusions of nations, there remains nothing to rely upon. It is very observable what Josephus says upon this subject. "From this time forward (*i.e.* from the confusion of Babel) the multitudes dispersed themselves into divers countries and planted colonies in all places. Some there were also who, passing the sea in ships and vessels, first peopled the islands; and there are some nations likewise who at this day retain the names which in times past were imposed on them; some others have changed them, and others are altered into names more familiar and known to the neighbours, and deriving them from the Greeks, the authors of such titles. For they in latter time, having grown to great name and power, appropriated the ancient glory to themselves in giving names to the nations which they subdued, as if they took their original from them." We see here a lively picture of the dispersion and plantation of colonies in several parts of the world, and of the changes and variations of their names; we see the ambitious humour of the Greeks in seeking to draw other nations to a dependence on them for their originals; which hath afforded scope enough to later writers for invention. But to proceed. If we allow the progress and dispersion of our ancestors to be in the manner as before is set forth, then we must admit our descent from Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, through the Britains, who are confessedly descended from that original. Josephus is my witness that

Gomer was the founder of the Gomarians, whom the Greeks (says he) called Galatians, others Gallo-Grecians. Berosus styles Gomer himself Gomerus-Gallus, Gomer the Gaul. . . . But this descent from the Britains must be understood of the first and early colonies arriving in Ireland, which by the best account are allowed to be of British original, and consequently descended from Gomer. As to the Milesian or Scythian, which was the last that got footing in Ireland before the arrival of the English, Magog, another son of Japhet, was their ancestor. The sacred historian gives no manner of account of the sons of Magog; but Josephus makes him "the founder of the Magogians, called by the Greeks Scythians, and whom Ptolemy names the Massagetae. Keating hath given us a particular genealogy of the posterity of Magog to Milesius through twenty-two generations, and hath conducted them in their several voyages until he sets them down in Spain in as exact manner as if he had been their pilot.

OF THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

This primitive bishop was a person of such exemplary piety and virtue, and his labours and success in converting this once pagan and barbarous nation to Christianity were so wonderful and useful, that the actions of his life were worthy of being transmitted to posterity by the most faithful and able pen. But unhappily this task hath fallen into the most weak and injudicious hands, who have crowded it with such numberless fictions and monstrous fables, that, like the legends of King Arthur, they would almost tempt one to doubt the reality of the person. It is observable that (as the purest streams flow always nearest to the fountain) so, among the many writers of the life of this prelate, those who lived nearest to his time have had the greatest regard to truth, and have been most sparing in recounting his miracles. Thus Fiech, bishop of Sletty, and contemporary with our saint, comprehended the most material events of his life in an Irish hymn of thirty-four stanzas. But in process of time, as the writers of his life increased, so his miracles were multiplied (especially in the dark ages) until at last they exceeded all bounds of credibility. . . .

There is one consequence that hath followed such a legendary way of writing, which, had authors of this turn foreseen, would probably have made them more cautious in this point. Miracles are things of so extraordinary a nature that they must be well attested in order to gain credit among men. But these writers, by introducing them on every frivolous occasion without number, measure, or use, have called the truth of everything they relate into question, and in this case have brought into discredit, and even ridicule, the real miracles which perhaps this holy man may have wrought. The lavish use they have made of them serveth only to oppress faith, as a profusion of scents overpowereth the brain. By this indiscretion they have made their writings to be generally looked upon as entirely fabulous, and their unskilful management hath only served to bring our great patron into contempt. I will not trouble the reader with my private opinion as to the truth of his miracles, which is a point that may admit of much dispute without any great benefit. On one side it may be said, that as God inspired him with the glorious resolution of adventuring himself to reclaim an infidel and barbarous people to Christianity, so he armed him with all the necessary powers and virtues to go through so great a work. There may seem to be the same necessity in this instance as in those of the apostles, the end and intention of their mission being the same. On the other side it may be said that several infidel nations have been converted to Christianity without miracles, and that the present missionaries in the East and West Indies work conversions without pretending to that extraordinary gift. I shall not engage in this dispute. . . .

As seven cities contended for the birth of Homer, the prince of poets, so almost as many places have laid claim to the honour of having given birth to St. Patrick. Baronius and Matthew of Worcester, usually called Florilegus, say he was a native of Ireland, being deceived probably by an ambiguous expression in the martyrologists, "In Ireland, the nativity of St. Patrick." Whereas in the constant language of the martyrologists a saint's nativity is not esteemed the day of his entrance into this world, but the day of his death. I wonder Philip O'Sullevan hath from these great authorities omitted to claim our saint for his countryman. But he hath fallen into as gross an error, for he makes him a native of Bas-Bretagne, in France. Another writer gives Cornwall in the south of England the honour of his birth, with as little reason as the former. The English translator of the *Golden Legend*

will have him a Welshman. Camden also tells us that St. Patrick was born in Ross Vale (in Valle Rosina), which signifies a verdant plain; and Humphrey Lloyd in Vale Rosea or Rosina, the rosy plain. Sigebert of Gemblours and many others have called him a Scot, and the Scottish writers to a man will have him their countryman. But this is grounded on two mistakes: First, from the language of ancient martyrologists, as I observed before, which means by the nativity of a saint the day of his death, so that when we meet in Bede, &c., this passage, "On the 17th March in Scotia, the nativity of St. Patrick," it must be understood the day of his death. And it is well known that in the days of St. Patrick, and for many ages after, Ireland was known by the name of Scotia and not the modern Scotland. The second mistake hath been occasioned by the alteration of the bounds and limits of countries, so that Dun-Britain, near which St. Patrick was born, though it be now a part of modern Scotland, yet in his time it was within the British territories. Having thus cleared the different pretensions to his birth, I shall now proceed to fix the right place of it, and from thence go on to relate the several particulars of his life.

He was born in the extreme bounds of Britain (in that part of it which is now comprehended within the limits of modern Scotland), at a village called Banavan in the territory of Tabernia (as he himself saith in his confessions). Joceline explains Tabernia to signify the Field of Tents, because the Roman army had pitched their tents there, and adds "that the place of his father's habitation was near the town of Erupthor, bounding on the Irish Sea." From this description Usher points out the very spot where he was born, at a place called after him Kirk-Patrick or Kil-Patrick, between the castle of Dunbriton and the city of Glasgow, where the rampart which separated the barbarians from the Romans terminated. . . .

As there were various opinions concerning his country, so writers differ much as to the time of his birth. William of Malmesbury, Adam of Dornerham, and John the Monk of Glastonbury, place his birth in 361, with whom Stanihurst agrees, and all of them follow Probus, on whom we cannot depend. . . . The Annals of Connaught are yet more grossly mistaken in assigning his birth to the year 336. Henry of Marleburg says he was born in 376, Joceline in 370, but Florence of Worcester, nearer the truth, in 372; from whose calculation Usher could see no reason to depart. Yet with reverence to these great authorities, I must take the liberty to fix his birth a year later, *i.e.* in 373, on the 5th of April. For the most commonly received opinion is (with which Usher in another part of his work agrees) that St. Patrick lived but 120 years, and that he died in 493. And this is further confirmed by the old Irish *Book of Sligo*, as quoted by Usher, that St. Patrick was born, baptized, and died on the fourth day, Wednesday. Now the 5th of April, 373, fell on Wednesday, and consequently was his birthday that year.

. . . . . .

I shall pass over his infancy without taking any notice of the miracles ascribed to him by the legend writers of his life. His contemporary, the venerable Fiech, is silent as to this particular; and St. Patrick himself ascribes his captivity to his ignorance of the true God, and his disobedience to his commands. He was educated with great care and tenderness by his parents, and his sweet and gentle behaviour rendered him the delight and admiration of all his neighbours.

. . . . . .

His father, mother, brother, and five sisters undertook a voyage to Aremoric Gaul (since called Bas-Bretagne) to visit the relations of his mother Conchessa. It happened about this time that the seven sons of Factmude, some British prince, were banished, and took to the sea; that making an inroad into Aremoric Gaul they took Patrick and his sister Lupita prisoners. They brought their booty to the north of Ireland, and sold Patrick to *Milcho-Mac-Huanan*, a petty prince of Dalaradia.[1] Others tell the story in a different manner and with a better face of probability, that the Romans having left Britain naked and defenceless, its inhabitants became an easy prey to their troublesome neighbours the Irish, and that our saint fell into the hands of some of these pirates and was carried into Ireland. But in this they all agree, and he himself confirms it, that he continued captive in Ireland six years. He was sold to Milcho and his three brothers, which gave the occasion of changing his name into *Cothraig*, or rather *Ceathir-Tigh*, because he served four masters, *Ceathir* signifying four, and *Tigh* a house or family. Milcho observing the care and diligence of this new servant, bought out

[1] The south and south-east parts of the county of Antrim and all the county Down.

the shares of his brothers, and made him his own property. He sent him to feed his hogs on *Slieu Mis.*[1]

. . . . . .

It was here he perfected himself in the Irish language; the wonderful providence of God visibly appearing in this instance of his captivity; that he should have the opportunity in his tender years of becoming well acquainted with the language, manners, and dispositions of that people to whom he was intended as a future apostle. Possibly the ignorance in these particulars of his predecessor Paladius might have been the cause of his failure in the like attempt.

A.D. 395. He continued six whole years in servitude, and in the seventh was released. There seems to have been a law in Ireland for this purpose, agreeable to the institution of Moses, that a servant should be released the seventh year.

. . . . . .

The writers who deal in the marvellous tell you that the angel Victor appeared to him, and bid him observe one of his hogs, who should root out of the ground a mass of money sufficient to pay his ransom; but St. Patrick saith no such thing; he only informs us that he was "warned in a dream" to prepare for his return home, and that he arose and be took himself to flight, and left the man with whom he had been six years.

. . . . . .

He continued abroad thirty-five years pursuing his studies, for the most part under the direction of his mother's uncle, St. Martin, bishop of Tours, who had ordained him deacon; and after his death partly with St. German, bishop of Auxirre (who ordained him a priest and called his name Magonius, which was the third name he was known by), partly among a colony of hermits and monks in some islands of the Tuscan Sea, and he spent a good part of the time in the city of Rome among the canons regular of the Lateran Church.

. . . . . .

He was in his sixtieth year when he landed in Ireland in 432; Alfred, Cressy, and other writers, following the authority of William of Malmesbury and of John the Monk of Glastonbury, place his arrival in Ireland in 425, but this plainly contradicts the more early writers. He happily began his ministry by the conversion and baptism of Sinell, a great man in that country, the grandson of Finchad, who ought to be remembered, as he was the first-fruits of St. Patrick's mission in Ireland, or the first of the Irish converted by him. He was the eighth in lineal descent from Cormac, king of Leinster, and afterwards came to be enumerated among the saints of Ireland. Nathi, the son of Garchon, and king of that district, who the year before had frightened away Palladius, in vain attempted to terrify Patrick by opposing and contradicting his doctrine.

. . . . . .

All the early Irish writers affirm that St. Patrick was buried at Down, in Ireland, and it is from such authorities that the truth must be drawn. . . . From these and many more early authorities we may safely conclude to give Down the honour of containing his remains, with which several of the English writers also agree; and Cambrensis affirms that the bodies of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Columb were not only buried at Down, but were also there taken up and translated into shrines by John de Courcy, conqueror of Ulidia, about the year 1185, and to this purpose gives us these verses:—

> "In Down three saints one grave do fill,
> Brigid, Patrick, and Columbkille."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Born 1615 — Died 1669.

[Sir John Denham, the first Irish poet of repute that wrote in English, was born in Dublin in the year 1615. His father, at that time chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland, and also one of the lords commissioners for that kingdom, was of Little Horseley in Essex. His mother was Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garrett More, baron of Mellefont in Ireland. When the poet was only two years of age, his father, being appointed one of the barons of exchequer in England, removed to that country, carrying with him his family. In 1631 the

[1] *Mis*, a mountain in county Antrim.

youth was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where it seems he was "looked upon as a slow and dreaming young man by his seniors and contemporaries, and given more to cards and dice than his study; they could never then in the least imagine that he would ever enrich the world with his fancy or issue of his brain, as he afterwards did." At the end of three years he underwent his B.A. examination, and was sent to Lincoln's Inn to study law, which he did so far as his vice of gaming would allow him. After having been plundered by gamesters and severely reproved by his parents he acquired a sudden abhorrence of the evil practice, and wrote an essay against it, which he presented to his father. He also about this time added the study of poetry to that of laws, and produced a translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*. In 1638 his father died, and immediately after Denham gave himself up to his old vice, and lost the money — several thousand pounds—that had been left him.

In 1641, like a lightning flash out of a clear sky, appeared his tragedy called *The Sophy*, which was at once admired by the best judges, and gave him fast hold of the public attention. Speaking of the poet in connection with this piece, Waller said that "he broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or in the least suspected it." Soon after this he was made high-sheriff of Surrey and governor of Farnham Castle for the king, but not caring for, or not being skilled in military affairs, he quitted the post before long and retired to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*, a poem of some three hundred lines, on which his fame chiefly rests.[1] Of this work Dryden says it is "a poem which for majesty of style is, and ever will be, the standard of good writing." An attempt was made to rob Denham of his laurels by what Johnson calls "the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence." In the "Session of the Poets,"[2] in some lumbering verses, it is said that the work was not his own, but was bought of a vicar for forty pounds. "The same attempt," says Johnson, "was made to rob Addison of his *Cato*, and Pope of his *Essay on Man*."

In 1647 Denham began to mix in political matters, and in 1648 he conveyed James, Duke of York, into France, or at least so says Johnson and others, though Clarendon affirms that the duke went off with Colonel Bamfield only, who contrived his escape. Certain it is, anyhow, that Denham went to France, from whence he and Lord Crofts were sent ambassadors to Poland from Charles II. In that kingdom they found many Scotchmen wandering about as traders, and from these they obtained £10,000 as a contribution to the king. About 1652 he returned to England, where he was entertained by Lord Pembroke, with whom, having no home of his own, he lived for about a year. At the Restoration he was appointed to the office of surveyor-general of the king's buildings, and at the coronation received the order of the Bath.

After his appointment he gave over his poetical works to a great extent, and "made it his business," as he himself says, "to draw such others as might be more serviceable to his majesty, and, he hoped, more lasting." Soon after this, when in the height of his reputation for poetry and genius, he entered into a second marriage, in which he was so unhappy that for a time he became a lunatic. For this misfortune he was cruelly and ungenerously lampooned by Butler, but fortunately it did not last long, and he was again restored to his full health and vigour of mind.[3] A few months after he wrote one of his best poems, that on the death of Cowley. This was his last work, for on March 19, 1669, he died at his office in Whitehall, and was laid in Westminster Abbey by the side of the poet he had just panegyrized.

Dr. Johnson says that "Denham is justly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. . . . He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language, and whom we ought, therefore, to read with

---

[1] It has been supposed that this poem was directly inspired by his residence at Egham. The writer of the additions to Camden's *Britannia* says, in speaking of Egham, "Here lived Sir John Denham the poet, who has immortalized Cooper's Hill adjoining."

[2] An anonymous poem which appeared in Dryden's *Miscellanies*.

[3] The facts relating to Lady Denham's death are thus given in *Notes and Queries*, Sept. 28, 1872:—"Lady Denham had attracted the notice of the Duke of York; but in the midst of this *liaison* she was married, by the interposition of her friends, at the age of eighteen to Sir John Denham, a widower, and old enough to be her father. . . . She was then about to be appointed lady of honour to the Duchess of York. The matter was still in discussion when Lady Denham was seized with a sudden indisposition, of which, after languishing some days, she expired, January 17, 1667, in the first bloom of her youth and beauty, and before she had completed her twenty-first year. It was believed at the time that she had been poisoned in a cup of chocolate. In notes to the English edition of Grammont's *Memoirs* of 1809—notes partly written, it is said, by the late Sir Walter Scott—we read, 'The slander of the times imputed her death to the jealousy of the Duchess of York.'"

gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do." Dryden, speaking of Waller's, Cowley's, and Denham's translations of Virgil, declares that "it is the utmost of his ambition to be thought their equal, or not much inferior to them." Prior places Denham and Waller side by side as improvers of our versification, which was perfected by Dryden. Pope in his *Essay on Criticism* speaks of

> "the easy vigour of a line
> Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join;"

and in his *Windsor Forest*, within the compass of a few lines, he calls Denham "lofty" and "majestic," and, talking of *Cooper's Hill*, he prophesies—

> "On *Cooper's Hill* eternal wreaths shall grow,
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

There can be little doubt that *Cooper's Hill* is an almost perfect model of its kind, notwithstanding the fact that Johnson, characteristically enough, declares that "if it be maliciously inspected it will not be found without its faults."

Denham's works have been several times reprinted in one volume under the title of *Poems and Translations, with the Sophy, a Tragedy*. In addition to what appears in this collection there are other things attributed to him. The most important of these is a *New Version of the Book of Psalms*, which is now little known. A panegyric on General Monk, printed in 1659, is generally ascribed to him, and his name appears on the poem "The True Presbyterian without Disguise," as well as two pieces called "Clarendon's House Warming," and "His Epitaph." These last are, however, believed to be by Marvell, and are printed in the late American edition of that author's works. Strange to say, Denham has been rather overlooked and forgotten of late years, and his name does not appear in any of the later popular editions of the poets.]

COOPER'S HILL.[1]

Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crowned with that sacred pile,[2] so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud. . . .
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone. . . .
My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wiug,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free aud common as the sea or wind,
When he, to boast or to disperse her stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Fiuds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wauts,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us uo thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet uot dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!
Heaven her Eridauus no more shall boast;
Whose fame in thine, like lesser curreut, 's lost. . . .
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides

[1] This and the three following extracts are from the work entitled *Poems and Translations, with the Sophy, a Tragedy.*

[2] St. Paul's, as seen from Cooper's Hill.

A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or Roman bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose, when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think the illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportioned speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obeyed and feared,
His safety seeks. The herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.

. . . . . .

Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force,
Nor speed nor art avail, he shapes his course,
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
So tow'rds a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among the enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,[1]
Fair Liberty, pursu'd, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay.

OF A FUTURE LIFE.

These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:
"Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
I shall be no where, or to nothing turn;
That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
Yet by the actions it design'd was known;
And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
That soul which can immortal glory give
To her own virtues must for ever live.
Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
Though a foul foolish prison her immure
On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
With beast's, and must return from whence it came;
But whence into our bodies reason flows
None sees it, when it comes, or when it goes.
Nothing resembles death as much as sleep,
Yet then our minds themselves from slumbers keep;
When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
Then what divine and future things they see!
Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
And what they shall hereafter be declare."
This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade
Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom fame

---

[1] Runnymede, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world their name,[1]
Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal,
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
That only fame our virtuous actions brought;
'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possest my mind,
After my death a happier life to find.
Unless our souls from the Immortal came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where;
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see,
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe: for were I on my way
None should persuade me to return, or stay:
Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place. . . .
Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see. . . .
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd),
And if I err no power shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness:
Though some minute philosophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF "PASTOR FIDO."

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of art or vice,
In thee is either modesty or choice. . . .
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line;
These are the labour'd birth of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low.
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongue, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes;
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet after all (lest we should think it thine),
Thy spirit to his circle does confine.

ON COWLEY'S DEATH.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows:
The other three with his own fires
Phoebus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspere's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep.
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakspere and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear. . . .

[1] Scipio Africanus and Scipio Asiaticus.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SOPHY: A TRAGEDY."

[Abbas, king of Persia, is led to believe that his son Mirza is a traitor, and wishes to depose him and seize the crown. Haly, his favourite, who hates the prince, has invented the tale, and brought up false proofs. The king orders the prince's eyes to be put out. The minister becomes more and more powerful, and fearing lest the king should relent, he causes a poisoned draught to be conveyed to the prince. The king too late finds out the perfidy of his favourite, and dies after recommending the Princess Erythaea to take care of the young Sophy, who is heir to the throne. Haly tries to set aside the prince and elect a tool of his own; his design had almost succeeded when Abdall and Morat, two friends of the murdered prince, lead on the army and bring the infamous favourite Haly to justice, at the same time seating the prince's son, Sophy, upon the throne, where he reigns happily King of Persia.]

Enter the Prince, who has been undeservedly blinded by his father the King; at the other door is the Princess his wife, and Sophy his son. A servant leads the Prince.

Servant (to Prince). Sir, the princess and your son.

Prince. Sophy, thou comest to wonder at
Thy wretched father; why dost thou interrupt
Thy happiness, by looking at an object
So miserable?

Princess. My lord, methinks there is not in your voice
The vigour that was wont, nor in your look
The wonted cheerfulness. Are you well, my lord?

Prince. No: but I shall be. I feel my health a coming.

Princess. What's your disease, my lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have ta'en a cordial,
Sent by the king, or Haly, in requital
Of all my miseries, to make me happy:
The pillars of this frame grow weak,
As if the weight of many years oppress'd them;
My sinews slacken, and an icy stiffness
Benumbs my blood.

Princess. Alas, I fear he's poison'd!
Call all the help that art, or herbs, or minerals
Can minister.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave this, are too well practis'd
In such an art, to attempt and not perform.

Princess. Yet try, my lord, revive your thoughts, the empire
Expects you; your father's dying.

Prince. So when the ship is sinking,
The winds that wreck'd it cease.

Princess. Will you then be the scorn of fortune,
To come near a crown, and only near it?

Prince. I am not fortune's scorn, but she is mine,
More blind than I.

Princess. Oh tyranny of fate! to bring
Death in one hand, and empire in the other;
Only to show us happiness, and then
To snatch us from it.

Prince. They snatch me to it;
My soul is on her journey, do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to lose herself
I' th' maze and winding labyrinths o' th' world:
I prythee do not weep, thy love is that
I part with most unwillingly, or otherwise
I had not stayed till rude necessity
Had forced me hence.
Sophy, be not a man too soon,
And when thou art, take heed of too much virtue;
It was thy father's and his only crime,
'Twill make the king suspicious; yet e'er time
By nature's course has ripen'd thee to man,
'Twill mellow him to dust, 'till then forget
I was thy father, yet forget it not,
My great example shall excite thy thoughts
To noble actions. And you, dear Erythaea,
Give not your passions vent, nor let bliud fury
Precipitate your thoughts, nor set 'em working,
Till time shall lend 'em better means and instruments
Than lost complaints. Where's pretty Fatima?
I prythee call her.

Princess. I will, sir, I pray try if sleep will cease
Your torments, and repair your wasted spirits.

Prince. Sleep to those empty lids
Is grown a stranger, and the day and night
As undistinguish'd by my sleep, as sight.
O happiness of poverty! that rests
Securely on a bed of living turf,
While we with waking cares and restless thoughts
Lie tumbling on our down, counting the blessing
Of a short minute's slumber, which the ploughman
Shakes from him, as a ransom'd slave his fetters.
Call in some musick; I have heard soft airs
Can charm our senses, and expel our cares.
Is Erythaea gone?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Prince. 'Tis well:
I would not have her present at my death.

Enter Musick.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greater foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

Servant. So now he sleeps, let's leave him
To his repose.

Enter the KING.

. . . . .

Enter the PRINCESS *and* SOPHY.

Princess. He's gone! he's gone for ever:
Oh that the poison had mistaken his,
And met this hated life! but cruel fate
Envied so great a happiness; fate that still
Flies from the wretched and pursues the blest.
Ye heav'ns! but why should I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to those that hate me?
Why should your curses so outweigh your blessings?
They come but single, and long expectation
Takes from their value: but these fall upon us
Double and sudden. [*Sees the* KING.
Yet more of horror! then farewell my tears,
And my just anger be no more confin'd
To vain complaints, or self-devouring silence;
But break, break forth upon him like a deluge,
And the great spirit of my injur'd lord
Possess me, and inspire me with a rage
Great as thy wrongs, and let me call together
All my soul's powers, to throw a curse upon him
Black as his crimes!

NICHOLAS FRENCH.

BORN 1604 — DIED 1678.

[Nicholas French, afterwards Bishop of Ferns, was born in the town of Wexford in 1604, from which he was sent early in life to the Irish College at Louvain. There before long he distinguished himself, and "there also he was received into holy orders." Soon after, hearing of the troubles of his country, he determined to return thither, and having been appointed parish priest of Wexford, "he became of such repute both for elocution, behaviour, prudence, and integrity that he was chosen one of the representatives of that town in the assembly of the confederate Catholics at Kilkenny." Before this time French had already completed his first work, *A System of Philosophy*, which so far as we can discover yet remains unpublished.

In 1643 French was appointed Bishop of Ferns, and in 1645 his election to the assembly at Kilkenny took place as stated. For the next few years he laboured busily in connection with political matters, giving good advice to the party to which he belonged, and not wanting courage to strike out against those he opposed. In 1651 he went as ambassador for his party to the Duke of Lorraine at Brussels, in which negotiation he was successful, though in the end, owing to no fault of the ambassador, all came to nought. In 1652, the year of the downfall of his political hopes, he published at Brussels his celebrated work, *The Unkinde Desertor of Loyall Men and True Friends.* In this he mercilessly belaboured the Duke of Ormond,[1] to whom he attributed the ultimate failure of his mission. Soon after we find him at Paris, where he was appointed coadjutor to the archbishop; but from this post he was shortly driven by the intrigues of Ormond and the exiled Charles II. In 1662 and 1665 he was at Santiago in Spain, as we know from some letters written by him from that place. In the latter year he writes also from Paris, and a little later he returned to the cloisters of St. Anthony's at Louvain.

Before he had scarcely well settled down in his old quarters he took up his pen again, and in quick order appeared his numerous tracts upon Irish affairs, among which were "Thirty Sheets of Reasons against the Remonstrance," "The Due Obedience of Catholics," and "A Dissertation Justifying the Late War." In 1668 appeared his best work, from a literary point of view, *The Settlement and Sale of Ireland;* and in 1674 *The Bleeding Iphigenia.* Before this he became president of the Irish College, but about this time he moved to Ghent, where he was appointed coadjutor bishop, and where he died in the year 1678. He was buried in the church of St. Nicholas, and

[1] The Duke of Ormond well known for his intrigues with Cromwellians and Charles II.

his funeral oration was pronounced by Thomas Stapleton, like himself an Irishman, and a distinguished scholar at Louvain.

In addition to the works named, French also wrote *The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall* and *The Friar Disciplined*, as well as a larger work entitled *Religion in England*. His critics generally concur in giving him credit for great ability, but for this very reason they are hard upon him. One speaks of him as "a waspish prelate," another calls him "seditious," and Harris dubs him "a foul-mouthed writer," a name which is not deserved. As specimens of their kind of literature, and also as characteristic of the period in which they were written, his works are deeply interesting. Until a few years ago, however, they were among the rarest of the rare books. A reprint of some of the more popular of them has been published by Duffy and Son of Dublin.]

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ORMOND.

(FROM "THE UNKINDE DESERTOR OF LOYALL MEN.")

To know when to speak, and when to be silent, is a commendable virtue. Solomon, the wisest of men, taught this lesson to men in these words: Tempus est tacendi, and tempus loquendi. He began with tempus tacendi, and his reason was, truth is first learned by silence, next published by teaching. Socrates, that famous Grecian, sapientissimus hominum pronounced by the Oracle, did much commend silence unto his disciples, and with great reason, inasmuch as there is greater wisdom and less danger in being silent than in speaking; wherefore Symonides, one of the wisest men of his own time, was often heard to say, "Often have I repented to have spoken, never for having held my peace;" notwithstanding all these great encomis of silence, celebrated by so many wise sages in all times, nevertheless a long and unseasonable silence is and may be as blamable as the other is recommendable.

To be silent and hold my peace when an open injury is done to my religion, country, and parents, is neither wisdom, piety, nor virtue to be commended; this is, and hath been (as I perceive), the long silence the Catholics of Ireland had with the Lord Duke of Ormond, giving him both time and leisure to work their ruin and downfall, without preventing the same (in a just form and seasonable time), by their instant addresses to the king, council, or any else.

We have kept longer silence (to our great detriment) than Pythagoras his scholars have done, their silence was limited to five years only, before their public Tentamens in school for the performance of which Magister dixit was sufficient to them; but we, poor souls! have been silent near now upon thirteen years, suffering with all patience the open wrongs, and manifest detriments this noble man have done us, so that under the notion of a friend we discovered him at long running to be our open enemy.

. . . . . .

Seneca tells us the ambitious man receiveth not so much contentment by seeing many behind him, as discontent by seeing any before him; there are many great men in this age sick of this disease, such as cannot know when they are well, and though great they be, will strive still to be greater, so that they can at no time be at ease or at quietness, much like that Italian, who being well must needs take physic and died thereof, upon whose sepulchre this epitaph was engraved, "I was well, and would be better; I took physic and came to the phereter."

Plutarch expresseth naturally this unquietness of ambitious minds in Pyrrhus, king of Epirot, who having greatly enlarged his dominions with the conquest of the great kingdom of Macedonia, began also to design with himself the conquest of Italy; and having communicated his deliberation with his great counsellor Cineas he demanded his advice, whereto Cineas answered, that he greatly desired to know what he meant to do when he had conquered Italy? Sir, quoth Pyrrhus, the kingdom of Cicily is then near at hand, and deserveth to be had in consideration, as well for the fertility as for the riches and power of the island. Well, quoth Cineas, and when you have gotten Cicily, what will you then do? Quoth Pyrrhus, Africk is not far off, where there are divers goodly kingdoms, which partly by the fame of my former conquests, and partly by the valour of my soldiers, may easily be subdued. I grant it, quoth Cineas; but when all Africk is yours, what mean you then to do? When Pyrrhus saw that he urged him still with that question, then, quoth Pyrrhus, thou and I will be merry, and make good cheer; whereunto Cineas replied, if this shall be the end of your adventures and labours, what hindereth you from doing the same now? will not your kingdoms of Epyras and Macedonia suffice you to be merry and make good cheer? and if you had Italy, Cicily, Africk, and all

the world, could you and I be merrier than we are, or make better cheer than we do? will you therefore venture your kingdoms, person, life, honour, and all you have to purchase that which you have already? Thus said wise Cineas to Pyrrhus, reprehending his immoderate ambition, who knew not when he was well, neither yet what he would have, seeing he desired no more than that which he had already, which in the end cost him dear; for following his own ambition and unbridled appetite, to amplify his dominions, as he got much, so he lost much, being able to conserve nothing any time, and at length having entered the town of Ayros by force, he was killed with a brick batt thrown down by a woman from the top of a house; here you see the wretched end of Pyrrhus his ambition.

Had Ormond such a counsellor by him as Cineas was, and heard unto him, he had likely been happier than he is at present, such a counsellor I mean as would say unto him intrepidly, when he took the course of stripping honest gentlemen of their estates, My Lord, I would desire to know what you resolve to do when you have by hook and crook ingrossed the lands and inheritances of innocent persons, poor widows, and orphans unto yourself; when you have obtained all, is the thing you aim at only to make good cheer and be merry? if this be your design you need not trouble yourself so much, nor expose your conscience to danger, nor your honour to such an ignominious shame and infamy (which shall endure to all ages), in taking away that which is not your own; far better content yourself as you are, and feast upon that great patrimony your predecessors left. Cannot that estate which maintained them honourably (without damaging any other) maintain and content you? but I see this is an evil familiar, those exalted to the height of greatness and favour in the prince's eye have no counsellors that will speak freely the truth, as worthy Cineas did to Pyrrhus; few are near kings and princes can say that which Seneca excellently expressed to his friend Lucilius, thus, "They live not in courts and the houses of kings that will severly speak, and sincerely the truth." What man can without tears behold so many great personages, even Christians in this age, that live, and do far wickeder things than Gentiles or Pagans have done or do, which had more respect and regard to their idols (in whom they apprehended some deity) than those to the true and living God.

. . . . . .

Titus Livius tells us Quintus Cincinnatus was carried from the plough to the dignity of a dictator, which war being ended, he returned cheerfully to the plough again; he relates also how the ambassadors of the Samnites found Curius Dentatus, another dictator, making ready and cleansing of roots for his supper, and even at that time, he says, there were no more in all the Roman armies of waiting men (such as we call calones) but two. Marcus Anthonius, not he (that fatal man to Cicero, and to the commonwealth), but another chosen consul of a great army designed into Spain, had but eight servants, so Carbo in the same dignity placed (as we read), had but seven; what shall I say of Cato the senior, who in the same employment, power, and commission for Spain, had but three; however, this Cato named the Censor (though contented wisely with such a small retinue) was captain general in their army, a famous orator, and a prudent counsellor reputed by the commonwealth (in the commonwealth) and by all Rome for his sober life, was called a good father to his children, a good husband to his wife, a frugal housekeeper, and a man (a great praise in those days) well skill'd in the plough.

Epaminondas, a famous captain, protector and flower of the Thebans, who fought so many battles valiantly, nevertheless it is written, he had but one suit of clothes, which, when required reparation, he was forced to keep house till mended and brought unto him. This Epaminondas I speak of died so poor, as not so much in his house could be had as to pay his funerals, which was performed by the commonwealth.

What need I speak in this place of Phocion, Socrates, Iphaltes, miracles of nature, and wisest of Athens? This Phocion, who fought twenty-six battles, victorious always, and triumphant over his enemies, yet a greater despiser of riches, honours, and titles (as histories do testify), refused one hundred talents sent unto him by Alexander the Great as a present, demanding of those who brought the present what was Alexander's meaning in sending to him alone, and only, that present; they replied, forasmuch as he takes you to be the only man of honour and merit amongst the Athenians; to this he answered briefly, Why then let Alexander leave me so during my life, which is a thing I cannot be if I receive and accept of his talents of gold.

. . . . . .

These profane examples of those heroic

champions, I have brought here expressly to the great confusion of our Christian dissolute great personages, that they may see how these rare virtues shined, and were embraced by Pagans, which they abhor to exercise, or have seen in themselves, frugality, humility, honest and discreet poverty, zeal to their country, contempt of wealth and honours, moderation in their pomps, shows, and feastings. These are the virtues and the weapons with which those ancient heroes kept their commonwealth in peace and concord, glory, wealth, and prosperity; with these, I say, they have eternized their fame to future ages, not with pride, ambition, extortion, emulation, deceits, vain assentations, gluttonies, and the like vices familiar to Christian personages.

Certainly there is nothing procures in a commonwealth sooner, envy and discord betwixt person and person, than to see some very rich and others very poor (equality among fellow subjects is a precious pearl in a commonwealth), for commonly wealth puts men up to such a height of pride as to contemn and despise others beneath them, and they so despised cannot but bear envy and hatred to those despises them. Every apple has its own worm, the worm of wealth is pride. This age we live in is mounted to the height of ambition and pride; we are all going, or would fain go beyond our reach, pride in our eyes and pride in our thoughts, pride and ambition in all our actions; nowadays, forsooth, to set forth an ambassador we must have a whole legion of servants in their retinue, as if his embassy could bear no force otherwise unless the wealth of a commonwealth must be exhausted to support those extravagancies, retinues, and needless trains; whereas honest Cato the Consull (a greater man than they for dignity) contented himself with three servants.

. . . . . .

Having spoken of the rewards given by Rome to Horatius Cochles, and to Mutius, for unparalleled services and attending upon the king in time of his exile, I dare say, in the first place, there is none of the adorers of Ormond's virtues (not one) will presume to say, that the greatest of all his services he did the king came, it could come near, those of the foresaid Romans; yet if we compare both their remunerations together, theirs will appear like a grain of sand, compared with Mons Olympus.

. . . . . .

But I hear somebody say, Ormond hath done the king great service, though he hath not preserved the monarchy of Brittaine, as Cochles and Mutius did that of Rome, and that his affection to king and country have been as great as theirs to the senate and commonwealth of Rome, occasion being only wanting: as for his affection to king and crown, I believe he had as much as another noble man (but to his country, where he hath his estate and lands, he had none at all). If affection to the king can draw rewards and remunerations, there be thousands loved the king and the interest of the crown of England as much as Ormond ever did, and appeared undoubtedly in all occasions against the king's enemies, nevertheless thousands of them never had an acre of ground, nor a cottage to shelter themselves in in frosty weather, in recompensation of such affection: therefore I do here conclude that Ormond was happily fortunate in his affections to the king and crown, and others were not, having obtained those extraordinary rewards from his royal majesty.

SAGE COUNSELS.

(FROM "THE BLEEDING IPHIGENIA.")

A table of sage counsels, that hung by the bed of Ptolomeus Arsacides, king of Egypt (by him religiously observed all the time of his reign), was delivered by a priest of the idols to the wise Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who, dying, gave it to his son with this short speech:—My son, leaving you emperor of many kingdoms, I presume you will with that great power be feared of all, and if you will faithfully keep the godly counsels in this table you shall be infallibly beloved of all.

THE TABLE OF COUNSELS.

1. I never denied (said the virtuous King Ptolomeus) justice to a poor man for being poor, nor pardoned a rich man for being rich.

2. I never loved a rich wicked man, nor hated a poor just man.

3. I never granted favours to men for affection, nor destroyed men to satisfy my passion.

4. I never denied justice to any demanding justice, nor mercy to the afflicted and miserable.

5. I never passed by evil without punishing it, nor good without rewarding it.

6. I never did evil to any man out of malice, nor villany for avarice.

7. I was never without fear in prosperity, nor without courage in adversity.

8. My door was never open to a flatterer, nor my ear to a murmuring detractor.

9. I endeavoured still to make myself beloved of the good, and feared of the evil.

10. I ever favoured the poor that were able to do little for themselves, and I was evermore favoured by the gods, that were able to do much for all.

Those rare counsels should be exposed in the houses of kings and all public places to the view of men, to be known of all in their respective dignities and callings, and it would be a pious and noble action if our gracious sovereign[1] would be pleased to consider seriously with himself how far these just and laudable counsels have been regarded during the time of his reign, especially in conferring of estates and lands from one part of his subjects to another part of them contrary to all due course of law, and without hearing of the parties oppressed, which hath been procured to be done by the undue information and persuasion of certain of his councillors and ministers of state, and chiefly of the chancellor, the Earl of Clarindon.

If his majesty shall do this grace and justice to his Catholic subjects of Ireland, thousands of widows and orphans will be eased and relieved who now sit down in great poverty, lamenting extremely their lands, houses, and all they had wrongfully taken from them, and this day possessed and enjoyed by those invaders.

God binds all kings and judges by this commandment: Thou shalt not do that which is unjust, nor judge unjustly; consider not the person of a poor man, neither honour thou the countenance of him that is mighty. Judge justly to thy neighbour (Lev. xix.). God also forbids to give away one subject's bread to another; reason, virtue, and the laws of God, nature, and nations, are the rules that ought to guide all princes and magistrates in the government of the people under them. Did not God himself complain of evil judges in this kind: How is the faithful city, full of judgment, become a harlot? Justice hath dwelled in it, but now man-killers. The princes are unfaithful, companions of thieves; all love gifts, follow rewards. They judge not for the pupil [fatherless]; and the widow's cause goeth not in to them (Is. i.). And again our Lord saith, They are made gross and fat, and have transgressed my words most wickedly. The cause of the widow they have not judged; the cause of the pupil [fatherless] they have not directed, and the judgment of the poor they have not judged. Shall I not visit upon these things, saith our Lord? or upon such a nation shall not my soul take revenge? (Jer. v.). Certainly it is against God's just judgment to omit such things and crimes unpunished. There are thousands of distrest Catholics' pupils [fatherless] and widows (his majesty cannot chuse but know it) that have not got justice, whose cause and complaint had no entrance into his courts; they cried out for justice, and were not heard; they cried for mercy, and found it not; and such as live of those oppressed souls are still crying to heaven and the king for remedy. Poor, desolate, and dejected, they are waiting at the door of the king's palace, and no regard is had of their tears, prayers, and petitions.

We are indeed become the reproach of all nations round about us, by the craft and iniquity of statesmen, that have poisoned the fountain of justice. It is said of some of those that their vices have far exceeded their virtues, and that in all their proceedings against our nation there was found in them no truth, no integrity, no religion, no shame, but an insatiable covetousness, and a flaming ambition of making themselves great and powerful; and are not such men, say you, able to poison the fountain of justice (and of mercy too) in a kingdom?

[1] Charles II.

A REMONSTRANCE.

(FROM "THE SETTLEMENT AND SALE OF IRELAND.")

To give some colour to this apparent partiality the first minister of state is forced to betake himself to his last refuge, telling, as for a final reason, that the Protestant English interest cannot be maintained in Ireland without extirpating the natives, and therefore, that the counties and corporations undisposed of by the Commonwealth must not be restored to the natives upon any account. The preservation of this interest is now become ultima ratio, and the non plus ultra to all political debates; and seeing the learned gownman will needs establish it for a first principle, not to be denied, it is not amiss to consider more attentively this idol that occasions so much impiety. As for the Protestant interest, I must confess his majesty is bound to maintain

it in all his kingdoms and dominions, as far forth as the glory of God requires, and the law of nations and the several constitutions of particular places will admit. Certainly no man (though never so zealous) will say that his majesty was obliged, when he held the town of Dunkirk in Flanders, to extirpate the ancient inhabitants and place new English colonies in their room for the preservation of a Protestant interest. True religion was ever yet planted by preaching and good example, not by violence and oppression: an unjust intrusion into the neighbour's estate is not the way to convert the ancient proprietor, who will hardly be induced to embrace a religion whose professors have done them so much injustice: and as to the present settlement of Ireland, it is apparent to the world that the confiscation of estates, and not the conversion of souls, is the only thing aimed at. If by the English interest we understand the present possession of the London adventurers and of Cromwell's soldiers, there is no doubt it is inconsistent with the restoration of the Irish; neither can the new English title to land be well maintained without destroying the old title of the natives, even as the interest of the late Commonwealth was incompatible with monarchy, and Cromwell's protectorship was inconsistent with the king's government. But if by the English interest we understand (as we ought to do) the interest of the crown and cavaliers of England, I see no reason why it might not be preserved in Ireland for 500 years to come, as well as it was preserved there for 500 years past, without extirpating the natives. Why could not the English interest be maintained in Ireland without extirpation as well as the Spanish interest is preserved in Naples and Flanders, the French interest in Rossilignion and Alsace, the Swedish interest in Breme and Pomerland, the Danish interest in Norway, the Austrian interest in Hungary, the Venetian interest in Dalmatia, and the Ottoman interest over all Greece, and so many other Christian provinces, without dispossessing the ancient inhabitants of their patrimonies and birthrights? Forts, citadels, armies, and garrisons, punishment and reward, were hitherto held the only lawful means for Christian princes to maintain their authority and secure their interest: such an extirpation was never yet practised by any prince that followed the law of the gospel.

MAURICE DUGAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1641–60.

[All that we can discover of Maurice Dugan or O'Dugan is that he lived near Benburb, in county Tyrone, about the year 1641, and that he wrote the song here given to the air of the "Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the *Topography of Ancient Ireland*, which was extensively used by the "Four Masters" in their *Annals*. O'Reilly, in his *Irish Writers*, mentions four other poems the production of O'Dugan, namely, *Set your Fleet in Motion, Owen was in a Rage, Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse, Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay*. These productions are not to be found in English, and are supposed to be lost. We incline to the belief, however, that many bardic remains, in their original and almost unreadable Irish, may yet be discovered in unsuspected and out-of-the-way hiding-places.]

THE COOLIN.[1]

Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
When she moves through the wild wood or the wide dewy lawn;
There is joy, there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
She's the fairest of the flowers of our green-bosom'd isle.

In Belanagar dwells the bright blooming maid,
Retired like the primrose that blows in the shade;
Still dear to the eyes that fair primrose may be,
But dearer and sweeter is my Coolin to me.

Then boy, rouse you up! go and bring me my steed,
Till I cross the green vale and the mountains with speed;
Let me hasten far forward, my lov'd one to find,
And hear that she's constant, and feel that she's kind.

---

[1] *Coolin* means "the maiden of the fair flowing locks."

Oh! dearest, thy love from thy childhood was mine,
Oh, sweetest, this heart from life's opening was thine;
And though coldness by kindred or friends may be shown,
Still! still, my sweet Coolin, that heart is thine own.

Thou light of all beauty be true still to me,
Forsake not thy swain, love, though poor he may be;
For rich in affection, in constancy tried,
We may look down on wealth in its pomp and its pride.

Remember the night, love! when safe in the shade
We marked the wild havoc the wild wind had made;
Think! think how I sheltered—watched thee with care,
Oh! think of the words, love, that fell from us there.

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

Born 1585 — Died 1670.

[Of Duald MacFirbis (Dubhaltach Mac Firbisigh) Magee says that "he was born about the close of the sixteenth or early in the seventeenth century;" but, as we learn from Professor O'Curry that he was present at the school of the O'Davorens in Clare in 1595, we may well imagine him to have been born, as is generally believed, in 1585. His birthplace was Lackan, or Lecain, in the county of Sligo, and he was the oldest son of a junior branch of the celebrated family of MacFirbis, hereditary historians or "ollambs" for several centuries.

Early in life MacFirbis, who was intended for an antiquary and historian, was sent into Munster, to the school of law and history kept by the MacEgans of Lecan in Ormond, after having had already some training in the school of the O'Davorens in Clare. His studies extended not only to all that was to be learned in his own Irish tongue, but also to Latin and Greek, both of which he seems to have acquired thoroughly. For many years after leaving school MacFirbis seems to have lived a life of retired study, but in 1641 he left his ancestral home—a castle whose ruins may yet be seen—and took refuge in Galway from the storm then ravaging the island. While there he made the acquaintance of O'Flaherty the author of *Ogygia*, and John Lynch author of *Cambrensis Eversus*. There too, in the College of St. Nicholas in 1650, he completed his great historico-genealogical work, *The Branches of Relationship, or Volume of Pedigrees*. The autograph copy of this great compilation, generally known as the *Book of MacFirbis*, is at present to be found in the library of the Earl of Roden. On the surrender of Galway MacFirbis most likely became a wanderer for a time. In 1655, however, we find him in the employ of Sir James Ware, collecting and translating materials for that writer's antiquarian and historical works. In 1656 he completed a treatise on Irish authors, and, most likely, about this time also, his transcript of the *Chronicon Scotorum*, as well as a list of bishops arranged for Sir James Ware. On the death of Ware MacFirbis again became a wanderer, and in 1670 we find him travelling near his old home and place of birth in Sligo. "He must have been at this time past his eightieth year," says O'Curry, and he was, it is believed, on his way to Dublin, probably to visit Robert, the son of Sir James Ware. "He took up his lodgings for the night at a small house in the little village of Dunflin, in his native county. While sitting and resting himself in a small room off the shop, a young gentleman, of the Crofton family, came in and began to take some liberties with a young woman who had the care of the shop. She, to check his freedom, told him that he would be seen by the old gentleman in the next room; upon which, in a sudden rage, he snatched up a knife from the counter, rushed furiously into the room, and plunged it into the heart of MacFirbis."

"Thus," to quote again, "at the hand of a wanton assassin this great scholar closed his long career—the last of the regularly educated and most accomplished masters of the history, antiquities, and laws and languages of ancient Erinn."

Besides the works we have mentioned MacFirbis wrote and compiled many others both in English and Irish, some of which are lost. His *Collection of Glossaries* has been published by Mr. Whitley Stokes; his *Martyrology, or Litany of the Saints in Verse*, in his own autograph, is preserved in the British Museum; in the Royal Irish Academy is to be found

what is left of his *Treatise on Irish Authors*. His transcript of the *Chronicon Scotorum* has been edited by W. M. Hennesy, and published in 1867; and his *Annals of Ireland* has been translated and edited by Professor O'Donovan and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his *Catalogue of Extinct Irish Bishoprics* has also been made by Mr. Hennesy and placed in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. Finally, in the *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society* may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," a curious tract, first compiled in the year 1216.]

FINNACHTA AND THE CLERICS.[1]

It was this Finnachta[2] that remitted the Borumha[3] to Moling after it had been levied during the reigns of forty kings previously, namely, from Tuathal Teachtmar to Finnachta. Moling came (as an ambassador) from all Leinster to request a remission of the Borumha from Finnachta. Moling asked of Finnachta to forgive the Borumha for a day and a night. This to Moling was the same as to forgive it for ever, for there is not in time but day and night. But Finnachta thought it was one (natural) day and night. Moling came forth before him, and said: "Thou hast given a respite respecting it for ever and yesterday." Moling promised heaven to Finnachta. But Finnachta conceived that Moling had deceived him, and he said to his people, "Go," said he, "in pursuit of this holy man, who has gone away from me, and say unto him that I have not given respite for the Borumha to him but for one day and for one night, for methinks the holy man has deceived me, for there is but one day and one night in the whole world." But when Moling knew that they were coming in pursuit of him, he ran actively and hastily till he reached his house, and the people of the king did not come up with him at all.

Others say that Moling brought a poem with him to Finnachta . . . (and this poem is written in the book called the Borumha). However, the Borumha was forgiven to Moling from that till judgment; and though Finnachta was sorry for it, he was not able to levy it, for it was for the sake of heaven he had remitted it. Et hoc est verius.

In the fifteenth year from the year in which Finnachta had forgiven the Borumha, Adamnau came to Finnachta after Moling, and he sent a cleric of his people to Finnachta that he might come to converse with him. Finnachta was then playing chess. "Come to converse with Adamnau," said the cleric. "I will not till this game is finished," said Finnachta. The cleric returned to Adamnau and told him the answer of Finnachta. "Go thou to him, and say to him that I shall sing fifty psalms during that time, and that there is a psalm among that fifty in which I shall pray the Lord that a son or grandson of his, or a man of his name, may never assume the sovereignty of Erin." The cleric accordingly went and told that to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice, but played at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnau, oh Finnachta," said the cleric. "I will not go," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished." The cleric told this to Adamnau. "Say unto him," said Adamnau, "that I will sing fifty psalms during that time, and that there is a psalm among the fifty in which I will ask and beseech the Lord to shorten his life for him." The cleric told this to Finnachta, but Finnachta took no notice of it, but played away at his chess till the game was finished. "Come to converse with Adamnau," said the cleric. "I will not," said Finnachta, "till this game is finished." The cleric told to Adamnau the answer of Finnachta. "Go to him," said Adamnau, "and tell him that I will sing the third fifty psalms, and that there is a psalm in that fifty in which I will beseech the Lord that he may not obtain the kingdom of heaven." The cleric came to Finnachta and told him this. When Finnachta heard this, he suddenly put away the chess from him, and he came to Adamnau. "What has brought thee to me now, and why didst thou not come at the other messages?" "What induced me to come," said Finnachta, "was the threats which thou didst hold forth to me, viz., that no son or grandson of mine should ever reign, and that no man of my name should ever assume the sovereignty of Erin, or that I should have shortness of life. I deemed these light; but when thou didst promise me to take away heaven from me, I then came suddenly, because I cannot endure this."

"Is it true," said Adamnau, "that the

[1] This and the two following extracts are from the *Annals of Ireland*, translated by Professor O'Donovan.

[2] Finnachta, king of Ireland, A.D. 678, reigned seven years.

[3] The tax paid by Leinster to the king of Teamhair (Tara).

Borumha was remitted by thee for a day and a night to Moling?" "It is true," said Finnachta. "Thou hast been deceived," said Adamnau, "for this is the same as to remit it for ever." . . . . After this Finnachta placed his head in the bosom of Adamnau, and he did penance in his presence, and Adamnau forgave him for the remission of the Borumha.

HOW FINNACHTA BECAME RICH.

At first this Finnachta was poor and indigent. He had a house and a wife, but he had no property but one ox and one cow. On one occasion the King of Fera-Ros happened to wander and stray in the neighbourhood of Finnachta's hut. There never was before a worse night than this for storm and snow and darkness, and the king and his wife, with their numerous people, were not able to reach the house which they desired to reach, in consequence of the intensity of the cold and the darkness; and their intention was to remain under the shelter of the trees. But Finnachta heard them express these intentions; for they were not far from his hut at the time, and he came to meet them on the way, and said to them they had better come to his hut—such as it was—than to travel on that dark, stormy, cold night. And the king and his people said, "It is true it were better," said they, "and we are glad, indeed, that thou hast told us so." They afterwards came to his house, and the size of the house was greater than its wealth. Finnachta, moreover, struck the ox on the head, and struck the cow on the head, and the king's own people actively and quickly prepared them on spit and in cauldron, and they ate thereof till they were satiated. They slept well afterwards till the morning came. The King of Fera-Ros said to his own wife, "Knowest thou not, O woman, that this house was at first poor, and that it is now poorer, the owner having killed his only cow and his only ox for us?" "This is indeed true," said the wife, "and it behoves us now to enrich it; whatever much or little thou wilt give to the man, I will give the same amount to his wife." "Good is what thou sayest," said the king. The king then gave a large herd of cows, and many pigs and sheep, with their herdsmen, to Finnachta; and the king's wife gave the same amount to the wife of Finnachta. They also gave them fine clothes, and good horses, and whatever they stood in need of in the world.

THE BATTLE OF ALMHAIN.

[The site of this battle (fought in 722) is a celebrated hill about five miles to the north of the town of Kildare, now called Allen. The cause of the battle was the tribute which King Finnachta had remitted to Moling, who was Bishop of Ferns, A.D. 691 to 697. The Leinster men had not paid it, and King Ferghal collected a great army of the men of Meath, 21,000 strong, and met the Leinster men, who were only 9000. The strange occurrences of the battle were as follows:—]

Long indeed was this muster of forces being carried on, for each man of Leth-Chiusm, which means the north half of Ireland, to whom the order came used to say: "If Donnbo[1] come on the hosting I will."

Now Donnbo was a widow's son of the Fera-Ros,[2] and he never went away from his mother's house for one day or one night, and there was not one in all Ireland of fairer countenance, or of better figure, form, or symmetry than he; there was not in all Ireland one more pleasant or entertaining, or one in the world who could repeat more amusing and royal stories than he; he was the best to harness horses, to set spears, to plait hair, and he was a man of royal intelligence in his countenance: of whom was said—

> Fairer than sons was Donnbo,
> Sweeter his poems than all that mouths rehearse,
> Pleasanter than the youths of Innis-Fail,
> The brilliancy of his example took the multitude.

His mother did not permit Donnbo to go with Ferghal, until Mael-mic-Failbhe[3] was pledged for his return alive . . . safe to his own house from the province of Leinster.

King Ferghal proceeded upon his way. Guides went before him, but the guidance they afforded him was not good, through the narrowness of each road, and the ruggedness of each pass, until they reached Cluain-Dobhail,[4] at Almhain. And Aedhan the Leper of Cluain-Dobhail was there before them. The hosts ill-treated him; they killed his only cow, and roasted it on spits before his face, and they unroofed his house and burned it; and the Leper said that the vengeance which God

---

[1] No account of this personage is to be found in any other authority, and this legend in the old vellum book of Nehemias Mac Egan must be from a romantic tale now unknown.

[2] A tribe inhabiting the district round the present town of Carrickmacross.

[3] Tenth abbot of Hy, a successor of Columbkill.

[4] This name is now forgotten.

would wreak on the Ui-Neill, on his account, would be an eternal vengeance; and the Leper came forward to the tent of Ferghal, where the kings of Leth-Chiusm were before him. The Leper complained of the injuries done him in their presence; but the heart of none of them was moved towards him, except the heart of Cubretan,[1] son of the king of Fera-Ros; and for this Cubretan had no reason to be sorry, for of all the kings who were in the tent, none escaped from the battle except Cubretan alone. Then Ferghal said to Donnbo, "Show amusement for us, O Donnbo, for thou art the best minstrel in Ireland at pipes, and trumpets, and harps, at the poems, and legends, and royal tales of Erin, for on to-morrow morning we shall give battle to the Leinster men."

"No," said Donnbo, "I am not able to amuse thee to-night, and I am not about to exhibit any one of these feats to-night; but wherever thou shalt be to-morrow, if I be alive, I shall show amusement to thee. But let the royal clown, Ua Maighleine,[2] amuse thee this night."

The clown was afterwards brought to them, and he commenced narrating battles and valiant deeds. . . . On the following morning the battalions of both sides met. . . . The valorous deeds of the heroes of Leinster and Leth-Chiusm are very much spoken of. It is said that Saint Brigit was seen over the Leinster men; Colum Cille was seen over the Ui-Neill. The battle was gained by Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster. Ferghal himself was killed, and Aedh Menu (a prince of Leinster) slew Donnbo. . . . The clown was taken prisoner, and he was asked to give "a clown's shout," and he did so. Loud and melodious was that shout, so that the shout of Ua Maighleine has remained with the clowns of Erin from that day forth. . . . The clown's head was struck off. The reverberation of the clown's shout remained in the air for three days and three nights. From which comes the saying, "The shout of Ua Maighleine chasing the men in the bog."

It was at Condail[3] of the Kings the Leinster men were that night drinking wine and mead merrily and in high spirits after gaining the battle; and each of them was describing his prowess, and they were jolly and right merry. Then Murchadh, son of the King of Leinster, said:—

"I would give a chariot of [the value of] four cumhals, and my steed and battle dress, to the hero who would go to the field of slaughter, and would bring us a token from it."

"I will go," said Baethgalach, a hero of Munster. He puts on his dress of battle and combat, and arrived at the spot where the body of King Ferghal was, and he heard a noise in the air over his head, and he said on hearing it:

"All praise be to thee, O king of the seven heavens! Ye are amusing your lord to-night, namely, King Ferghal; though ye have all fallen here, both poets, pipers, trumpeters, and harpers, let not hatred or ability prevent you to-night from playing for Ferghal."

The young warrior then heard the most delightful and entrancing piping and music in the bunch of rushes next him, a Fenian melody sweeter than any music. The young warrior went towards it.

"Do not come near me," said a head to him.

"I ask who art thou?" said the young warrior.

"I am the head of Donnbo," said the head; "and I made a compact last night that I would amuse the king to-night, and do not annoy me."

"Which is the body of Ferghal here?" said the young warrior.

"Thou mayest observe it yonder," said the head.

"Shall I take thee away," said the young warrior; "thou art the dearest to me."

"Bring me," said the head; "but may the grace of God be on thy head if thou bring me to my body again."[4]

"I will, indeed," said the young warrior.

And the young warrior returned with the head to Condail the same night, and he found the Leinster men drinking there on his arrival.

"Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said Murchadh.

"I have," replied the young warrior, "the head of Donnbo."

"Place it on yonder post," said Murchadh, and the whole host knew it to be the head of Donnbo, and they all said:—

"Pity that this fate awaited thee, O Donnbo! fair was thy countenance; amuse us to-night as thou didst thy lord last night."

His face was turned, and he raised a most piteous strain in their presence, so that they were all wailing and lamenting! The same warrior conveyed the head to its body, as he had promised, and he fixed it on the neck (to

[1] Cubretan signifies dog or hero of Britain.

[2] He is not mentioned in any other known annals.

[3] Now Old Connell, in county Kildare, about five miles east of the Hill of Allen.

[4] If thou art minded to bring me at all, find my body and bring my head and body together.

which it instantly adhered), and Donnbo started into life. In a word Donnbo reached the house of his mother. The three wonders[1] of this battle were: The coming of Donnbo home to his house alive in consequence of the pledged word of the abbot of Hy, and the shout of the clown which remained reverberating three days and three nights in the air, and nine thousand prevailing over twenty-one thousand.

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Born 1600 — Died 1678.

[Richard Flecknoe was born probably about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. His first work, *Hierothalamium; or, the Heavenly Nuptials*, appeared in 1626; and Marvel, who met him in Rome about 1643, speaks of him as then an old man. He also calls him "priest, poet, and musician." His place of birth was Ireland, and in early life he was a Jesuit, if not a priest. This last character he ceased to assume after the Restoration. From Rome, Flecknoe, who was a considerable traveller, moved to Lisbon, where he remained some time, and was kindly treated by King John of Portugal. From Lisbon, in 1646, he made a voyage to Brazil, by permission of the king, who presented him with two hundred crowns as a contribution towards his expenses. In 1650 he returned again to Lisbon, and began to write his *Travels of Ten Years in Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America.* In 1654 he printed his *Love's Dominion, a Dramatick Piece*, and dedicated it to Lady Elizabeth Claypole. This was afterwards reprinted in 1664 under the title of *Love's Kingdom.* In 1667 appeared his comedy *Demoiselles à la Mode*, and in 1670 his *Moral Epigrams*, dedicated to the queen, daughter of the King of Portugal. Of the other works of Flecknoe those most deserving mention are, *Ermina, or the Chaste Lady*, and his *Diarium, or Journal*, in burlesque verse. He died in 1678.

There can be little doubt that Flecknoe is an example of one of the very few instances in literary history where satire, while preserving an author's name, has utterly slain his reputation—such as it may have been. As a reason for Dryden's animosity against him some of his biographers state that it was owing to Flecknoe's being appointed poet-laureate on the deposition of the former. This is a mistake. Flecknoe was dead before the poet lost his place, and probably never was poet-laureate at all; the person appointed was Shadwell, who is the MacFlecknoe, or son of Flecknoe, in Dryden's satire. Indeed we believe the only reason that can be given for the great poet's conduct is that given by Christie in his Globe edition of Dryden's poetical works:—Flecknoe was dead. "The plan of the poem required a dead author, and Flecknoe suited the purpose." It may be, however, that Dryden believed Flecknoe to be the author of the pamphlet by R. F., published in 1668 in defence of Sir Robert Howard against Dryden in the controversy about rhyme and blank-verse, and that for fourteen years he "nursed his wrath to keep it warm."]

SILENCE.[2]

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart,
Offspring of a heavenly kinde,
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery.

OF DRINKING.

The fountains drink caves subterren,
  The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
  And then some river gliding by;
Until some gulphing sea drink them,
And ocean drinks up that again.

Of ocean then does drink the sky;
  When having brew'd it into rain,
The earth with drink it does supply,
  And plants do drink up that again.
When turned to liquor in the vine,
'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

[1] Three wonders are usually introduced into Irish romantic stories.

[2] This and the next piece are from *Miscellanea*, or *Poems of All Sorts.*

By this who does not plainly see,
How into our throats at once is hurl'd—
Whilst merrily we drinking be—
The quintessence of all the world?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

ON TRAVEL.[1]

It is not travel makes the man, 'tis true,
Unless a man could travel, sir, like you,
By putting off the worst and putting on
The best of every country where they come;
Their language, manners, fashions, and their use,
Purg'd from the dross, and stript from the abuse,
Until at last in manners they become
New men and creatures at their coming home;
Whilst your pied traveller, who nothing knows
Of other countries' fashions but their clothes,
And speaks their language but as parrots do,
Only at best a broken word or two,
Goes and returns the same he went again,
By carrying England still along with him;
Or else returns far worse by bringing home
The worst of every land where he does come.

TO DRYDEN.

Dryden, the Muse's darling and delight,
Than whom none ever flew so high a flight;
Nor ever any's muse so high did soar
Above th' poets' empyrium before.
Some go but to Parnassus' foot, and there
Creep on the ground, as if they reptiles were:
Others but water poets, who have gone
No further than the fount of Helicon;
And they're but airy ones, whose muse soars up
No higher than to Mount Parnassus' top.
Whilst thou with thine dost seem t' have mounted higher
Than he who fetcht from heaven celestial fire!

ON THE DEATH OF OUR LORD.

Oh blessed Lord! and wouldst thou die
For such a wretched worm as I!
This of thy love's so great a proof,
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the love by far transcends
Of parents and of dearest friends.
To have such benefit bestow'd
Would undo any but a God;
And love itself make bankrupt too,
By leaving nothing more to do.
Had any king done this for me,
What wondering at it there would be!
And wondering at it now there's none
When by a God himself 'tis done.
Strange blindness! men should more esteem
A benefit bestow'd on him
By earthly kings, than what is given
Unto him by the King of Heaven!

EXTRACT FROM "LOVE'S KINGDOM."

Palemon. Now here, Love, at thy sacred shrine
I offer up these vows of mine.—
Father of dear and tender thoughts,
Thou who the hardest bosom softs;
Soften Bellinda's heart, and make
Her but thy dear impression take;
So shall I burn Arabian gums,
And offer up whole hecatombs
Upon thy altar, whilst thy fires
Shall shine as bright as my desires.
First Priest. Whilst he the deity does invoke
The flame ascends in troubled smoke.
Philander. What sort of offering mine shall be,
Divinest Love, 's best known to thee;
Nor spices nor Arabian gums,
Nor yet of beasts whole hecatombs:
These are too low and earthly, mine
Are far more heavenly and divine;
An adamantine faith, and such
As jealousy can never touch;
A constant heart and loyal breast,
These are the offerings thou lovest best.
Second Priest. Love's fires ne'er brighter yet appeared,
Whoe'er thou art thy vows are heard.

ONE WHO TURNS DAY INTO NIGHT.[2]

He is the antipodes of the country where he lives, and with the Italian begins his day with the first hour of night; he is worse than those that call light darkness and darkness light, for he makes it so, and contradicts that old saying that the day was made for man to labour in and the night to rest. He thinks that sentence of Solomon nothing concerning him, that all is vanity underneath the sun, for all his is underneath the moon; for the sun's rising only serves him to go to bed by; and as formerly they measured time by water, he measures it only by fire and candle light; he alters his pater noster, and as others pray for their daily he prays for his nightly bread.

[1] This and the two pieces following are from *A Collection of the Choicest Epigrams and Characters*, 1673.

[2] This and the following extract are from *Choicest Epigrams and Characters.*

Meantime he fears neither death nor judgment; for death is said to come like a thief in the night, and then he sits up and watches; and judgment by day, and then he is abed and sleeps. And if they charge him for ill expense of time, he only changes it—change is no robbery; so as, in fine, if he have no other sins than that, there is none would have less to answer for than he.

A SOWER OF DISSENSION.

He is the devil's day labourer, and sows his tares for him, or seeds of dissension, by telling you this and that such an one said of you, when you may be sure it is wholly false, or never wholly true, he so alters it with his reporting it. He goes a-fishing for secrets, and tells you those of others only to hook yours out of you, baiting men as they do fishes, one with another. He is like your villanous flies, which always leave sound places to light on sore, and are such venomous ones as even to make sound places sore with their fly-blowing them. In fine, they would set dissension between man and wife the first day of their marriage, and father and son the last day of their lives. Nor will innocence be ever safe, or conversation innocent, till such as they be banished human society; and if I would afford them being anywhere, it should be with Ariosto's Discord, among mine enemies. Meantime my prayer is, God bless my friends from them!

ROGER BOYLE, EARL OF ORRERY.

Born 1621 — Died 1679.

[Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was the fifth son of Richard, "the great Earl of Cork." He was born in April, 1621, and was created Baron Broghill when only seven years of age. At the age of fifteen he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, from which in a few years he was taken by his father and sent with his eldest brother to make the tour of France and Italy. On his return he made his appearance at the court in England, where he was received with respect and delight, and during his stay there he married Margaret Howard, sister to the Earl of Suffolk. Accompanied by his wife he proceeded to Ireland, just at the beginning of the troubles of 1641. Here for a time he served gallantly as a soldier on the side of the Parliamentarians, but on the death of the king he threw up his post in disgust, and returning to England lived privately at Marston, in Somersetshire, till 1649. About this time he formed an intention of applying to Charles II. for a commission to raise forces in Ireland; but this intention reached the ears of Cromwell, who visited him, and dealt with him so generously that he accepted a post in the army of the Protector. In a few days he was on his way to Ireland with a few soldiers; on his arrival there he increased his small army materially, and so managed affairs as to present a formidable appearance until, on the 15th August, 1649, Cromwell himself landed in Wexford with an army of 8000 foot and 4000 horse, together with money and materials. With the sad events that followed we are not here concerned, except to say that Lord Broghill passed through them with courage and address, so much so indeed that Cromwell made him one of his privy-council, and confided in him more than in almost any other man. Cromwell also in 1656 sent him into Scotland to attempt to remedy the rough rule of Monk, and on his return to London the Protector was so influenced by him that he was enabled to save more than one noble house from impending ruin.

After the death of Cromwell, Broghill did his best to be of service to the new lord-protector, Richard; but finding that weak but amiable descendant of the man of iron determined to be undone he retired to his command in Munster. There he soon began to busy himself to bring about the Restoration, and gained over to the royal side Wilson, governor of Limerick, and Sir Charles Coote, who held a command in the north. After the king's accession Broghill came to England, where he was received rather coldly by Charles. After a time, however, he managed to show that he had been prime mover in the successful affairs in Ireland, and on this he was received into favour, and soon after, on the 5th September,

1660, he was made Earl of Orrery, sworn into the privy-council, appointed one of the lords-justices as well as president of Munster. In 1662, when the Duke of Ormond was made lord-lieutenant, Broghill retired to his presidency, where, by virtue of his office, he heard and decided cases in a court called the Residency Court. In this capacity he acquired such a reputation that after the fall of Clarendon he was offered the seals, but declined the post in consequence of the gout which afflicted him.

After this Orrery mixed little more in politics, but left sword and council-board for the desk and pen. During the years that intervened until his death he produced several poems and plays. In his poems, which are somewhat artificial, he displays moral elevation of mind. In his plays, which were very successful, he often uses his wit, like too many of the writers of the Restoration, in the adornment of unsavoury subjects. They are not, however, wholly devoid of scenes of a higher kind, and are marked by vigour and force.

Of his works the chief are: *A Poem on His Majesty's Happy Restoration; A Poem on the Death of Cowley; The History of Henry V.*, a tragedy, 1668; *Mustapha*, a tragedy, 1667–68; *The Black Prince*, a tragedy, 1672; *Triphon*, a tragedy, 1672; *Parthenissa*, a romance, 1665; *A Dream*, full of bold advice to the king; *A Treatise on the Art of War; Poems on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church*. After his death the following additional works were published:—*Mr. Anthony*, a comedy, 1692; *Guzuron*, a comedy, 1693; *Herod the Great*, a tragedy, 1694; *Altemira*, a tragedy, placed on the stage in 1702; *State Letters*, 1742.

Roger Boyle died 16th October, 1679, leaving behind him a reputation as a wit, a soldier, a statesman, and a man of letters—the last title being the one of which he was most proud.]

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Hail, glorious day which miracles adorn,
Since 'twas on thee eternity was born!
Hail, glorious day, on which mankind did view
The Saviour of the old world and the new!
Hail, glorious day, which deifies man's race,
Birth-day of Jesus, and through him, of grace!
In thy blest light the world at once did see
Proofs of his Godhead and humanity.
To prove him man, he did from woman come,
To prove him God, 'twas from a virgin's womb.
Man ne'er could feign, what his strange birth prov'd true,
For his blest mother was a virgin too.
While as a child He in the manger cryes,
Angels proclaim his Godhead from the skyes;
He to so vile a cradle did submit,
That we, through faith in him, on thrones might sit.

Oh prodigie of mercy, which did make
The God of gods our human nature take!
And through our vaile of flesh, his glory shine,
That we thereby might share in the divine.
Hail, glorious virgin, whose tryumphant womb
Blesses all ages past and all to come!
Thou more than heal'st the sin by Adam's wife,
She brought in death, but thou brought'st endless life.
No greater wonder in the world could be,
Than thou to live in it and heaven in thee.
Heav'n does thine own great prophecy attest,
All generations still shall call thee blest.
To thee that title is most justly paid,
Since by thy Son we sons of God are made!

DEATH OF SOHEMUS.[1]

Herod's apartment: Herod with Asdrubal and some of the guards comes from within; at the same time Sohemus enters by another door.

Sohemus. The princess, sir, bad me here wait on you.
Herod. Now, guards, perform that which I bad you do.
[*The guards seize on Sohemus and disarm him.*
Herod. Thy guilt, without my telling, lets thee know
For what crime 'tis that I have used thee so.
Sohemus. Though I must judge your usage, sir, severe,
Yet I with joy would this oppression bear
Were I the only guiltless you pursue.
Herod. That name of all belongs the least to you.
To thee whose lust has to my queen confest
The secret I intrusted to thy breast:
Which she of all the world should not have known;
Traytor, in vain thou wilt thy guilt disown,
My sister who reveal'd will prove thy sin.
Heavens! how I fear'd that it had been the queen!
[*Sohemus lifts up his hands and eyes.*
Herod. His lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes
Does evidence his crime, by his surprise.
This storm which thou hast rais'd dost thou not dread?
Look on me—look—have I not stared thee dead?

---

[1] From the tragedy of *Herod the Great.*

Sohemus. Looks cannot make one of my courage fall.

Herod. What my looks cannot do, my dagger shall!

[*Herod stabs Sohemus thrice, who falls.*

Sohemus. By my compliance I thy throne have built,
My death's the justice due to that base guilt,
Which by my hand I had atoned on thee,
Had not thy bloody hand prevented me.
Thunder, the sword of heaven, does sure design
That death for thee which it deny'd to mine.
Tyrant, receive this truth from my last breath,
If man has an existence after death,
My ghost shall haunt thee out in every place,
My gaping wounds shall stare thee in the face;
Till thou thy life a burden shall esteem,
Great as thy subjects found it was to them!

[*Sohemus dies.*

Herod. Would every foe of mine all hope had lost
But that of frighting me with his sad ghost.
Guards, to his grave bear that perfidious man,
There let him tell my secrets—if he can.

ON THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Wonderful day; that title's due to thee,
Above all days, which have been, or shall be.
The day, when order out of chaos broke;
The day, when God our human nature took;
The day, when Christ ascended from the tomb;
The day, when all the world must hear their doom:
Though these four days, we justly great ones call,
Yet when, alas, compar'd to thee, are small!
For 'twas not strange, that both the heav'ns and earth
From God's all-powerful word receiv'd their birth:
Nor, when nought else heaven's justice could atone,
The God of nature put our nature on:
Nor that he should, in whose hand only lies
Th' issues of life and death, from death arise:
Nor that one general assize should be,
To hear from God's own mouth his just decree.
These but the actings of a God display,
But that God suffer'd, on this signal day;
Which miracle amazement did infuse
In heaven, earth, hell, and all but in the Jews,
In whose obdurate souls such rancour dwelt,
As all the world, but they, compunction felt.
The sun from his bright globe his lustre strips,
And with his Maker suffers an eclipse.
The moon did hide her face, though filled with light,
Seeing the sun at noon create a night.
The sacred temple at the dread event
Of this great day her vaile for sorrow rent.
The earth, which does insensible appear,
Yet at this prodigie did shake with fear;
Hell's sad inhabitants for anger cry'd,
And, by these signs, knew the Messiah dy'd;
Th' insatiate grave, which the last day does dread,
Thinking it now was come, releas'd her dead!
Prodigious day; on which ev'n God did pray
To God, to take the bitter cup away!
A day in which philosophy descry'd
That nature or the God of nature dy'd.
A day in which mortality may cry,
Death, thou art swallowed up in victory!
Oh may this day be in all hearts engrav'd;
This day in which God dy'd and man was sav'd!

FROM THE POEM ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY.

Oh how severely man is used by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an estate;
And having got more than their life can spend,
They may bequeath it to a son or friend:
But learning, in which none can have a share,
Unless they climb to it by time and care,
Learning, the truest wealth which men can have,
Does, with his body, perish in his grave.
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Though 'tis the noblest purchase of the Mind:
Oh! why can we thus leave our friends possest
Of all our acquisitions but the best?
Still when we study Cowley, we lament,
That to the world he was no longer lent;
Who, like a lightning, to our eyes was shown,
So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,
Since he himself could not have raised it higher;
For when wise poets can no higher fly,
They would, like saints, in their perfection die.
Though beauty some affection in him bred,
Yet only sacred learning he would wed;
By which th' illustrious offspring of his brain
Shall over wit's great empire ever reign:
His works shall live, when pyramids of pride
Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

THE DEATH OF ZANGER.[1]

[Solyman has caused Mustapha, his son and heir, to be slain for a crime of which he believes him guilty, and while gazing on the dead body, Zanger, another son, enters and declares his dead brother's innocence.]

Solyman. Oh heaven! my guilt now makes it an offence,
To hear untimely of his innocence . . .

---

[1] From last act of *Mustapha*, a tragedy.

Those who to death have made me send my son
Shall instantly in torture meet their owu.
Let wisdom check your sorrow, and prepare
To be this day proclaim'd my empire's heir.

Zanger. Ah! sir, religiously to me he swore,
That, if the Turkish crown he ever wore,
He to our bloody law an end would give,
And I should safely in his bosom live.
Myself I then by sacred promise ty'd,
Not to outlive the day in which he dy'd.
And as I know he nobly did design
To keep his vow, so I remember mine.

[*Turns to* MUSTAPHA.

'Twas only love had strength enough t' invade
That mutual friendship which we sacred made:
But now o'er love I have the conquest got;
Though love divided us, yet death shall not!

[*Stabs himself and falls at* MUSTAPHA'S *feet.*

Solyman. Hold, Zanger, hold!—

Zanger. The happy wound is giv'n,
Which sends my soul to Mustapha and heav'n.

Solyman. Friendship and cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robbed me of a son . . .

Zanger. Low at your feet, dear friend, your brother lies,
And where he took delight to live—he dies.

[ZANGER *dies.*

Solyman. Fame in her temple will adorn thy shrine;
No Roman glory ever equall'd thine.
Zanger, in height of youth, for friendship's sake,
Did rather die, than proffer'd empire take.
I would die too, but by revenge am stay'd,
Due for you both; you shall be doubly paid.
My viziers shall be first your sacrifice,
Nor is she safe who in my bosom lies.

[*Turns to* MUSTAPHA.

Oh Mustapha! the worthy may in thee
The dang'rous state even of great virtue see.
Thine was to all the height and compass grown,
That virtue e'er could reach to get renown:
And the reward of it pernicious prov'd;
For I did punish thee for being lov'd.
Thy mother was the first that e'er possess'd,
By conquest, the dominion of my breast:
And had thy mind been blotted, and as black
As virtue could paint vice, yet for her sake,
(The brightest beauty, and the softest wife)
I might, alas! at least have sav'd thy life.
But O! I mourn too long, for while I stay
To count thy wrongs, I thy revenge delay! [*Exit.*

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

BORN 1656 — DIED 1698.

[William Molyneux, the first of the great trio, Molyneux, Swift, and Grattan, that commenced, continued, and brought to a perfect end the battle of the Irish parliament for independence, was born in Dublin on the 17th April, 1656. His father was a gentleman of good family and fortune, a master of the ordnance, an officer of the Irish exchequer, and a man of intellect and culture. His grandfather had been Ulster king-at-arms, and had used his pen in the production of a continuation of *Hanmer's Chronicle.* Owing to his tender health William Molyneux was educated at home by a tutor till he reached the age of nearly fifteen, when he was placed in the University of Dublin, under the care of Dr. Palliser, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel. Here he was distinguished, as a biographer says, "by the probity of his manners as well as by the strength of his parts; and having made a remarkable progress in academical learning, and especially in the new philosophy, as it was then called, he proceeded to his Bachelor of Arts degree." After taking his degree, which he did in his nineteenth year, he was sent to London, where he entered the Middle Temple in June, 1675. At the Middle Temple he remained for three years engaged in the diligent study of the law, but not forgetting his beloved studies in the mathematical and physical sciences, which had received such a mighty impulse just then owing to the many discoveries and exertions of the members of the Royal Society.

In 1678 Molyneux returned to Ireland, where he soon after married Lucy, the daughter of Sir William Domville, attorney-general. As he possessed a private fortune, and being therefore under no necessity of earning a living, he continued his philosophical studies; and astronomy gaining a strong hold on his mind, he began in 1681 a correspondence with Flamstead, which was continued for many years with benefit to both. In 1683 he managed to bring about the establishment of a philosophical society in Dublin on the model of the Royal Society, and prevailing on Sir William Petty to become its first president,

he accepted the office of secretary. His labours in connection with this society soon made Molyneux's learning and abilities well known. Being introduced to the Duke of Ormond, and after performing some literary labour for that nobleman, he was appointed one of the two chief engineers and surveyors of crown buildings and works. In 1685 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in the same year was sent to survey the fortresses on the Flemish coast. While on the Continent he travelled through Flanders and Holland, part of Germany and France, and paid a visit to the celebrated Cassini with letters of introduction from his friend Flamstead.

On his return from abroad Molyneux published his first work of any importance, *Sciothericum Telescopium*, 1686, a description of a telescopic dial and its uses which he had invented. In 1687 Halley, with whom he had established a correspondence, sent him the proof-sheets of Newton's *Principia* as they were produced, and Molyneux, though struck with admiration and astonishment at the work, confessed himself, like many other astronomers of the time, unable to wholly understand it. In 1689, owing to the wars of William and James, he left Ireland and removed to Chester, where he busied himself in the preparation of a work which, under the revision of Halley, appeared in 1692 with the title of *Dioptrica Nova: a Treatise of Dioptrics in Two Parts.* During his residence in Chester, his son Samuel was born to him, and his wife died. As soon as tranquillity was restored in Ireland he returned thither, and in the year in which his *Dioptrics* was published, 1692, he was elected one of the members of parliament for the city of Dublin. This event, which seemed unimportant at the time, was the originating cause of the production of the great work by which the name of Molyneux will be for ever remembered in Ireland. In the parliament of 1695 he was chosen to represent the university, which he continued to do till his death, and a little later he was created Doctor of Laws. About this time also he was nominated one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, with a salary of £500 a year, but, as a biographer states, "looking upon it as an invidious office, and not being a lover of money, he declined it." In his place in the Irish parliament Molyneux now began to take notice of and study the fight for independence which that body had begun in 1690 by the rejection of a money bill which had not originated with themselves. In 1696 and 1697 the English parliament, desiring to destroy the Irish woollen manufactures, then in a most thriving state, introduced prohibitory laws to prevent their exportation. These enactments seemed to Molyneux not only cruel and unwise, but unjust and tyrannical, and he immediately set himself to produce his *Case of Ireland Stated in Relation to its being bound by Acts of Parliament made in England.* This appeared in 1698 with a manly yet respectful dedication to William III., and is a work almost perfect of its kind. A biographer whom we have already quoted says that it contains "all, or most, that can be said on the subject with great clearness and strength of reasoning."

The work, which in size is little more than a pamphlet, created a great sensation in England. The English House of Commons, losing its head in a fit of irritation, declared, "that the book published by Mr. Molyneux was of dangerous tendency to the crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the king and parliament of England to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland, and the subordination and dependence that Ireland had, and ought to have, upon England, as being united and annexed to the imperial crown of England." An address was presented to William, who readily promised to enforce the laws binding the parliament of Ireland to dependence, and the book itself was committed to the hands of the common hangman, by whom it was glorified by being "burnt with fire." The reception his work met with caused little astonishment to Molyneux, who, in his preface, seemed to anticipate something like what occurred. "I have heard it said," he writes, "that perhaps I might run some hazard in attempting the argument; but I am not at all apprehensive of any such danger. We are in a miserable condition, indeed, if we may not be allowed to complain when we think we are hurt."

Before the great stir had subsided Molyneux journeyed into England to visit Locke, with whom he had kept up a most intimate correspondence for some time. This visit began in July, 1698, and lasted to September, and it was arranged that it should be repeated the next spring. But by the next spring the daisies were blooming unseen by the patriot philosopher. The fatigues of his journey brought on an attack of a disease from which he suffered (calculus), and after reaching Dublin his retchings broke a blood-vessel, and he died, after two days' illness, on the 11th of October, 1698. He was deeply lamented by all who

knew him, and all the more so because he died so young, when, in truth, a brilliant career seemed only just entered upon.

Locke was deeply grieved at Molyneux's death, and in a letter to our author's brother, Sir Thomas Molyneux, he says, "I have lost in your brother not only an ingenious and learned acquaintance, that all the world esteemed, but an intimate and sincere friend, whom I truly loved, and by whom I was truly loved; and what a loss that is those only can be sensible who know how valuable and how scarce a true friend is, and how far to be preferred to all other sorts of treasure." To another correspondent he says, "His worth and friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure. . . . I should be glad if what I owed the father could enable me to do any service to the son. . . . They cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to show that my friendship died not with him." Writing in his *Conduct of the Understanding*, and before his friendship could have biased his judgment, Locke also speaks of Molyneux as "that very ingenious and studious promoter of real knowledge."

In addition to the works we have named, Molyneux wrote a reply to one of Hobbes's works under the title of *Metaphysical Meditations on God and Mind*, and a considerable number of articles and papers which appeared in *Philosophical Transactions* and elsewhere.]

A NATION'S RIGHTS.

(FROM "THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED.")

All men are by nature in a state of equality in respect of jurisdiction and dominion: this I take to be a principle in itself so evident that it stands in need of little proof. 'Tis not to be conceived that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the same advantages of nature, and the use of the same faculties, should be subordinate and subject one to another: these to this or that of the same kind. On this equality in nature is founded that right which all men claim, of being free from all subjection to positive laws, till by their own consent they give up their freedom, by entering into civil societies for the common benefit of all the members thereof. And on this consent depends the obligation of all humane laws, insomuch that without it, by the unanimous opinion of all jurists, no sanctions are of any force. For this let us appeal, amongst many, only to the judicious Mr. Hooker. . . .

No one or more men can by nature challenge any right, liberty, or freedom, or any ease in his property, estate, or conscience, which all other men have not an equally just claim to. Is England a free people? so ought France to be. Is Poland so? Turkey likewise, and all the eastern dominions, ought to be so. And the same runs throughout the whole race of mankind. Secondly, 'tis against the common laws of England, which are of force both in England and Ireland, by the original compact before hinted. It is declared by both houses of the parliament of England, 1 Jac. cap. i., That in the high court of parliament all the whole body of the realm, and every particular member thereof, either in person or by representation (upon their own free elections), are by the laws of this realm deemed to be personally present. Is this, then, the common law of England, and the birthright of every free-born English subject? And shall we of this kingdom be denied it, by having laws imposed on us, where we are neither personally nor representatively present? My Lord Coke in his fourth inst. cap. i. saith, that all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and all the Commons of the whole realm ought *ex debito justiciæ* to be summoned to parliament, and none of them ought to be omitted. Hence it is called General Concilium in the Stat. of Westminst. i., and the Commune Concilium, because it is to comprehend all persons and estates in the whole kingdom. And this is the very reason given in the case of the merchants of Waterford foregoing, why statutes made in England should not bind them in Ireland, because they have no representatives in the parliament of England. My Lord Hobbart, in the case of Savage and Day, pronounced it for law, that whatever is against natural equity and reason, that act was void. Whether it be not against equity and reason, that a kingdom regulated within itself, and having its own parliament, should be bound without their consent by the parliament of another kingdom, I leave the reader to consider.

. . . . . .

It is against the statute laws both of England and Ireland; this has been pretty fully discussed before; however, I shall here again take notice, that in the 10th of Henry the Fourth, it was enacted in Ireland that statutes made in England should not be of force in Ireland unless they were allowed and published

by the parliament of Ireland. And the like statute was made the 29th of Henry the Sixth, and in the tenth year of Henry the Seventh, cap. xxiii., Irish statutes. The parliament which was held at Drogheda, before Sir Christopher Preston, deputy to Jasper, Duke of Bedford, lieutenant of Ireland, was declared void, for this reason amongst others, that there was no general summons of the said parliament to all the shires, but only to four. And if acts of parliament made in Ireland shall not bind that people, because some counties were omitted, how much less shall either their persons or estates be bound by those acts made in England, whereat no one county or person of that kingdom is present. In the 25th of Edward the First, cap. vi., it was enacted by the parliament of England in these words, Moreover, from henceforth we shall take no manner of aid, taxes, or prizes, but by the common assent of the realm. And again in the statute of liberty by the same king it is enacted, No tollage or aid shall be taken or levied by us or our heirs in our realm, without the goodwill and assent of archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other freeman of the land.

. . . . . .

Fifthly, it is inconsistent with the royalties præeminence of a separate and distinct kingdom. That we are thus a distinct kingdom has been clearly made out before. 'Tis plain the nobility of Ireland are an order of peers clearly distinct from the peerage of England; privileges of the one extend not into the other kingdom; a lord of Ireland may be arrested by his body in England, and so may a lord of England in Ireland, whilst these persons remain sacred in their respective kingdoms. A voyage royal may be made into Ireland, as the year book and Lord Coke tell us, and King John, in the twelfth year of his reign of England, made a voyage royal into Ireland; and all his tenants in chief which did not attend him in that voyage did pay him escuage at the rate of two marks for every knight's fee which was imposed, as appears by the pipe roll, which shows that we are a complete kingdom within ourselves, and not little better than a province, as some are so extravagant as to assert, none of the properties of a Roman province agreeing in the least with our constitution. 'Tis resolved in Sir Richard Pembrough's case, that Sir Richard might lawfully refuse the king to serve him as his deputy in Ireland, and that the king could not compel him thereto, for that were to banish him into another kingdom, which is against Magna Charta. Nay, even though Sir Richard had great tenures from the king, for that was said must be understood within the realms of England. And in Pilknegton's case aforementioned Fortescue declared that the land of Ireland is and at all times hath been a dominion separate and divided from England. How then can the realms of England and Ireland, being distinct kingdoms and separate dominions, be imagined to have any superiority or jurisdiction the one over the other? 'Tis absurd to fancy that kingdoms are separate and distinct merely from the geographical distinction of territories. Kingdoms become distinct by distinct jurisdictions and authorities legislative and executive, and as a kingdom can have no supreme, it is in itself supreme within itself, and must have all jurisdictions, authorities, and præeminences to the royal state of a kingdom belonging, or else 'tis none. But that Ireland has all these is declared in the Irish statute 33 Henry the Eighth, cap. i. The chief of these most certainly is the power of making and abrogating its own laws, and being bound only by such to which the community have given their consent.

. . . . . .

To conclude all, I think it highly inconvenient for England to assume this authority over the kingdom of Ireland. I believe there will need no great arguments to convince the wise assembly of English senators how inconvenient it may be to England to do that which may make the lords and people of Ireland think that they are not well used, and may drive them into discontent. The laws and liberties of England were granted above five hundred years ago to the people of Ireland, upon their submission to the crown of England, with a design to make them easy to England, and to keep them in the allegiance of the King of England.

. . . . . .

The rights of parliament should be preserved sacred and inviolable wherever they are found. This kind of government, once so universal all over Europe, is now almost banished from amongst the nations thereof. Our king's dominions are the only supporters of this noble Gothic constitution, save only what little remains may be found thereof in Poland. We should not, therefore, make so light of that sort of legislature, and as it were abolish it in one kingdom of the three, wherein it appears; but rather cherish and encourage it wherever we meet it.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BORN 1633 — DIED 1684.

[Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, was born in 1633, and was the eldest son of Sir James Dillon, third Earl of Roscommon. His mother was Elizabeth Wentworth, sister to the Earl of Strafford, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for which reason the poet was christened by the name of Wentworth. When Strafford returned to England he brought young Dillon with him, and placed the youth at his seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. The poet soon learned to write Latin with elegance and correctness, though he could never remember a single rule of grammar. On the impeachment of Strafford his nephew was sent to Caen in Normandy, to finish his education under the learned Bochart. From Caen he, after some time, journeyed to Rome, where he busied himself assiduously in the study of antiquities, and in acquiring the Italian language, "which," says one of his biographers, "he spoke with so much grace and fluency that he was frequently mistaken for a native."

After the Restoration he returned to England, where he was made captain of the band of pensioners by Charles II. There he indulged in gaming, and fought many duels, but before long he was obliged to go into Ireland, owing to some dispute with the lord privy-seal about part of his estate. In Dublin he was looked upon as "certainly the most hopeful young nobleman in Ireland," and soon after his arrival he was appointed captain of the guards. His vice of gaming clung to him, and involved him in many duels and dangerous adventures. One night he was attacked by three ruffians, but defended himself so well that he killed one, a gentleman coming to his help disarmed another, and the third ran away. Roscommon's ally turned out to be a disbanded officer of good family, but in such poor circumstances that he had not clothes fit to appear in at the castle. However, the grateful poet presented him to the Duke of Ormond, and obtained that nobleman's leave to resign his commission in favour of the officer, who at once became captain of the guards, and enjoyed the post till his death. Roscommon returned to London, drawn thither by the pleasures of the court and the many friendships he had made in that city.

Soon after his arrival in England Roscommon was made master of the horse to the Duchess of York, and about the same time married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Burlington. Verses began to flow from his pen, and were highly praised; and he and Dryden, who were close friends, projected a design for "fixing and refining the standard of our language." Johnson, in his life of Roscommon, expresses little hope of this project ever being of any real use; but anyhow all chance of carrying it out was destroyed by the turbulence of the times.

In January, 1684, Roscommon decided to remove to Rome, as he foresaw great troubles in the state, giving as his reason for so doing that "it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked." When about to make his move he was delayed by the gout, and being very impatient, both of the pain and its stoppage of his journey, he called in a French quack. This person dealt with the disease so that he drove it inwards, where it soon became fatal. On the 17th of January the poet died, after the fervent utterance of two lines from his own version of "Dies Iræ."

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Roscommon wrote little, but that little well, a thing in which he might well be imitated by more than one of our modern poets. His best works are his *Essay on Translated Verse* and his translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*. His translation of the "Dies Iræ" is vigorous, and many of his smaller pieces, such as his "Ode upon Solitude," are full of grace. Johnson says, "We must allow of Roscommon, what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison." Pope says of him in one place:—

> "To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
> And every author's merit but his own."

In another place he gives him credit for morality in an age when every other poet was immoral:—

> "Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

Dryden also says,—

"The Muse's empire is restored again,
In Charles's reign and by Roscommon's pen."

Fenton says of him that "his imagination might probably have been more fruitful and sprightly if his judgment had been less severe;" a very good reason for the small quantity but superior quality of his work.]

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

(TRANSLATION OF "DIES IRÆ.")

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations underground.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Oh then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.

Thou, who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among the chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

Hail, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity moved for others cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd;
On rocks of folly and of vice, I see them lost:
Some, the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
Send deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And, sunk in pleasure and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
Dost each unruly appetite control:
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade;
And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,
The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings men can hope to know;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain and which exalt the mind,
Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise;
Here may I always on this downy grass
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

IMITATION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Virtue (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only used by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While, ruled by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda I admire.
The hungry wolves, that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to war in verse.

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Happy that author, whose correct essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learned to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just,
For who have longed, or who have laboured more
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore? . . .
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes),
Condemned to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium trembling to the ground,
And (if my Muse can through past ages see),
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountain labour'd and a mouse was born.
. . . Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he . . .
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense. . . .
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight as when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills. . . .
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass. . . .
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few there are who understand him yet!
. . . Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.

And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold. . . .

I pity from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse. . . .

Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
. . . Oh may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

Born 1626 — Died 1691.

[Robert Boyle, "a most distinguished philosopher and chemist, and an exceedingly good man," was seventh son of Richard, "the great Earl of Cork," and brother of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, of whom we have already spoken. He was born at Lismore, in the south of Ireland, on the 25th January, 1626, and was early committed to the care of a country nurse, with instructions to bring him up as hardy as if he had been her own son. When about three years old he lost his mother, and shortly after had a narrow escape from being drowned. A little later, while in his fourth year, he was sent to Eton, and placed in charge of the provost, Sir Henry Wootton, an old friend and intimate acquaintance of his father. At Eton he remained for three or four years, when his father took him to his own house at Stalbridge in Dorsetshire, where he had for tutor the minister of the place. In 1638 he went with his father to London, and at the end of October in the same year he and his brother Francis were sent abroad on their travels under the charge of a Mr. Marcombes. At Geneva, where their tutor had his family, they halted and pursued their studies quietly for a time, and there Robert renewed and made more perfect his acquaintance with mathematics. A writer in the *National Encyclopædia* says, "At Geneva the occurrence of an awful thunderstorm awakened religious feelings which actuated him greatly in after life."

Towards the end of 1641 he quitted Geneva, and passing through Switzerland visited most of the principal cities and towns in Italy. During the winter he stayed at Florence, where he spent his time in reading Italian history and acquiring the language. After a sight of Rome he and his brother visited several other places, and in May, 1642, they reached Marseilles. Here they had letters from their father, telling of the outbreak of the Irish rebellion, and saying how hard put to he had been to procure the £250 he sent to carry them home. The money never reached their hands, and they were forced to accompany their tutor to Geneva, where, after a time, some money was raised on jewels, by means of which they continued their journey to England. When they arrived in 1644 they found their father dead.

In 1646 Boyle retired to his manor of Stalbridge, left him by his father, and there applied himself with great industry to studies of various kinds, but chiefly to those of chemistry and natural philosophy. About this time, too, he formed one of the little band of men who held weekly meetings for the promotion of philosophy and science under the title of the Philosophical College, which, on the Restoration, burst into full bloom as the Royal Society. In 1652 he went over to Ireland to look after his property, and after a second visit in 1654 he went to live at Oxford, where he stayed chiefly till 1668. At Oxford he found most of the members of the Philosophical College, and while there he invented the air-pump.

After the Restoration he was treated with great respect by the king and those in authority; but he resolutely refused their request that he should enter into holy orders, thinking that he could be of more benefit to religion as a layman. In 1660 he published his *New Ex-*

HON. ROBERT BOYLE

AFTER A DRAWING BY R. WHITE

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.

periments; in the same year also appeared his *Seraphic Love*, a piece which had been written as early as 1648. In 1661 he issued certain physiological essays and other tracts; and in 1662 his *Sceptical Chemist.* All these were successful, and were reprinted—some of them more than once—within a few years. In 1663, on the incorporation of the Royal Society, he was appointed one of the council. In the same year he published *Considerations touching the Usefulness of Experimental Natural Philosophy; Experiments upon Colours*, a curious and useful work; and *Considerations upon the Style of the Holy Scriptures.* In the year 1665 appeared his *Occasional Reflections upon Several Subjects*, a work satirized by Swift, but which is said to have actually given that genius his first hint of *Gulliver's Travels.* In that year also was issued *New Experiments and Observations on Cold.* On the 8th March, 1666, he wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Stubbe on the controversy as to Valentine Greatrakes, who professed to cure diseases by stroking. This letter is upwards of twenty octavo pages in length, "very learned and very judicious, wonderfully correct in diction and style, remarkably clear in method and form, highly exact in the observations and remarks, and abounding in pertinent and curious facts. Yet it appears it was written within the compass of a single morning." In this year also he published *Hydrostatical Paradoxes* and *The Origin of Forms and Qualities.*

In 1668 Boyle settled permanently in London in the house of his beloved sister Lady Ranelagh, and from this until his death work after work appeared from his pen in rapid succession. We cannot do more than name the chief of them here:—*Continuation of Experiments touching the Spring and Weight of Air*, 1669; *Tracts about the Cosmical Qualities of Things*, 1670; *Essay on the Origin and Virtue of Gems*, 1672; *Essays on the Strange Subtlety, &c., of Effluvia*, 1673; *The Excellence of Theology*, 1673; *The Saltness of the Sea, &c.*, 1674; *Some Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion*, 1675; *Experiments about the Mechanical Origin or Production of Particular Qualities*, 1676; *Historical Account of a Degradation of Gold by an Anti-Elixir*, 1678; *Discourse of Things above Reason*, 1681; *Memoirs on the Natural History of Human Blood*, 1684; *Essay on the Great Effects of Even, Languid, and Unheeded Motion*, 1690; *Of the High Veneration Man's Intellect Owes to God*, 1690; *The Christian Virtuoso*, 1690; *Free Enquiry into the vulgarly received Notion of Nature*, 1691; and finally, in same year, *Experimenta et Observationes Physicæ.*

In 1677 Boyle, who was a director of the East India Company, printed at Oxford and sent abroad 500 copies of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in the Malayan tongue, and in November of this year he was appointed president of the Royal Society. In the early part of 1689 his health began to decline, and on the 18th of July, 1691, he made his will. In October of that year he grew worse, chiefly owing, it is supposed, to the illness of his favourite sister, who died on the 23d December. On the 30th he followed her, dying peacefully in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Among the good deeds of Boyle's life we must not omit to mention his large contributions to the printing and publishing of Bibles for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; his contributions towards propagating Christianity in America; his large expenditure over the publication and dispersal of an Arabic edition of Grotius, *On the Truth of the Christian Religion;* and above all, his establishment of the Boyle Lectures in Defence of Revealed Religion.

Boyle never married; but in early life it is said he loved a fair daughter of Cary, earl of Monmouth, and to this we owe the production of *Seraphic Love.*

As to Boyle's present position in the theological, philosophical, and scientific worlds we will say nothing. What it was in his own time, and for long after, is well indicated in the words of Boerhaave, who declares that "Boyle, the ornament of his age and country, succeeded to the genius and inquiries of the great Chancellor Verulam. To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils: so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge."]

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF THE RESURRECTION.

(FROM COLLECTED WORKS PUBLISHED IN 1772.)

They who assent to the possibility of the resurrection of the same bodies, will, I presume, be much more easily induced to admit the possibility of the qualifications the Christian religion ascribes to the glorified bodies of

the raised saints. For, supposing the truth of the history of the Scriptures, we may observe that the power of God has already extended itself to the performance of such things as import as much as we need infer, sometimes by suspending the natural actings of bodies upon one another, and sometimes by endowing human and other bodies with preternatural qualities. And indeed, lightness, or rather agility, indifferent to gravity and levity, incorruption, transparency, and opacity, figure, colour, &c., being but mechanical affections of matter, it cannot be incredible that the most free and powerful Author of those laws of nature according to which all the phenomena of qualities are regulated, may (as he thinks fit) introduce, establish, or change them in any assigned portion of matter, and consequently in that whereof a human body consists. Thus, though iron be a body above eight times heavier, bulk for bulk, than water, yet in the case of Elisha's behest its native gravity was rendered ineffectual, and it emerged from the bottom to the top of the water: and the gravitation of St. Peter's body was suspended whilst his Master commanded him, and by that command enabled him to come to him walking on the sea. Thus the operation of the most active body in nature, flame, was suspended in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, whilst Daniel's three companions walked unharmed in those flames that, in a trice, consumed the kindlers of them. Thus did the Israelites' manna, which was of so perishable a nature that it would corrupt in a little above a day when gathered in any day of the week but that which preceded the Sabbath, keep good twice as long, and when laid up before the ark for a memorial would last whole ages uncorrupted. And to add a proof that comes more directly home to our purpose, the body of our Saviour after his resurrection, though it retained the very impressions that the nails of the cross had made in his hands and feet, and the wound that the spear had made in his side, and was still called in the Scripture his body, as indeed it was, and more so than according to our past discourse it is necessary that every body should be that is rejoined to the soul in the resurrection: and yet this glorified body had the same qualifications that are promised to the saints in their state of glory; St. Paul informing us "that our vile bodies shall be transformed into the likeness of his glorious body," which the history of the gospel assures us was endowed with far nobler qualities than before his death. And whereas the apostle adds, as we formerly noted, that this great change of schematism in the saints' bodies will be effected by the irresistible power of Christ, we shall not much scruple at the admission of such an effect from such an agent, if we consider how much the bare, slight, mechanical alteration of the texture of a body may change its sensible qualities for the better. For without any visible additament, I have several times changed dark and opacous lead into finely-coloured transparent and specifically lighter glass. And there is another instance, which, though because of its obviousness it is less heeded, is yet more considerable, for who will distrust what advantageous changes such an agent as God can work by changing the texture of a portion of matter, if he but observe what happens merely upon the account of such a mechanical change in the lighting of a candle, that is newly blown out, by the applying another to the ascending smoke. For in the twinkling of an eye an opacous, dark, languid and stinking smoke loses all its smell and is changed into a most active, penetrant, and shining body.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUOSO.

(PUBLISHED IN 1690.)

I have taken notice of two other accounts upon which the experimental knowledge of God's works may, in a well-disposed mind, conduce to establish the belief of his providence, and therefore, though I shall not dwell long upon them, I must not altogether pretermit them.

First then, when our Virtuoso sees how many, and how various, and oftentimes how strange and how admirable structures, instincts, and other artifices the wise Opisicer hath furnished even brutes and plants withal, to purchase and assimilate their food, to defend or otherwise secure themselves from hostile things, and, to be short, to maintain their lives and propagate their species, it will very much conduce to persuade him that so wise an Agent, who has at command so many differing and excellent methods and tools to accomplish what he designs, and does oftentimes actually employ them for the preservation and welfare of beasts, and even of plants, can never want means to compass his most wise and just ends in relation to mankind, being able, by ways that we should never dream of, to execute his

menaces and fulfil his promises. But of these rare structures, instincts, and other methods, and, if I may so style some of them with reverence, stratagems and fetches of divine skill, that God is pleased to employ in the conduct of the visible world, especially animals, I have already elsewhere purposely discoursed, and therefore shall now proceed, and observe, in the second place, that when we duly consider the very different ends to which many of God's particular works, especially those that are animated, seem designed, in reference both to their own welfare and the utility of man, and with how much wisdom, and, I had almost said care, the glorious Creator has been pleased to supply them with means admirably fit for the attainment of these respective ends, we cannot but think it highly probable that so wise and so benign a Being has not left his noblest visible creature man unfurnished with means to procure his own welfare, and obtain his true end, if he be not culpably wanting to himself. And since man is endowed with reason, which may convince him (of what neither a plant nor brute animal is capable of knowing, namely) that God is both his maker and his continual benefactor, since his reason likewise teacheth him, that upon both those accounts, besides others, God may justly expect and require worship and obedience from him; since also the same rational faculty may persuade him, that it may well become the majesty and wisdom of God, as the sovereign rector of the world, to give a law to man, who is a rational creature capable of understanding and obeying it, and thereby glorifying the author of it; since (farthermore), finding in his own mind (if it be not depraved by vice or lusts) a principle that dictates to him that he owes a veneration and other suitable sentiment to the divinely excellent Author of his being, and his continual and munificent benefactor; since, on these scores, his conscience will convince him of his obligation to all the essential duties of natural religion; and since, lastly, his reason may convince him that his soul is immortal, and is therefore capable as well as desirous to be everlastingly happy, after it has left the body, he must in reason be strongly inclined to wish for a supernatural discovery of what God would have him believe and do. And therefore, if being thus prepared he shall be very credibly informed that God hath actually been pleased to discover by supernatural revelation (what by reason without it he can either not at all, or but roughly guess at) what kind of worship and obedience will be most acceptable to him, and to encourage man to both these by explicit promises of that felicity that man without them can but faintly hope for, he would be ready then thankfully to acknowledge that this way of procuring beseems the transcendent goodness of God, without derogating from his majesty and wisdom. And by these and the like reflections, whereof some were formerly intimated, a philosopher that takes notice of the wonderful providence that God descends to exercise for the welfare of inferior and irrational creatures, will have an advantage above men not versed in the works and course of nature to believe upon the historical and other proofs that Christianity offers, that God has actually vouchsafed to man, his noblest and only rational visible creature, an explicit and positive law, enforced by threatening severe penalties to the stubborn transgressors, and promising to the sincere obeyers rewards suitable to his own greatness and goodness. And thus the consideration of God's providence, in the conduct of things corporeal, may prove, to a well-disposed contemplator, a bridge whereon he may pass from natural to revealed religion.

FISHING WITH A COUNTERFEIT FLY.[1]

Being at length come to the river-side we quickly began to fall to the sport for which we came thither, and Eugenius finding the fish forward enough to bite, thought fit to spare his flies till he might have more need of them, and therefore tied to his line a hook, furnished with one of those counterfeit flies which in some neighbouring countries are much used, and which, being made of the feathers of wild fowl, are not subject to be drenched by the water, whereon those birds are wont to swim. This fly being for a pretty while scarce any oftener thrown in than the hook it hid was drawn up again with a fish fastened to it: Eugenius looking on us with a smiling countenance seemed to be very proud of his success, which Eusebius taking notice of, Whilst (says he) we smile to see how easily you beguile these silly fishes, that you catch so fast with this false bait, possibly we are not much less unwary ourselves, and the world's treacherous pleasures do little less delude both me and you: for Eugenius (con-

[1] This and the following piece are from *Occasional Reflections*.

tinues he), as the apostles were fishers of men in a good sense, so their and our grand adversary is a skilful fisher of men in a bad sense, and too often in his attempts to cheat fond mortals meets with a success as great and easy as you now find yours. And certainly that tempter, as the Scripture calls him, does sadly delude us, even when we rise at his best baits, and, as it were, his true flies: for, alas! the best things he can give are very worthless, most of them in their own nature, and all of them in comparison of what they must cost us to enjoy them. But however riches, power, and the delights of the senses are real goods in their kind, though they be not of the best kind, yet, alas! many of us are so fitted for deceits that we do not put this subtle angler to make use of his true baits to catch us. We suffer him to abuse us much more grossly, and to cheat us with empty titles of honour, or the ensnaring smiles of great ones, or disquieting drudgeries dignified with the specious names of great employments, and though these, when they must be obtained by sin, or are proposed as the recompenses for it, be, as I was going to say, but the devil's counterfeit flies, yet, as if we were fond of being deceived, we greedily swallow the hook for flies that do but look like such, so dim-sighted are we as well to what vice shows as to what it hides. Let us not then (concludes Eusebius) rise at baits, whereby we may be sure to be either grossly or at least exceedingly deceived; for, whoever ventures to commit a sin, to taste the luscious sweets that the fruition of it seems to promise, certainly is so far deceived as to swallow a true hook for a bait, which either proves but a counterfeit fly or hides that under its allurring show which makes it not need to be a counterfeit one to deceive him.

ON A GLOW-WORM IN A PHIAL.

If this unhappy worm had been as despicable as the other reptiles that crept up and down the hedge whence I took him, he might as well as they have been left there still, and his own obscurity as well as that of the night had preserved him from the confinement he now suffers. And if, as he sometimes for a pretty while withdrew that luminous liquor, that is as it were the candle to this dark lanthorn, he had continued to forbear the disclosing of it, he might have deluded my search and escaped his present confinement.

Rare qualities may sometimes be prerogatives without being advantages. And though a needless ostentation of one's excellencies may be more glorious, yet a modest concealment of them is usually more safe, and an unseasonable disclosure of flashes of wit may sometimes do a man no other service than to direct his adversaries how they may do him a mischief.

And as though this worm be lodged in a crystalline prison, through which it has the honour to be gazed at by many eyes, and among them are some that are said to shine far more in the day than this creature does in the night, yet no doubt, if he could express a sense of the condition he is in, he would bewail it, and think himself unhappy in an excellency which procures him at once admiration and captivity, by the former of which he does but give others a pleasure, while in the latter he himself resents a misery.

This ofttimes is the fate of a great wit, whom the advantage he has of ordinary men in knowledge, the light of the mind exposes to so many effects of other men's importunate curiosity as to turn his prerogative into a trouble; the light that ennobles him tempts inquisitive men to keep him as upon the score we do this glow-worm from sleeping, and his conspicuousness is not more a friend to his fame than an enemy to his quiet, for men allow such much praise but little rest. They attract the eye of others but are not suffered to shut their own, and find that by a very disadvantageous bargain they are reduced for that imaginary good called fame to pay that real blessing liberty.

And as though this luminous creature be himself imprisoned in so close a body as glass, yet the light that ennobles him is not thereby restrained from diffusing itself, so there are certain truths that have in them so much of native light or evidence, that by the personal distresses of the proposer it cannot be hidden or restrained, but in spite of prisons it shines freely, and procures the teachers of it admiration even when it cannot procure them liberty.

THOMAS DUFFET.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1676.

[Of Thomas Duffet very little is known except that he was an Irishman who kept at first a milliner's shop in the New Exchange, London, and who while thus engaged discovered an ability for song-writing and burlesque. This last talent, however, has got him into sad disfavour with some of his biographers, the editors of *Biographia Dramatica* taking him hotly to task for his presumption in laughing at Dryden, Shadwell, and Settle. Indeed, so occupied with this part of their task were they that they neglected even to state the time of his death or to mention a single song of his, and all encyclopædic biographers from then till now have followed their example. Indeed in many cases their words have simply been reprinted, although their reverence for Settle and Shadwell is but an absurdity to us; while we all know that Dryden, though a great poet, was not a great dramatist, and his plays are just the kind for a clever burlesque writer to delight in.

That Duffet's burlesques were successful even the editors of *Biographia Dramatica* acknowledge, but they declare that for the favourable reception they found "Mr. Duffet stood more indebted to the great names of those authors whose works he attempted to burlesque and ridicule than to any merit of his own." Of these burlesques six are at present known: *The Amorous Old Woman* (doubtful); *Spanish Rogue; Empress of Morocco; Mock Tempest; Beauty's Triumph;* and *Psyche Debauched.* The best of these, say the biographers just quoted, met with the worst success, —a thing not uncommon even in our days.

However it is as a song-writer that Duffet is now remembered, and as such only do we care to study him and present him here.]

TO FRANCELIA.

In cruelty you greater are,
  Than those fierce tyrants who decreed
The noblest prisoner ta'en in war
  Should to their gods a victim bleed.

A year of pleasures and delight
  The happy prisoner there obtained,
And three whole days ere death's long night,
  In power unlimited he reigned.

To your victorious eyes I gave
  My heart a willing sacrifice,
A tedious year have been your slave,
  Felt all the pains hate could devise.

But two short hours of troubled bliss
  For all my sufferings you restore,
And wretched I must die for this,
  And never never meet you more.

Never! how dismally it sounds,—
  If I must feel eternal pain,
Close up awhile my bleeding wounds,
  And let me have my three days' reign.

SINCE COELIA'S MY FOE.[1]

Since Coelia's my foe,
To a desert I'll go,
  Where some river
  For ever
Shall echo my woe.

The trees shall appear
More relenting than her,
  In the morning
  Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my sad moan
To the rocks all alone,
  From each hollow
  Will follow
Some pitiful groan.

But with silent disdain
She requites all my pain,
  To my mourning
  Returning
No answer again.

Ah, Coelia! adieu,
When I cease to pursue,
  You'll discover
  No lover
Was ever so true.

---

[1] Written in 1676 to "The Irish Tune," composed originally by Miles Reilly of Cavan, and afterwards carried into Scotland by the famous harper Connallon, where it became and is still well known as "Lochaber." On its first introduction to Scotland it was called for a short time "King James's March to Ireland."

Your sad shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes,
Which not seeing,
His being
Decays, and he dies.

Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
Than for ever
To strive for
What cannot be won.

What, ye gods, have I done,
That Amyntor alone
Is so treated,
And hated,
For loving but one?

THE MISTAKE.

Alas! how short, how false, and vain,
Are the uncertain joys of man;
But O how true, how fixed are,
His restless pain?
His certain grief and never-ceasing care?
The trees that bend with flakes of snow,
Spring will adorn with verdant leaves;
The fruitful grain that buried lies,
In joyful blades again shall rise,
And grow,
To pay the rustic's pain with golden sheaves.
But man, poor wretched man,
Once in love's boundless ocean launched, no more
Returns again to joy's forsaken shore.

By flatt'ring hope deceived—
For what is wished is soon believed—
Francelia's favour like a cheerful sun
I thought on her Amyntor shone,
Which swell'd my joys to such a wild extreme,
I made an idol of each dazzling beam.
Pardon my easy faith, O fond deluded soul,
'Twas but a waking dream;
Thy comfort's vanished, but thy grief is whole.

Rivers by ebbing waves left dry,
Returning tides as swiftly fill;
The valley that does lowest lie
Ends at the rising of a hill;
All things to change do swiftly haste.
A welcome light
Succeeds each night;
Only my passion and my pain must last,
Since my Francelia's rigid doom is past;
Confin'd as sinners are in hell,
I see with envy where the happy dwell.
Deep lakes and rugged way
My passage stay,
But ah! how soon
That weak defence should down,
Were it not guarded by my angel's frown!

Mistaken hope, be gone!
Wait on the happy and the fair,
To whom thy cheats are yet unknown,
Let sad Amyntor's fate alone;
Thy fading smiles increase despair.
Without a murmur or an altered face
My unrelenting fate I will embrace,
So close my fire shall be confin'd,
I will not trust the whisp'ring wind.
My sighs shall fan the flame and feed the smart,
Till it consume my rash despised heart,
Then one short groan shall fix a lasting date
To this long difference of love and hate.
Unless our present thoughts attend our future state.
That point I'll leave to those that here are blest,
Souls with neglected love and grief opprest
Can find no greater hell by seeking rest.
Mine to discover seats of bliss or woe,
Would freely go,
Were it assured Francelia, though too late,
Would sigh and say she was ingrate;
A love so true deserved a kinder fate.

UNCERTAIN LOVE.

The labouring man that plants or sows,
His certain times of profit knows;
Seamen the roughest tempest scorn,
Hoping at last a rich return.

But my too much loved Celia's mind
Is more unconstant and unkind
Than stormy weather, sea, or wind.
Now with assured hope raised high
I think no man so blest as I—
Hope that a dying saint may own,
To see and hear her speak alone.

But ere my swiftest thought can thence
Convey a blessing to my sense,
My hope, like fairy treasure's gone,
Although I never made it known;
From all untruth my heart is clean,
No other love can enter in,
Yet Celia's ne'er will come again.

COME ALL YOU PALE LOVERS.

Come all you pale lovers that sigh and complain,
While your beautiful tyrants but laugh at your pain,
Come practise with me
To be happy and free,

In spite of inconstancy, pride, or disdain.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

My mistress so fair is, no language or art
Can describe her perfection in every part;
Her mien's so genteel,
With such ease she can kill,
Each look with new passion she captures my heart.

Her smiles, the kind message of love from her eyes,
When she frowns 'tis from others her flame to disguise.
Thus her scorn or her spite
I convert to delight,
As the bee gathers honey wherever he flies.

My vows she receives from her lover unknown,
And I fancy kind answers although I have none.
How blest should I be
If our hearts did agree,
Since already I find so much pleasure alone.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

WISDOM.

(FROM "BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.")

Why should short-liv'd mortals strive to gain
Gilded cares and glorious pain?
'Tis not power's boundless sway,
Nor all the guards that wait upon
A shining throne,
Can drive intruding care away.
Wisdom's sacred power can bind
The raging passions of the mind;
He that has attain'd to that
Is the emperor of fate.
Rough tempests that make kingdoms roll
Against his breast in vain do beat,
They cannot shake his fixed soul,
But must like vanquished waves retreat;
No restless wish, no trembling fear,
Or fierce despair can enter there;
Vain love, cold death, or hasty time,
Have neither darts nor wings for him.
When life forsakes his quiet breast
He does but change his place of rest;—
'Tis he, 'tis he alone is blest.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

BORN 1678 — DIED 1707.

[George Farquhar, "the fine and noble-minded, and, in every sense, the honourable Farquhar—one in the shining list of geniuses that adorn the biographical page of Ireland," was born in Londonderry in the year 1678. In that city he received the rudiments of education, and before leaving it he began to display the bent of his genius. In 1694 he entered at Trinity College in Dublin, and for a time made great progress in his studies. However, being of a volatile nature, the steady-going life of the university grew distasteful to him, and having formed an intimacy with the celebrated actor Wilks, he obtained a situation in the Dublin theatre. Being handsome in person and gifted with ability, his appearance was successful, and he would doubtless have remained an actor all his life were it not for an accident which made him forswear the histrionic art. In playing the part of Guyomar in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, by an act of forgetfulness he wounded a brother tragedian so grievously that his life was only just saved after great anxiety.

Having now no further business in Dublin, he went over to London, where he renewed his acquaintance with Wilks, by whom he was after a time induced to write his first comedy, *Love and a Bottle*. This appeared in 1698, and being full of sprightly dialogue and busy scenes, was well received. In 1700, the year of jubilee at Rome, he produced his *Constant Couple; or, Trip to the Jubilee*, in which Wilks made a great hit as Sir Harry Wildair. Towards the end of the year he visited Holland, probably in fulfilment of the duties of a lieutenancy which the Earl of Orrery obtained for him. While there he wrote home two very facetious letters descriptive of what he had seen, as well as a set of verses on the same subject.

In 1701, on his return to England, the great success of *Trip to the Jubilee* caused him to write a continuation, which appeared under the title of *Sir Harry Wildair; or, The Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee*. In this Mrs. Oldfield made a great success, while Wilks added to his reputation as the Sir Harry Wildair of married life. In 1702 he published his *Miscellanies; or, Collections of Poems, Letters, and Essays*, in which may be found many "humorous and pleasant sallies of fancy;" and in

1703 he produced *The Inconstant*, a play which has ever since kept the stage, and which was acted only the other day in London with great success. The play was not, however, at first very well received, owing, it is said, to the sudden springing up among the public of a taste for opera. This year also he was entrapped into marriage by a female adventurer, who became madly enamoured of him. Though immediately after marriage he found how he had been deceived, though embarrassments closed round him, and though a family quickly appeared to add to his troubles, he never once upbraided his wife, but after the first shock of discovery treated her with kindness and affection.

Early in 1704 he produced, with the assistance of a friend, the farce called *The Stage Coach*, which was well received. In 1705 his comedy *The Twin Rivals* appeared, and in 1706 the comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*. His last work was *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which he did not live to see produced, and which is perhaps the best of all his works. Oppressed with debt, he applied to a courtier friend for assistance; but the creature advised him to sell his commission, and pledged his honour that in a short time he would find him another. Farquhar followed the advice; but when he applied to his patron to help him to a new commission the worthy declared that he had forgotten his promise. This disappointment so preyed upon his mind that it broke him down completely, and in April, 1707, while *The Beaux' Stratagem* was being rehearsed at Drury Lane, he sank into his last sleep in the twenty-ninth year of his age. After his death the following letter to Wilks was found among his papers:—"Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life, thine, George Farquhar." It is pleasant to know that Wilks did his utmost for the widow and two girls, all of whom, however, fell into pitiful circumstances before their death.

Farquhar is far more natural than Congreve or any other of his rivals; "his style is pure and unaffected, his wit natural and flowing, his plots generally well contrived." His works were so successful in book form, as well as on the stage, that within fifty years of his death they had gone through more than eight editions. "The character of Wildair appears to me," says Cowden Clarke, "one of the most naturally buoyant pieces of delineation that ever was written—buoyant without inanity; reckless, wanton, careless, irrepressibly vivacious, and outpouring, without being obstreperous and oppressive, and all the while totally free from a tinge of vulgarity in the composition." "Farquhar's gentlemen are Irish gentlemen," he continues, "frank, generous, eloquent, witty, and with a cordial word of gallantry always at command." Hazlitt had a high opinion of Farquhar, who, he says, "has humour, character, and invention in common with the other (Vanbrugh), with a more unaffected gaiety and spirit of enjoyment which sparkles in all he does. . . . His incidents succeed one another with rapidity, but without premeditation; his wit is easy and spontaneous; his style animated, unembarrassed, and flowing; his characters full of life and spirit." "In short," says Cowden Clarke, "he was a *delightful* writer, and one to whom I should sooner recur for relaxation and entertainment—and without after cloying and disgust—than to any of the school of which he may be said to be the last."]

A WOMAN OF QUALITY.[1]

A Lady's Apartment. Two Chambermaids enter.

First Cham. Are all things set in order? The toilette fixed, the bottles and combs put in form, and the chocolate ready?

Second Cham. 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our lecture; I wish, for my part, that my time were out.

First Cham. Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expired; and she's worse this morning than ever. —Here she comes.

LADY LUREWELL *enters.*

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the name of negligence could you two contrive to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on one side and a rumple on t'other; the pillows awry and the quilt askew!—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the sheets all night along.—Oh! my bones ache this morning as if I had lain all night on a pair of Dutch stairs—Go, bring

[1] This and the following extract are from *The Constant Couple* and its sequel *Sir Harry Wildair*.

chocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an hour or two at least—Well! these English animals are so unpolished! I wish the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us.

The Maids enter with chocolate.

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for this chocolate.—And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, madam.

Lure. Only an hour and half by the slowest clock in Christendom—And such salvers and dishes too! The lard be merciful to me! what have I committed to be plagued with such animals?—Where are my new japan salvers?—Broke, o'my conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, madam, but your husband—

Lure. How? husband, impudence! I'll teach you manners. [*Gives her a box on the ear.*] Husband! Is that your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the colonel a name of his own?

Cham. Well, then, the colonel. He used them this morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

Lure. How! the colonel use my things! How dare the colonel use anything of mine?—But his campaign education must be pardoned—And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty levee of disbanded officers?—Faugh! The very thoughts of them fellows with their eager looks, iron swords, tied-up wigs, and tucked-in cravats, make me sick as death.—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the chocolate, and starts back.*] Heavens protect me from such a sight! Lord, girl! when did you wash your hands last? And have you been pawing me all this morning with them dirty fists of yours? [*Runs to the glass.*]—I must dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my tailor; and d'ye hear? you, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my company be come to cards yet.

The Tailor enters.

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like them.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, madam. But what fault does your ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the fault lies; but in short I don't like them; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like them.

Rem. Are they too wide, madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too strait, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—lard bless me, can't you tell where the fault lies?

Rem. Why, truly, madam, I can't tell.—But your ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, madam! there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the quality: your fine waists are clear out, madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my stays to the fashionable size?

Rem. I made them to fit you, madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my monkey—What! d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality-air.—Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now, the ladies in the apartments, the birth-night, were most of them two yards about. Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your ladyship for the future. [*Exit.*

A Servant enters.

Serv. Madam, my master desires—

Lure. Hold, hold, fellow; for God's sake hold: if thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door, pray, and speak.

[*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*

Serv. My master, madam, desires—

Lure. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud that he tears my head to pieces.—Here, Awkwardness, go take the booby's message and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the door, whispers, and returns.*

Cham. My master desires to know how your ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

Lure. Ay—why, this is civil.—'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to model their husbands to good breeding.

A GENTLEMANLY CANING.

LADY LUREWELL *solus.*

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. "My life, my soul, my all that heaven can give!—

Lady L. "Death's life with thee; without thee, death to live."

Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Sir H. The sight of you, madam, exults my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lady L. Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Why, marriage is the devil!—But I will marry you.

Lady L. Your word, sir, is not to be relied on. If a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Sir H. My honour in dealings of business!—Why, madam, I never had any business all my life.

Lady L. Yes, Sir Harry; I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Sir H. Out with it, madam.

Lady L. Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

Sir H. Who—old Smuggler?

Lady L. Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

Sir H. I have some reason, I think. Why, the rogue has cheated me of above £500 within these three years.

Lady L. 'Tis your business, then, to acquit yourself publicly, for he spreads the scandal everywhere.

Sir H. Acquit myself publicly! Here, sirrah.

Enter a Servant.

My coach; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange.

Lady L. Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Sir H. What, in this house?

Lady L. Ay, in the next room.

Sir H. Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady L. Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in the house?

Sir H. Disturbance, madam! No, no; I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs. Parley, show me the gentleman.

[*Exit with Parley.*

Lady L. Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered, next term, with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attorneys. And if they don't tease him out of his good humour I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*

Another Room in the Same House.

Enter ALDERMAN SMUGGLER *and* SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Ald. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir H. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman.

[*Bowing very low.*

Ald. Oh! lord, sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Sir H. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome, but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

Ald. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity—But upon my word, sir, I am very short of money at present; but—

Sir H. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cane.

Ald. A beating, Sir Harry! Ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! An alderman turned cudgel-player! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir H. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I'll beat you; take your choice.

Ald. Psha, psha! You jest.

Sir H. Nay, 'tis sure as fate; so, alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity.

[*Strikes him.*

Ald. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir! What d'ye mean?

Sir H. Nothing at all. I'm but in jest, sir.

Ald. Oh! I can take anything in jest; but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Sir H. Not in the least, sir (*strikes him*)—not in the least, indeed, sir.

Ald. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

Sir H. I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir. [*Strikes him.*

Ald. Pardon, sir! Well, sir, that is satis-

faction enough from a gentleman. But seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me I shall grow angry.

Sir H. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

Ald. Oh! lord, sir, you'll break my bones. Are you mad, sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter. [*Falls down.*

Sir H. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons, but I am absolutely compelled to't, upon my honour, sir. Nothing can be more averse to my inclinations than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend the alderman.

[*Striking him all this while. Alderman tumbles over and over, shakes out his pocket-book on the floor.*

Enter Lady Lurewell, *and takes it up.*

Lady L. The old rogue's pocket-book; this may be of use. (*Aside.*) Oh! lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Ald. Oh! dear madam, I was beaten in jest till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lady L. Well, well, I'll bring you off, seigneur—frappez, frappez!

Ald. Oh! for charity's sake, madam, rescue a poor citizen.

Lady L. Oh! you barbarous man! Hold—hold! frappez plus rudement. Frappez! I wonder you are not ashamed. (*Holding Sir H.*) A poor reverend honest elder. (*Helps Ald. up.*) It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man! Now, deuce take you, Sir Harry—for not beating him harder. Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends.

[*Here Sir H. takes snuff.*

Ald. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place. Sir, how durst you use me thus?

Sir H. Sir?

Ald. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Sir H. With all my heart.

[*Throws snuff in his eyes.*

Ald. Oh! murder, blindness, fire! Oh! madam—madam! get me some water—water—fire—water!

[*Exit with Lady L.*

Sir H. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And settling public quiet, lose their own;
I make the most of life, no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

[*Exit.*

THE COUNTERFEIT FOOTMAN.

(FROM "THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.")

Scrub, *a Footman, and* Archer, *a Supposed Footman.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

[*They walk to the opposite side. Mrs. S. drops her fan; Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*

Arch. Madam, your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. S. Oh, sir, I thank you. What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here as dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. (*Aside.*) That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him.

Arch. Oh, yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. S. What! then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam; my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water: 'tis prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. Oh, la! Oh, la! A footman have the spleen!

Mrs. S. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though, in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks! How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. S. And, pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a

pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. S. That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. S. I suppose you served as footman before?

Arch. For that reason, I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, "Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopped, till we know the concurrence of the person I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the meantime, there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointment that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—

Mrs. S. and Dor. Ha, ha! Where are you going, sir?

Arch. Why, I hav'n't half done.

Scrub. I should not remember a quarter of it.

Arch. The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

Arch. No, madam; I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gained. My lord is not married, I find.

Mrs. S. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services you had not a better provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam; I am very well as I am.

Mrs. S. Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand without injuring his honour and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin! brother Martin!

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money and give it to me.

[*Exeunt Archer and Scrub.*

FATHER AND SON.

(FROM "THE INCONSTANT.")

[Old Mirabel, guardian of Oriana, to whom his son young Mirabel was engaged. However, three years' absence changes him, and although he loves Oriana he has formed a resolution never to marry. Dugard is brother to Oriana, and Petit her page.]

Enter OLD *and* YOUNG MIRABEL, *meeting.*

Old Mir. Bob, come hither, Bob.

Y. Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Y. Mir. That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave. I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Y. Mir. Villain, sir! Then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? [*Shows him a little picture.*

Y. Mir. Oriana's? Psha!

Old Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon't? Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither, now. Dost want any money, child?

Y. Mir. No, sir.

Old Mir. Why then, here's some for thee: come here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, unmannerly rascal (don't mistake me, child, I a'n't angry), as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natured, dear rogue? Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is like to burst. Come, my dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father; be now; and then, see here, read this; the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pounds to her portion!—thirty thousand pounds, you dog!—thirty thousand pounds, you rogue! how dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

Y. Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, sir? If you had

thirty thousand tongues, you could not outtalk thirty thousand pounds, sir.

Y. Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, sir: I'll take post for Italy, this moment.

Old Mir. Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! Well, sir, what have you to say?

Y. Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

Old Mir. Why, this is reason, I must confess: but yet it is nonsense, too, for though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Y. Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Crœsus, you leave me but a beggar, for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool heard? 'Sdeath, sir! why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say, 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Y. Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

Old Mir. Lookye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called Positiveness, which you, nor all the wits of Italy, shall ever be able to shake: so, sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obeyed.

Y. Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding, that they don't understand; then they turn us out of doors, because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little beforehand with the old gentleman. (*Aside.*) Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return for which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*

Old Mir. Here, sirrah! rogue! Bob! villain!

Enter DUGARD.

Dug. Ah, sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, sir! he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir!

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already; I have eaten them up. I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Dug. Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling: my sister is abused; you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Lookye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself; for, although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

[Old Mirabel and Oriana cause the report to be circulated that she is about to be married to a Spanish nobleman, with a view to stimulate Young Mirabel by jealousy. Old Mirabel personates the nobleman.]

YOUNG MIRABEL *solus.*

Enter OLD MIRABEL, *dressed in a Spanish habit, leading* ORIANA.

Oriana. Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air that dares presume,
With rude behaviour, to profane such excellence?
Show me the man—
And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to Y. Mir.*

Y. Mir. Sir!

Oriana. Good, my lord,——

Old Mir. If he, or any he,——

Oriana. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

Old Mir. O, your pardon, sir, but if you had—remember, sir, the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me.—Come, madam.

[*Leads Oriana to the door; she goes off; Young Mirabel runs to his father, and pulls him by the sleeve.*

Y. Mir. Ecoutez, Monsieur le Count.

Old Mir. Your business, sir?

Y. Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! what language is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Spanish, my lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Y. Mir. This, sir. [*Trips up his heels.*

Old Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him.—*Trinidade Seigneur*, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

Y. Mir. By all means, sir. (*Takes away his sword.*) Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look, and fustian face, your countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well; my own son right! But hold, sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, sir! your father!

Y. Mir. My father! Then, by this light, I could find in my heart to pay thee. (*Aside.*) Is the fellow mad? Why, sure, sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your senses?

Old Mir. But you have, sir!

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again. [*Offers to strike him.*

Old Mir. Why, rogue!—Bob, dear Bob! don't you know me, child?

Y. Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about, in a fool's coat, to disgrace himself and family? why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir! mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute! [*Offering to stab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Y. Mir. Why, then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, *Maid, and* Petit.

[*Dugard runs to Young Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.*

Dug. Fie, fie, Mirabel! murder your father!

Y. Mir. My father? What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir; I won't be held.

Old Mir. No, nor I either; let me begone, pray. [*Offering to go.*

Y. Mir. My father!

Old Mir. Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have borne as much for thee as your mother ever did.

Y. Mir. O ho! then this was a trick, it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem! Oh, how my bones ache!

Old Mir. Your bones, sirrah! why yours?

Y. Mir. Why, sir, ha'n't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam. (*To Oriana.*) I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance, indeed!

[Oriana, after other plots, which fail to effect a conquest of Young Mirabel, goes into his service disguised as a page and saves his life. His gratitude and love at length conquer his prejudice against marriage, and to his father's delight he confesses himself in the wrong and marries Oriana.]

HENRY DODWELL.

Born 1641 — Died 1711.

[Henry Dodwell was born in Dublin in October, 1641, whither his mother had fled for refuge on the breaking out of the rebellion in that year. For the first six years of his life he remained in the city of his birth, but early in 1648 his parents carried him with them to England. Soon after this he was placed in a school at York, where he remained for five years, and where, says one of his biographers, "he laid the foundation of that great learning which he afterwards acquired." While he was at York his father returned to Ireland to look after his property, and, catching the plague there, died at Waterford. His mother following his father with the same business in view, fell into a consumption, and soon after died in the house of her brother Sir Henry Slingsby. Left thus without his parents Dodwell was so reduced in circumstances that he could not procure pens and ink for the purposes of study, and began to use charcoal instead. He also suffered much even in such necessary matters as food and lodging.

In 1654, while struggling on, a mere boy, in

such miserable conditions, his uncle, Henry Dodwell, rector of Newbourn in Suffolk, sent for him, paid what debts he owed, and took him into his own house. There he remained a year, at the end of which time he was sent to Dublin to school for yet another year. In 1656 he entered Trinity College of that city, where he was under the care of the learned Dr. Sterne, nephew of Archbishop Usher. Before long he was chosen, first scholar and then fellow, but in 1666 he threw up his fellowship to avoid going into holy orders. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down and Connor, offered to procure a dispensation of the statute which required fellows to enter into holy orders; but rather than create a precedent which might be hurtful to the university, Dodwell refused to accept the offer.

After this, in the same year, he went over to England, and resided for a time at Oxford, as the place then in possession of the best library in the kingdom. Before long, however, he returned again to Ireland, and there in 1672 he edited and issued a posthumous treatise of his tutor Dr. Sterne. To this he wrote an apologetic preface, and in 1673 he also wrote a preface to an edition in English of Francis de Sales' *Introduction to a Devout Life.* In the same year he began to write the numerous pamphlets on the nonjuring and other semi-political subjects which have been attributed to his pen, and in 1674 he returned to England and settled in London. In 1688 he was elected, without his knowledge or application, Camden professor of history at Oxford, and a few weeks afterwards was created M.A. of that university. However, in November, 1691, he was deprived of his appointment for refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

After leaving Oxford, Dodwell retired to Cookham in Berkshire, and from thence he moved to Shottesbrooke, where he resided for the remainder of his life. By this time Dodwell's property in Ireland had become valuable; but instead of applying it to his own uses he placed it in the hands of a relative, receiving himself only a small portion of the proceeds. This small portion the relative after some years grumbled at paying, and Dodwell, vexed at the ingratitude, ejected him, placed the property in the hands of an agent, and, though fifty-three years of age, married and had a large family born to him. Before this, however, Dodwell, whose life for years had been a busy round of authorship, had published his *Discourse concerning Sanchoniathon*, 1681, and *Dissertationes Cyprianicæ*, 1682. The chief works that followed were *Annales Velleiani*, &c., 1698; *De Veteribus Græcorum Romanorumque Cyclis*, &c., 1701; *Annals of Thucydides and Xenophon*, 1702; *Chronology of Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, 1704; two exercitations on the dispute between Bentley and Boyle; *Discourse on the Natural Mortality of the Soul*, 1706; three pieces in defence of this work, 1707–8. In 1711 he wrote a pamphlet in defence of his returning to the Church of England, which he had left on the deprivation of the bishops, and which he thought it only schismatic to refrain from rejoining after the death of the deprived prelates. In the same year also appeared his discourse on the use of incense, and some other of his less important things appeared about this time and after his death. Having spent a laborious, studious, pious, and ascetic life, Dodwell passed away in his seventieth year on the 7th of June, 1711.

Of Dodwell's works the best known is his *Discourse on the Natural Mortality of the Soul*, a treatise that created a mighty stir, and has been attacked by a host of writers, and by Dr. Samuel Clarke in particular. His work on the Greek and Roman cycles, *De Veteribus Græcorum Romanorumque Cyclis*, &c., Dr. Hulleys calls "a most excellent book, the most elaborate of all our author's pieces, and which seems to have been the work of the greatest part of his life." His other works have been fiercely attacked and defended, as might be expected; but on all hands it is agreed that they display great learning and force, and are undoubtedly the productions of a man of genius. Gibbon says of him: "Dodwell's learning was immense: in this part of history especially (that of the Upper Empire) the most minute fact or passage could not escape him; and his skill in employing them is equal to his learning. The worst of this author is his method and style; the one perplexed beyond imagination, the other negligent to a degree of barbarism." As we have said, Dodwell lived a studious and laborious life, and he carried his application to study so far that he generally travelled on foot and read as he walked.

The style of this author is so perplexing, and his reasoning so abstruse, that no specimen short enough and of sufficient interest can be found suitable for the pages of this book.]

THE HON. MRS. MONK.

BORN 1677 — DIED 1715.

[Mary, daughter of Viscount Molesworth of Swords, and wife of George Monk, Esq., was born in Dublin, in the year 1677 so far as we can ascertain. Her father was a peer of Ireland, and author of *An Account of Denmark;* her mother was sister of Richard, earl of Bellamont. While a mere child she displayed great ability for learning, and with very little help soon acquired a perfect knowledge of the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages. Reading the best authors, and especially the poets in these tongues, taught her to become facile in verse-making, an ability she turned to account by translating into English many sprightly and philosophically witty pieces. She also wrote many original fugitive poems, and had in contemplation the production of something more important, when she was removed by death in 1715, at the early age of thirty-eight. Her poems were shortly after collected by her father, and published under the title of *Marinda: Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions*, 1716.

In his *Lives of the Poets* Jacob says that her poems and translations "show the true spirit and numbers of poetry, delicacy of turns, and justness of thought and expression." They are, indeed, remarkable for a neatness of manner not common in her time, and for a wit untinged by the lurid glare of immodesty that shone more or less out of the works of almost every other contemporary writer. In her hands the English language seemed as full of sparkle and light as if Italian, and she appeared to play with it as easily as a clever swordsman with his rapier.]

ON PROVIDENCE.

As a kind mother with indulgent eye
Views her fair charge and melts with sympathy,
And one's dear face imprints with kisses sweet,
One to her bosom clasps, one on her knee
Softly sustains in pleasing dignity,
And one permits to cling about her feet;
And reads their various wants and each request
In look or action, or in sigh expressed:
This little supplicant in gracious style
She answers, that she blesses with a smile;
Or if she blames their suit, or if approves,
And whether pleased or grieved, yet still she loves—
With like regard high providence Divine
Watches affectionate o'er human race:
One feeds, one comforts, does to all incline,
And each assists with kind parental care;
Or once denying us some needful grace,
Only denies to move an ardent prayer;
Or courted for imaginary wants,
Seems to deny, but in denying grants.

ON A STATUE OF A LADY.

See how in this marble statue
Phillis like herself looks at you;
Nature and carver were at strife,
But he has done her most to th' life.
She made that frozen breast so white,
He made her such another by't.
She made her a most pretty creature,
And he exactly hit each feature.
She her for love and dalliance chose,
And did of softest mould compose,
Like to the jess'mine or the rose;
But he, who saw how she was grown
Hard and relentless as a stone,
Did her with artful chisel frame,
Of what she by her fault became.

EPITAPH ON A GALLANT LADY.

O'er this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair Rosalinde;
All mankind was pleased with her,
And she with all mankind.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Upon a time, as poets tell,
Their Orpheus went down to hell
To fetch his wife, nor could he guess
To find her in a likelier place.

Down he went singing, as they say,
And trolling ballads all the way;
No wonder that, the reason's clear,
For then he was a widower.

Timber and stones with speed did fly
After his noble harmony;
The self-same thing I've seen befall
The woefull'st scraper of them all.

To hell he came, and told his case,
Torment and pain straight quit the place;
Each fiend was happy when compared
With such a wretched wedded bard.

He had the luck, with doleful ditty,
Deaf Pluto to inspire with pity,
And got (if you will call it gain,
And not a plague) his wife again.

With his petition he complied,
But him to these conditions tied,
That he should take, not look upon her,—
Both hard commands to man of honour.

So on the loving couple went,
He led her up the steep ascent;
But when the man does downward stray,
The woman then does lead the way.

The fond wretch turned his head too soon;
If 'twas on purpose, 'twas well done:
But if by chance, a hit indeed
Which did beyond his hopes succeed.

Happy's the married wight that e'er
Comes once to be a widower;
But twice of one wife to get free
Is luck in its extremity.

This is the first, last instance of this kind;
No fool will e'er again such fortune find.

RUNAWAY LOVE.

From the immortal seats above,
I, beauty's goddess, Queen of Love,
Descend to see, if here below
Ye ought of my lost Cupid know:
As on my lap the other day
The wanton chit did sport and play,
(Whether it was design or chance)
He let his golden arrow glance
On my left side; which done, he fled,
And ever since has rambling stray'd.
I that am mother of the child,
By nature gentle, soft, and mild,
Come here to seek him, and when found
To give him pardon for my wound:
I've searched my orb, and that of Jove,
And the wide space where planets move;
I looked for him in Mars, his sphere
(For I had often seen him there),
Above I've nothing left untry'd
To find where my lov'd boy does hide. . . .
  Ladies, I know I must despair
To find my boy amongst the fair,
For though he pleas'd about you flies,
Basks in the glances of your eyes,
Sports in your lair, and fain would rest
In the soft lodging of your breast;
The child to enter strives in vain
A place that's guarded by disdain.
  With men I better fate shall prove,
Whose hearts are open still to love:
Tell me then, sirs, I pray now do,
Has my child hid himself with you?
If any one shall show me where
To find the boy, by Styx I swear
A sacred oath, that he shall have
The sweetest kiss I ever gave;
But he that brings him to my arms
Shall master be of all my charms! . . .
Does none reply? perhaps he lies
Lurking among you in disguise,
Has laid aside his darts and bow,
That he may pass incognito;
But mark these signs, and you'll discover
(For all his tricks) the wily rover:
Though full of cunning, full of years,
The chit's so little, he appears
An infant yet, and like a child
Is forward, restless still, and wild;
He seems to sport himself, and joy
In ev'ry little foolish toy,
Though all the time his fell intent
On wicked mischief's wholly bent:
A trifle angers him, but then
A trifle pleases him again;
At once there in his look appears
Joy mixt with grief, and smiles with tears. . . .
From his sweet lips, whene'er he speaks,
The lisping accent softly breaks. . . .
At first appearance ne'er was seen
A creature of an humbler mien;
He softly knocks, or stands at door,
Your kind assistance to implore,
But soon to lord it he'll begin
If once your pity lets him in. . . .
  You've heard the marks by which you may
Know and arrest the runaway:
Sirs, tell me if he here does stay!
Does any hope the boy to hide,
Th' attempt is vain, though often tried;
For who can think love to conceal?
Each look, each word will love reveal;
He'll force his way through all disguise,
Break from the tongue, start from the eyes,
As the false adder, never to be charm'd,
Tears from the breast in which 'twas hid and warm'd!
  But since I cannot find him here,
Before I back to Heav'n repair,
A little further still I'll seek the wanderer!

NAHUM TATE.

BORN 1652 — DIED 1715.

[Nahum Tate was the son of Dr. Faithful Tate, a clergyman of the county of Cavan. During the rebellion of 1641 and the troubles that followed his parents were driven to Dublin for refuge, and there in 1652 he was born. At the age of sixteen, having previously been at school at Belfast, he entered the University of Dublin, where he seems to have studied for study's sake, and without having any profession in view. While yet a young man he drifted over to London, and there acquired a patron in the Earl of Dorset, and a friend in John Dryden, with and for whom it is said he frequently worked. Soon after his arrival he produced his first, and it is said his best play, *Brutus of Alba*, a tragedy, 1678. In 1680 appeared his *Royal General*, a tragedy, and in 1681 the *Island Princess*, a tragic comedy, and *Richard III., or Sicilian Vespers*. In 1682 he issued *Ingratitudes of a Commonwealth*, a play founded on the story of Coriolanus; and in the November of this year appeared the second part or continuation of Dryden's poem of *Absalom and Achitophel*, in which Dryden and he worked together, but the greater part of which, over nine hundred lines out of eleven hundred and forty, are Tate's. In this, no doubt owing to the companionship in which he wrote, he appears to advantage, and portions of it are no way behind the very best work of the kind and time. In 1684 appeared *Poems on Several Occasions;* in 1687, *Duke and No Duke*, a farce, and a rearrangement of Shakspere's *Lear*, under the title of *History of King Lear*, a version which, like Cibber's things, kept the stage for a good while to the exclusion of the real author. In 1691 his *Character of Virtue and Vice* was given to the world; and in the following year he was, on the death of Shadwell, appointed poet-laureate. This post he held during the remainder of the reign of William III., during the whole of the reign of Anne, and even for some months of the reign of George I., whose first birthday ode he lived long enough to write. Soon after this he died in his apartments in the Mint, to which he had retired to escape his creditors. The date of his death is the 12th of August, 1715.

In addition to the works we have named, Tate wrote *Panacea*, a poem on tea; *Jephthah's Vow*, a dramatic piece; *Mausoleum*, a poem; and *Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and other Subjects*. He also wrote several birthday odes and other works of the kind necessitated by his position as laureate; and, above and beyond all else, so far as popular knowledge of him is concerned, he joined with Dr. Brady in producing the metrical version of the Psalms of David which is authorized for use in the Church of England.

Of Tate's position in literature there is not much to be said. In the notes to the *Dunciad* he is spoken of as "a cold writer, of no invention, but who translated tolerably when befriended by Dryden." Jawt speaks very favourably of his ode on the death of Queen Anne, "which was one of the last and is one of the best of his poems." Dryden had no such low opinion of his powers as is now in vogue, and there seems to be little doubt that a good deal of the contempt flung on his works arose from the fact that he was poor and peaceful, and allowed himself to be despised. Gildon speaks of him as "a man of great honesty and modesty; but he seems to have been ill qualified to advance himself in the world." Oldys calls him "a free, good-natured, fuddling companion;" and one of his biographers tells of a person who knew him and said of him that "he had seldom much to say for himself." Just such as he are fit butts for the would-be clever, and it is certain that had he been less amiable, and blessed with a little bitterness in his nature, he would stand much higher than he does to-day.]

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

[This political poem is levelled against the plots and intrigues of the reign of Charles II. Titus Oates as Corah, and the Earl of Shaftesbury as Achitophel, are exposed and censured.]

(SECOND PART.)

Since men, like beasts, each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
Since realms were formed, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;

There Heaven itself, and godlike kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign:
While pampered crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone:
Thus David's[1] clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction awed the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's order to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem,[2]
His rights to invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews:
As if from heavenly call this license fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel[3] with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom,[4] to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need:
While fond of change, though n'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet,
Thus to his aid whilst pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel[5] plead!
Swayed by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promised land;
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
The arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites[6] from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay, we have seen their sacrificers bleed!
Accusers' infamy is urged in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launched into th' unfathomed tide,
And in the depths they now disdained to ride:
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pensioned evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pampered Corah[7] when advanced to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the charge on pious Michal[8] brought,
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeached of cursed designs on David's life!—
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.

Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high;
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below:
Where cherished by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
Are threatened with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign.
Less desolation did the best pursue
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew;
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,[9]
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire!
With gentle terror these our state o'erran,
That since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sate,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate:
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seized our state?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never proved a villain first?
To have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travelled Levite had the experience got
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secured his pension still;
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limboes large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinced, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the foundered swearers out:
Some had their sense imposed on by their fear,
But more for interest's sake believe and swear:
Even to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They raged to find their danger not prove true.
. . . . . .
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends, neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their numbers sought;
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For e'en in court the faction had its friends,
These thought the places they possessed too small,
And in their hearts wished court and king to fall;
Whose names the muse disdaining, holds i' the dark.

[1] David, *Charles II.*
[2] Jerusalem, *London.*
[3] Achitophel, *Shaftesbury.*
[4] Absalom, *Monmouth.*
[5] Israel, *England.*
[6] Jebusites, *Roman Catholics.*
[7] Corah, *Titus Oates.*
[8] Michal, *Queen Catherine.*
[9] Tyre, *Holland.*

Thrust in the villain herd without a mark:
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew:
See where involved in common smoke they sit,[1]
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
These, gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, anything t' employ the glass,
And who believe in their dull, honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had will or wit for mischief yet,
But pleased to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod[2] never be forgot.
The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state;
In search of arms he failed not to lay hold
On war's most powerful, dangerous weapon, gold:
At last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillaged, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surprised,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguised;
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire
What 'twas he burnt, so 't make a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enriched no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian store;
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
E'en for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he choused for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken[3] at the last.

. . . . . .

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The spring, so far behind her course delayed,
On th' instant is in all her bloom arrayed;
The winds breathe low, the element serene,
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summoned to their arms.
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touched our land.
Welcome to Israel, and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.

[1] The members of the Green Ribbon Club held at the King's Head Tavern, near Temple Bar.

[2] Arod, *Sir William Waller*, a defeated candidate for Parliament, and an exposer of *Plots against the Protestants*.

[3] Zaken, a member of parliament.

THE VOYAGERS.[4]

Whilst stemming life's uncertain tide
Tost on the waves of doubts and fears,
If to frail reason's conduct we confide
We strive in vain
The happy port to gain;
For oft as clouded reason disappears
We cannot fail to rove afar,
Mistaking each false meteor for our star.
How dismal are the perils we engage
When (grown t' a hurricane)
Our boist'rous passions rouse the sleeping main.
But ah! how few have perished by the rage
Of storms, if numbered with the daily throng,
Whom Syren pleasures as they sail along
Seduce to that dear shore,
Where they themselves saw others wreckt before.

THE CHOICE.

Grant me, indulgent Heav'n, a rural seat
Rather contemptible than great,
Where, though I taste life's sweets, still I may be
Athirst for immortality.
I would have business, but exempt from strife;
A private, but an active life.
A conscience bold, and punctual to his charge,
My stock of health or patience large.
Some books I'd have, and some acquaintance too,
But very good, and very few.
Then (if one mortal two such grants may crave),
From silent life I'd steal into my grave.

TO A DESPONDING FRIEND.

Repine not, pensive friend, to meet
A thorn and sting in every sweet;
Think it not yours or my hard fate,
But the fixed lot of human state.
Since then this portion is assign'd
By the great Patron of mankind
(Though ne'er so darkly understood),
We should presume the method good.
Heaven does its tend'rest care express,
Conducting through a wilderness,
Lest, sluggards, we should take our stand,
And stop short of the promised land.

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF JOB.

The solemn time was now returned once more,
When with the rest stood Satan, as before.

[4] This and the two following short pieces are from *Poems on Several Occasions*, published in 1684.

From whence? said God. From ranging far and wide
The spacious globe, the sullen Fiend replied.
And hast thou (said the Almighty), hast thou found
A saint like Job in all thy spacious round?
Who still our laws and service does attend,
Nor all his causeless griefs have made offend.
To this the Accuser,—Slight is yet his pain,
Nor would my tribe for such distress complain;
But touch his flesh with thy afflicting rod,
And to his face the saint shall curse his God.
Try (said the Almighty); wreak thy vengeance here,
Afflict his body, but his life forbear.
Hell's factor strikes him now with boils all o'er,
His ulcer'd flesh but one continued sore.
The patient saint in ashes still remains,
And with a potsherd scrapes his swelling blanes.
Retain'st thou still thy sound integrity?
His wife exclaims. Give o'er, curse Heav'n and die.
Forbear (said he) such impious blasphemies.
What blacker guilt could Belial's self advise?
Ingrateful! shall we from the power divine
Receive life's sweets, and at its griefs repine?
From both our duties tribute let him raise,
For these our patience, and from those our praise.
Thus far the utmost rage of hell was vain,
For still his virtue triumphed o'er his pain.
This wondrous change filled every breath of fame,
And to his friends in distant regions came,
Who, thunder-struck, by joint consent repair
To comfort, or at least his trouble share:
Far off a mournful spectacle they view,
Three friends, but none his old acquaintance knew.
At last when Job appeared through grief's disguise,
Each rent his garment, and the air with cries;
With dust they strew'd their heads, and scated round,
Seven suns beheld them weeping on the ground
All speechless; for they feared to urge the grief
They saw too mighty to admit relief.

THE MAN OF WISDOM.[1]

The man that's wise to know all things aspires,
But first the knowledge of himself desires,
How far the compass of his strength can go,
But his own weakness studies most to know.
He reasons more by practice than by rule;
His logic's learned in observation's school;
Taught by experience truly to reflect,
Can first himself and then his friends direct.
He ne'er suspends but in a doubtful case,
Ne'er doubts where resolution should take place.
Of every needful thing just care does take,
But most concerned for his immortal stake;
Without that scope counts fruitless each endeavour,
Nor would be happy once, if not for ever,
Himself best knowing, best himself can trust,
Others so far as he has proved them just:
The world may him deceive but ne'er abuse,
Who trusts no more than he can bear to lose.
While close retirement is to him a screen,
Himself looks through and sees the world unseen,
Yet shows, when forced the daylight to abide,
Prudence, not affectation, made him hide.
Does never causeless from his purpose range,
When reason calls he never fears to change.
While th' ablest master he's allow'd to be,
No scholar more disposed to learn than he;
From everything instruction he can draw,
And from him each instruction is a law.
To ages past his nimble thoughts can climb,
In things to come prevent the speed of time;
Unborn events by past events foretell,
And in conjecture be prophetical;
His passions he ne'er suffers to rebel,
Or hastens their first mutiny to quell,
By honour's light in all his projects sails,
And boards a second when a former fails;
Makes disappointment but improve his skill,
And fetches strength from what succeeded ill.
Some wrongs he sees not, but with silent art
Dissembles wounds too powerful foes impart.
Loves to owe less in good turns than he may,
For bad would be in debt and never pay.
Censures unjust or just alike to him,
Those he deserves not, those he can contemn;
Slights scandal, lays no violent hands on blame,
Gives slander scope till it expires with shame.
His joy no fears, his hope knows no despairs,
Safe in the circle of his own affairs,
From other's strife he timely does retire,
Nor thrusts his hand into a needless fire.
He best the purchase of his wit can tell,
And how to value, keep, and use it well.
Himself his own best lawyer, and his skill
His readiest and most faithful oracle.
Consulted, he's in no man's business blind,
But in his own of more than eagle kind.

UPON AN ANATOMY.

Nay, start not at that skeleton,
'Tis your own picture which you shun;
Alive it did resemble thee,
And thou when dead like that shalt be:
Converse with it, and you will say
You cannot better spend the day.
You little think how you'll admire
The language of those bones and wire.
The tongue is gone, but yet each joint
Reads lectures and can speak to the point.

[1] This and the following poem are from *Miscellanea Sacra*, published in 1698.

When all your moralists are read,
You'll find no tutors like the dead.

If in truth's path those feet have trod,
'Tis all one whether bare or shod:
If used to travel to the door
Of the afflicted sick and poor,
Though to the dance he were estranged,
And ne'er their own rude motion changed,
Those feet now winged may upwards fly,
And tread the palace of the sky.'

Those hands, if ne'er with murder stained,
Nor filled with wealth unjustly gained,
Nor greedily at honours grasp't,
But to the poor man's cry unclasped;
It matters not if in the mine
He delved, or did with rubies shine.

Here grew the lips, and in that place
Where now appears a vacant space
Was fixed the tongue, an organ still
Employed extremely well or ill,
I know not if it could retort,
If versed i' th' language of the court;
But this I safely can aver,
That if it was no flatterer;
If it traduced no man's repute,
But where it could not praise was mute;
If no false promises it made,
If it sung anthems, if it prayed,
'Twas a blest tongue, and will prevail
When wit and eloquence shall fail.

. . . .

Prime instances of nature's skill,
The eyes did once those hollows fill:
Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear
(As those of hawks and eagles are),
Or say they did with moisture swim,
And were distorted, bleared, and dim;
Yet if they were from envy free,
Nor loved to gaze on vanity;
If none with scorn they did behold,
With no lascivious glances rolled,
Those eyes, more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the Great Creator's throne,
They shall behold the Invisible,
And on eternal glories dwell.

See! not the least remains appear
To show where nature placed the ear;
Who knows if it were musical,
Or could not judge of sounds at all?
Yet if it were to counsel bent,
To caution and reproof attent,
When the shrill trump shall rouse the dead,
And others hear their sentence read,
That ear shall with these sounds be blest:
Well done, and, Enter into rest.

NICHOLAS BRADY.

Born 1659 — Died 1726.

[Nicholas Brady, D.D., best known by the *New Version of the Psalms of David*, written in conjunction with Nahum Tate, was born at Bandon in the county of Cork, on the 28th of October, 1659. When twelve years of age he was sent over to Westminster School, London, from which he was elected student of Christ Church, Oxford. At Oxford he remained about four years, then returned to his father's house in Dublin, and entered at Trinity, where "he immediately commenced B.A." Soon after this he became domestic chaplain to Bishop Wettenhall, and from him received his first preferment, a prebend in the cathedral at Cork. At the Revolution he strongly advocated the side of William, and suffered for it we are told. However, in 1690 he had so much influence with MacCarthy, James's general, that he three times saved the town of Bandon from being burned after orders had been given and repeated for its destruction. This year also he went over to England, deputed by the people of Bandon to redress some wrongs they had suffered under James. Soon after he threw up his offices in Ireland and settled in London. There in a short time he displayed such abilities in the pulpit that he was elected minister of St. Catherine Cree, and lecturer to St. Michael's, Wood Street.

From London Dr. Brady was before long preferred to Richmond in Surrey, next the living of Stratford-on-Avon was conferred upon him, and finally he was appointed rector of Clapham in Surrey. He was also appointed chaplain to the Duke of Ormond's troop of horse-guards, as well as to their majesties William and Mary. Of the three livings just mentioned he held two, Richmond and Clapham, till his death, an event that occurred on the 20th of May, 1726, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Dr. Brady's principal literary labours were his part in the *New Version of the Psalms of David*, which was authorized to be sung in churches in 1696; six volumes of sermons, the first three published in 1704, 1706, 1713, the last three after his death in 1730; a translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, in four volumes, the last of which appeared in 1726; and a tragedy called *The Rape*, which also appeared in the same year. His share in the translation of the psalms is said to have been considerable. His sermons were successful in their time, and have been favourably spoken of.]

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.[1]

All the errors and immoralities of human actions proceed from the wrong estimate which we make of things; from our placing a greater value upon some than they truly deserve, and a less upon others than they justly require. This makes us eager and solicitous on the one hand in the pursuit of such things as have no real worth to recommend them, but borrow all their lustre from fancy and opinion; careless and unconcerned on the other for the attainment of such whose worth is natural and intrinsic, and need nothing to set them off but their own inherent goodness. However odd and absurd this management may appear, yet there is scarce any one amongst us but is in some measure liable to the foregoing imputations, and the generality of mankind drive on a traffic as ridiculous as that of the foolish Indians, exchanging daily for glass and baubles such treasures as are solid and substantial. Our blessed Saviour, therefore, whose great design it was to rectify our mistakes and enlighten our understandings, endeavours to convince us (in the words of my text) of the folly and unreasonableness of this sort of proceeding; advising the imprudent worldling to weigh wisely, and consider duly, those things which stand in competition with one another, that so his choice may be guided by prudence and right reason, assuring him withal that it is his ignorance of the true worth of his soul that makes him prefer the vanities of this world before it; that all the advantages which he can propose to himself bear no proportion to the real value of that which he endangers; that he is hazarding a precious jewel in order to the purchase of an empty trifle; that when the soul is lost on one side, and the whole world is gained upon the other, he will find himself a loser in the balancing of his accounts: *For* (says he) *what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* By *losing the soul* is here meant, not such a loss as implies a total deprivation, a leaving us without it; for in such a sense no man can *lose his own soul;* that will be still present with us, and is the only part of ourselves which we can never be separated from; but what our Saviour here intends by *losing the soul*, is the plunging it into a state of horror and misery without any possibility of retrieving it again, and thereby losing it to all the intents of happiness and satisfaction; and this sort of loss is that for which *the gaining of the whole world*, that is, the possession and enjoyment of all its advantages and delights, can never make us tolerable amends. From these words thus briefly explained I shall draw this single practical conclusion,—

That whatever this world has in it of most considerable, whether in relation to pleasure or to interest, can make no compensation for the loss of our souls; and that he who sells his soul at such a rate shall be a loser by the bargain. Nothing is more truly valuable than the soul of man, and yet few things are less valued by the owners; one looks upon it as so mean and so contemptible, that he barters it for the foolish pleasure of an evil moment; another exchanges it for a few bags of yellow earth or a small parcel of glittering pebbles; a third sells it for the empty air of popular applause; a fourth for a splendid slavery or a slippery preferment: thus do they undervalue that inestimable treasure, for which our Saviour has positively assured us that the whole world is no sufficient price.

[1] From a sermon preached October 23, 1692, on St. Matthew xvi. 26, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

IN FAVOUR OF CHURCH MUSIC.[2]

Religion, however mistaken or misrepresented by some, is the most entertaining thing in nature, attended by a good conscience, which is a continual refreshment, and supported by the assurance of God's favour and protection, which is the most certain fund of

[2] From a sermon preached on St. Cecilia's Day, and published separately in 1697.

comfort and satisfaction. If we take her portraiture from the life, she will appear as bright and beautiful as an angel; set off with all those charms and raising attractions which may most powerfully recommend her to our affections, allowing and encouraging the truest cheerfulness, and not clashing with nor condemning any innocent delights. And, therefore, nothing has done her a greater prejudice, nothing has more hindered her diffusiveness and efficacy, than the false draughts made of her by some sort of people, who would have her to consist in moroseness and austerity. They dress her up like a fiend or a fury; they arm her with snakes, and whips, and firebrands, and having thus made her an object of loathing and aversion, they pretend to recommend her under so frightful an appearance. It is through their means who limn her after this hideous manner, that music, her obsequious and useful handmaid, has run the hazard of being discarded from her service, as if she were an attendant too light and airy to comport with the gravity of so reserved a mistress. But in this they deal with her as they did with the other, and represent her much different from what she really is, making that lightness essential to her which is purely accidental, and decrying that as her inseparable habit which is only a loose garment that she sometimes wears abroad, but which she always drops before her entrance into the church. There she puts on such a composedness and solidity as is suitable to the sacred offices in which she is employed, and may qualify her to be made use of both with innocence and advantage.

As to the innocence of this usage, it would be wholly unnecessary to insist upon this topic, were there not a party of men so unaccountably scrupulous as to censure the harmony which is made use of in our churches as a sort of proceeding extremely culpable. These, then, are the persons whom I would desire to consider, that that which has been the custom of good men in all ages, without any mark of God's disapproval, that which is so often recommended to our practice by those who have been commissionated to convey his orders to us, that which is the entertainment of the blessed above in their perfect state of purity and felicity; that (I say) cannot be supposed with any shadow of reason to contract any guilt, or be liable to any just censure. But this, we find, was a devout employment, in which the best of men have been exercised frequently. Witness the songs of Moses and Deborah before the whole congregation of the people of Israel: witness the divine and musical compositions of David, Solomon, and others for the service of the temple; witness the hymn that our Saviour sung with his apostles, who were then the abridgment of the Christian church, and those that were afterwards, in their solemn assemblies, made use of by the disciples and followers of our Lord. This, also, we find recommended to our practice by those who revealed unto us the will of God, such as the royal psalmist, almost in every page; Isaiah and Jeremiah in several places of their prophecies; St. Paul in his writings to the Ephesians and Colossians; and St. James in his epistle to the church in general; in all which we have frequent exhortations to this duty as a positive part of our religious worship. In this we are assured that the heavenly host are always happily employed, where cherubim and seraphim continually resound, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; where the four-and-twenty elders that attend round about the throne incessantly chant out their Allelujahs; and where those who have gotten the victory over the Beast unanimously join in singing the song of the Lamb. Unless, therefore, we will unreasonably imagine that God would be so far wanting to his best-beloved servants as to suffer them to go on in a sinful course without giving them any notice of the error they lay under, unless we will blasphemously suppose him so unfaithful to us as to suffer us to be deluded by those who come to us in his name, and who bring his own credentials along with them, unless we will entertain absurd notions of him, that he is inconsistent with himself, and admits of that in his heavenly palace which is offensive to him upon his earthly footstool; we cannot conceive that this decent usage, which has so many testimonials of his favour, can be otherwise than highly innocent in itself. It is true, indeed, this heavenly art has been sometimes abused to the encouragement of debauchery, and as the best things corrupted contract the greatest illness, so has this been made an instrument of looseness and sensuality. But if this were sufficient to exclude it from the temple, when purified from that alloy which debases its value, poetry as well as music must be banished from our churches, and the psalms as well as harp of David must be forbidden to us, since the two sacred sisters have been equal sufferers, having both been prostituted to the most scandalous employments. Let us rather endeavour to snatch what we can of it

out of the hands of the profane, to rescue this virgin out of the power of her ravishers, and to present her unblemished at the altar of our God, where we may join devotions with her, not only with innocence, but with advantage also.

ÆOLUS ROUSING THE WINDS.[1]

This said, he turn'd his spear, and struck the Rock,
Whose marble side received a hideous gash,
At which the winds rushed in a body forth,
And hurl'd the dust thro' all the neighbouring plains,
Then hovered o'er the sea: with force united,
The eastern, western, and the southern blasts
Full fraught with rain and storms, turn'd up the deep,
Disclosed its dark foundations, swelled the waves,
And dashed the foaming billows on the shore.
The sailors raise loud cries, the rigging cracks,
Black clouds eclipse the sky, and that and day
Are hid from Trojan eyes, o'er all the main
Night spreads her sable wings, loud thunder roars,
Whilst nimble lightning flashes through the air:
All nature seems to threaten instant death.

RODERIC O'FLAHERTY.

Born 1628 — Died 1718.

[Among antiquarians and historical writers and students the name of Roderic O'Flaherty, the author of *Ogygia*, stands deservedly high. His life was passed in a time full of miseries and disasters to his country, of wars and rumours of wars, yet none of these could draw him aside from the path he had marked out for himself. He saw the race of which he was writing melting away before him, and it might well seem that the day might come when there would be none of it left to read his writings. Still he held on his way, and laboured as only those labour who enjoy their work for itself more than for the fame it brings. As a result he has left us works "entitled to rank among the most learned and agreeable that have been bequeathed to any country."

O'Flaherty was born at the paternal mansion of Park, near Galway, in the year 1628, his father being then principal proprietor of the barony of Moycullen. Soon after his father died, and in 1630 he was declared a king's ward—the equivalent of our present ward in Chancery. Before he became of age the king had been beheaded, the Cromwellian wars had spread into Connaught, and he had retired to Sligo for shelter from the storm. There he met with Duald MacFirbis, with whom he studied the Irish language and literature. After the Restoration he returned to Galway, to find the lands of his family in the possession of one Martin, or "Nimble Dick Martin," as he was called. "I live," O'Flaherty said, "a banished man within the bounds of my native soil; a spectator of others enriched by my birthright; an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries." He immediately entered into legal warfare with Martin, and somehow managed to get possession of the family mansion, but it was not until seventeen years after his death that his son finally ejected the usurpers from the patrimonial lands. Before this he had made the acquaintance of John Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, who induced him to undertake the labour of his great work *Ogygia*. This was, it seems, completed about 1665, but did not appear in print till 1684, when it was issued in the original Latin. From the Latin the work was afterwards translated into English by J. Hely, and published in Dublin in 1693. Very soon after its appearance it came under the notice of Sir George Mackenzie, lord-advocate of Scotland, who strove to make light of its authority. This caused O'Flaherty to produce his *Ogygia Vindicæ*, which, though much spoken of as settling the question in dispute, was not printed until 1775, when it was issued under the care of Charles O'Conor. In 1709 Sir Thomas Molyneux, brother of the celebrated William Molyneux, made a journey to Connaught and called upon O'Flaherty, whom he found "very old and in miserable condition," though proud-spirited and fond of his studies. Nine years later, at the age of ninety, the old man passed away, the last of the ancient race of Irish historians and chronologers.

[1] Specimen of translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into English blank verse.

In addition to his *Ogygia* and *Ogygia Vindicæ*, O'Flaherty wrote *A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar Connaught*, *Ogygia Christianæ*, which it is feared is lost, and several smaller pieces, the very names of which have perished. The *Description of H-Iar Connaught* has been edited by Mr. J. Hardiman for the Irish Archæological Society, and published in 1846. Allibone says, "O'Flaherty was something like an antiquarian: the Christian era was with him quite a modern date."

In O'Flaherty's works as they originally appeared there is a purity of style not very usual in his age. Though the author shows himself to be a man of imagination, he is never credulous, and he never forgets the nobility of the calling to which he has devoted himself. "At times," says Magee, "he smothers a point in illustrations. But there is great dignity in his embellishments." All his works are agreeable reading to any one who likes the old-world flavour that pervades them. Among English writers he is spoken of by Belling and quoted with approbation by the clear-headed Stillingfleet.]

THE LIA FAIL; OR, JACOB'S STONE.

(FROM PART I. OF "OGYGIA.")

[Ireland has been called the ancient Ogygia by Plutarch, "because," says he, "they begin their histories from most profound memory of antiquity."

The *Ogygia*, so called because this was supposed to be the ancient name of Ireland, is a most extraordinary work, compiled from Persian, Grecian, Roman, and Mosaic history. O'Flaherty commences the Milesian history 1015 years before the Christian era, and writes a poem called a chronographical poem, in which he says, "From the creation of the world my Ogygian poem shall commence." In 1684, in the reign of Charles II., he brings the poem to a conclusion thus: "God, the author of the universe, at whose pleasure Ogygia will stand or fall, will unravel the secrets of futurity."]

There is at this day, in the royal throne at Westminster, a stone called in English Jacob's Stone, from the patriarch Jacob (I know not why so termed). On this monument the kings of Ireland formerly, in a solemn manner, took the omens of their investiture. There is an old tradition, confirmed by many ancient historians, that it was called fatal for this reason, because the princes of the blood royal, in the times of paganism, standing on it, would usually try who should reign; if it would make a noise under the person who sat on it, it was an infallible sign of his accession to the crown; but if it proved silent it precluded him from any hopes. Since the incarnation of our blessed Lord it has produced no such oracle. Authors have made mention of a vocal stone which was in a statue of an Egyptian king, afterwards broken by Cambyses to the middle of the breast. And you can see in Eusebius of the delusive oracles of the globe that were suppressed and silenced since the birth of Christ. And Suidas, in *Augustus*, and Nicephorus Calistus, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, another power is ascribed to this fatal stone, in the following distich, which Hector Boethius quotes:—

"Else fates belied, or where this stone is found,
A prince of Scotic race shall there be crown'd."[1]

The time that it came from Ireland into the possession of the Scots of Britain cannot be ascertained; but I may be allowed to conjecture it was in the reign of King Kineth (A.D. 850), who conquered and subjected to the empire of the Scots the Pictish nation, and deposited that stone in the abbey at Scone, in the country of the Picts, where he transferred the palace; and it was very probably transmitted by Aid Finlaith, the son-in-law of Kineth, who was afterwards King of Ireland, as an auspicious omen. Edward I., king of England, marching through Scotland in 1296 with a victorious army, translated it to London. The augury of this stone was exploded and disused for the space of three hundred years until King James VI. of Scotland, the 25th of July, 1603, was anointed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland on it; and after him his son, in the year 1625; and his grandson (now reigning), the 23d of April, 1661, were crowned on it. There is no other manner of inauguration with some of the northern nations, than unanimously to constitute the kings elect, lifted upon a stone, with all possible acclamations and demonstrations of joy, as Saxo Grammaticus and others relate.

---

[1] Tradition says that in the year 513 Fergus, a prince of the royal line, having obtained the Scottish throne, procured the use of this stone for his coronation at Dunstaffnage.

THE IDOLATRY OF THE IRISH.

(FROM PART II. OF "OGYGIA.")

We read that Ninus was the first who struck out an idolatrous mode of worship, in whose time, most writers say, the magician Zoroaster, king of the Bactrians, flourished. Pliny entertains some doubts whether magic be of such antiquity. Xanthus the Lydian, a very ancient author, reckons one hundred years only from Zoroaster to the passage of Xerxes in the seventy-fifth olympiad, which happened in the year of the world 3470, according to our computation; from which deduct 600, and Zoroaster lived in the year of the world 2870.

Herodotus Halicarnasseus, who lived in the year of the world 3504, relates that the two first and most ancient oracles were the Dodonæan in Greece, and the oracle of Jupiter Hammon in Lybia: the former was at Dodona, a very ancient city of Molossus in Epire, which was built near an oak grove, in which they say vocal oaks grew, which used to shake themselves as soon as the people that approached interrogated, and made a sort of noise expressive of the response which was made: there was a statue erected there, which gave the answers numerically from brazen kettles beat with a wand. The latter oracle was in the remote corner of Lybia, among the Garamantians, situated in vast deserts, scorched and sterile from the intense heat of the sun. After this there have others appeared in different places, the most celebrated of which were the Pythian or Delphic oracle in Greece, the oracle of Latona, of Hercules, of Apollo, of Minerva, of Diana, of Mars, of Jove, of Serapis in Egypt. In short, the devil disseminated numerous oracles through the globe, which were totally destroyed and silenced at the birth of our Redeemer, as the pagan writer Plutarch complains about the beginning of the second century.

The most celebrated of these oracles with us, beside the fatal stone now in the throne at Westminster, was Cromcruach, of which we have spoken before; and Clochoir (that is a golden stone), from which Clogher, a bishop's see, has taken its name, in Orgialla, where an idol made of a golden stone used to give responses. "This stone," says Cathald Maguire, canon of Armagh, "is preserved at Clogher, at the right side of the church, which the Gentiles covered with gold, because in that they worshipped the principal idol of the northern parts, called Hermann Kelstach." The idol Cromcruach, to whom King Tigernas, with all his people, devoted his life, was the prince of all the idols of the country, and had his station, till the subversion of idolatry in Ireland by Saint Patrick, in the plains of Moyleuct, which the kings and nobility of the kingdom adored with the highest veneration, and with peculiar rites and sacrifices; "because a foolish, ignorant, and superstitious people who worshipped him imagined he gave answers," as Jocelyn says, concerning the fall and destruction of this god. The author of the seventh life of St. Patrick thus says in Colgan: "It was an idol embossed with gold and silver, and had ranged on either side of it twelve brazen statues of less distinction. For thus the delusive Lucifer devised it, and suggested to his blind and infatuated worshippers, that he might receive the same adorations and honour on earth which should be poured forth to the Son of God and his apostles. But this usurping miscreant, not by any means an object of compassion, was subdued by the servant of the living God; and was publicly disrobed and divested of these honours which he had contaminated by usurpation, and at length tumbled to the earth with confusion from his elevated station. For when Patrick saw at a distance the idol standing near the river Guthard, and as he was approaching, threatened to strike him with the staff of Jesus, which he had in his hand, the statue began to fall down to the right, towards the west; it had its face turned to Temoria, and had the impression of the staff in its left side, though the staff did not touch it, nor did it even leave the hand of the man of God. The other twelve smaller statues were swallowed up in the earth to their necks, and their heads are to be seen yet as a lasting memorial of this prodigy, just over ground. He then commanded the devil, that leaving the statue he should appear visibly to them in his own shape, and called King Laogar, his nobility and subjects, to show them what a monster they adored. In this conflict of the holy man with the father of deceit a button happened to fall out of his coat, which, when he found in heath, they took care to have the heath pulled up, in which place, to this very day, that ground is free from heath, and is seen quite bare, producing nothing in the midst of the heath:" so far from Colgan. In commemoration of this memorable annihilation of idolatry, I believe the last Sunday in summer is, by a solemn custom, dedicated through Ireland, which they commonly call Donnach Crom-

duibh, that is, the Sunday of Black Crom; I suppose on account of the horrid and deformed appearance of this horrible spectre; others, with more propriety, call it St. Patrick's Sunday, in regard to this conquest over Satan.

. . . . . .

I find no vestiges of Jove, or of any other god, whom other nations worshipped among our pagan ancestors. The names of three days of the week are called after the Moon, Mars, and Saturn, and (? but) I am of opinion that the cycles of the weeks have been introduced with the use of the Latin language, which was imported hither with the gospel. The two daughters of Laogar, king of Ireland, very great favourites with the Magi, while they lived with their foster-father, not far from Cruachan, the palace of Connaught, entered into a conversation with St. Patrick about God, according to the ideas they had imbibed of their own gods, not having mentioned one of their country deities. St. Patrick happened to be chanting his matins with three of his bishops and a great number of the clergy very early on a morning, at a fountain called Clabach, to the east of Cruachan, when the two princesses, at sunrise, came forth to wash their faces and view themselves in that fountain as in a mirror. Look back, you that are clothed in purple and pampered with the refined delicacies of luxuries quite unknown to the simplicity of ancient times, and behold the retired, unattended, but innocent walk of the royal ladies, in order to make use of this crystal fountain as a toilet to deck themselves. . . .

When the princesses saw these venerable gentlemen, clothed in white surplices, and holding books in their hands, astonished at their unusual dress and attitudes, they looked upon them to be the people Sidhe. The Irish call these Sidhe, aerial spirits or phantoms, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside. Saint Patrick, taking an opportunity of addressing the young ladies, introduced some divine topic which was concerning the existence of one God only. When the elder sister in reply thus unembarrassed inquired: "Who is your God? and where doth he dwell? does he live in heaven, or under, or on the earth? or is his habitation in mountains, or in valleys, or in the sea, or in rivers? whether has he sons remarkable for their beauty, and are his daughters handsome and more beautiful than the daughters of this world? are many employed about the education of his son? is he opulent, and does his kingdom abound with a plenty of wealth and riches? in what mode of worship does he delight? whether is he decked in the bloom of youth, or is he bending under the weight of years? has he a life limited to a certain period, or is he immortal?" In which interrogations there was not a word of resemblance or comparison between the pagan gods Saturn, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Pallas, Juno, and the unknown divinity. Nor did she allude in her discourse to that Cromcruach, the principal god of our heathen deities, or to any of their attributes.

From whence we may infer that the divinities of the Irish were local ones, that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places. For as the pagan system of theology taught, "as souls were divided with mortals at their birth, so fatal genii presided over them, and that the eternal cause has distributed various guardians through all nations," and that these topical genii never went to other countries.

The flamens or priests of our heathen worship were Druids, whom the Latins commonly call Magi, because they understood magic. Druis, in Irish *Draoi*, is derived from the Greek word *drys*, *dryos*, that is, an oak, or from the Celtic word *deru*, which imports the same, because they solemnized their superstitious rites in oak groves, or perhaps from the vocal oak grove of which we have spoken above. . . . They were held in the greatest esteem formerly in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. Some assert there was a college of Druids in Gaul before the year of the world 2187. Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, has written a long treatise on them, from whom we have extracted what follows: "The Druids superintended divine worship, they order both public and private sacrifices, they explain articles of religion, they give a decisive opinion in all controversies, they appoint rewards and penalties, to be interdicted from attending their religious duties is the severest punishment. This is the mode of excommunication, they are enrolled in the number of the impious and abandoned, all desert them and shun their company and conversation, nor is equity or justice administered to them when they want it, neither is any honour conferred on them. There is one who is invested with unlimited authority; he is elected by the suffrages of the Druids. Sometimes they have bloody engagements concerning the sovereignty. Their order was first invented in Britain, as it is supposed, and from thence

transmitted into Gaul, and now those who wish to attain a perfect knowledge of their rules and customs go thither to study. The Druids are never engaged in military affairs, neither do they pay taxes as other subjects; they do not think it lawful to commit the principles of their system to writing, and they generally use the Greek language in other matters. They advance this particularly as a tenet of their doctrine, that souls do not perish, but after their separation from bodies pass into and animate other bodies, and by this belief they imagine they are inspired with and excited to virtuous and noble actions through a contempt of death. They dispute on many things concerning the heavenly bodies and their revolutions; of the form of the earth, of the nature of things, of the attributes and power of the gods, and they instruct the youth in these matters." The island Mona, divided by a narrow sea from Britain, and quite different from that Mona which is also called Menavia and Mann, situate between the northern parts of Britain and Ireland, was the ancient seat of the Druids in Britain. Now it is commonly called Anglesey, as if the island of the English, the capital of which is Beaumorris.

The Druids strenuously opposed the gospel in Ireland, and we are told they predicted the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland to the total destruction of their sect.

COUNT HAMILTON.

Born 1646 — Died 1720.

[Anthony, Count Hamilton, descended from a younger branch of the dukes of Hamilton, was born at Roscrea in 1646. His parents were Catholics and Royalists, and as such found it wisest to leave Ireland and take up their abode in France on the death of Charles I. in 1649. In France the future count resided for many years with his parents, and it was there he was educated. At the Restoration in 1660 he was brought over to England, where he soon grew in favour with the court and wits of the day. For a number of years he divided his time between France and England, and when the Revolution occurred he was appointed governor of Limerick by James II. On the break-up of James's party he returned once more to France, where he passed the rest of his life, "and was for many years the delight and ornament of the most splendid circles of society, by his wit, his taste, and above all by his writings." He died at St. Germains in 1720, aged seventy-four.

The works of Count Hamilton have been frequently published, and always with success. His *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont* is, to this day, eagerly sought after, and is, as one of his biographers says, "a spirited production, exhibiting a free, and in the general outline a faithful, delineation of the voluptuous court of Charles II." His *Fairy Tales* are marked by great elegance of style in the original French in which they were written. They were intended as a "piece of ridicule on the passion for the marvellous which made the *Arabian Nights* so eagerly read at their first appearance" in French. Like the *Arabian Nights* they are still read—the last edition issued in Bohn's series being at the moment of writing out of print. The *Poems* are full of sprightliness and grace, and partake in places of the cavalier character of Lovelace. All his works are marked by fertility of imagination and ready movement. His fugitive pieces are not well authenticated, and are of little moment. "The *History of Grammont*," says Sir Walter Scott, "may be considered as an unique; there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, *Gil Blas* is unrivalled: but as a merely agreeable book, the *Memoirs of Grammont*, perhaps, deserves that character more than any which was ever written."]

RONDEAU.

Keep in mind these maxims rare,
You who hope to win the fair;
Who are, or would esteemed be,
The quintessence of gallantry—

That foppery, grinning, and grimace,
And fertile store of common-place;
That oaths as false as dicers swear,
And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair:

That trinkets and the pride of dress,
Can only give your scheme success.
Keep in mind.

Has thy charmer e'er an aunt?
Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
Such as, save woman, none would credit;
Win o'er her confidante and pages,
By gold, for this a golden age is;
And should it be her wayward fate
To be incumbered with a mate,
A dull, old dotard should he be,
That dulness claims thy courtesy.
Keep in mind.

PORTRAIT OF GRAMMONT.

For your past sketch how beauties tender
Did to his vows in crowds surrender:
Show him forth-following the banners
Of one who match'd the goddess born:
Show how in peace his active manners
Held dull repose in hate and scorn:
Show how at court he made a figure,
Taught lessons to the best intriguer,
Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
His prompt address foil'd all their labours.
Canvas and colours change once more,
And paint him forth in various light:
The scourge of coxcomb and of bore;
Live record of lampoons in score,
And chronicle of love and fight;
Redoubted for his plots so rare,
By every happy swain and fair;
Driver of rivals to despair;
Sworn enemy to all long speeches;
Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
Author of many a repartee:
Remember, over all, that he
Was most renowned for storming breaches. . .
Tell too by what enchanting art,
Or of the head, or of the heart,
If skill or courage gain'd his aim;
When to St. Alban's foul disgrace,
Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
And a fair nymph's seducing face,
He carried off gay Buckingham.[1]

Speak all these feats, and simply speak,—
To soar too high were forward freak,—
To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest;
For 'tis not on the very peak
That middling voices sound the sweetest.
Each tale in easy language dress,
With natural expression closing;
Let every rhyme fall in express;
Avoid poetical excess,
And shun low miserable prosing:
Doat not on modish style, I pray,
Nor yet condemn it with rude passion:
There is a place near the Marais,
Where mimicry of antique lay
Seems to be creeping into fashion.
This new and much admired way,
Of using Gothic words and spelling,
Costs but the price of Rabelais,
Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.
With half a dozen ekes and ayes,
Or some such antiquated phrase,
At small expense you lightly hit
On this new strain of ancient wit.

. . . .

Still may his wit's unceasing charms
Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning:
May he renounce the din of arms,
And sleep some longer of a morning:
Still be it upon false alarms,
That chaplains come to lecture o'er him;
Still prematurely, as before,
That all the doctors give him o'er,
And king and court are weeping for him.
May such repeated feats convince
The king he lives but to attend him;
And may he, like a grateful prince,
Avail him of the hint they lend him;
Live long as Grammont's age, and longer,
Then learn his art still to grow younger

FIDDLESTICK.[2]

About seven thousand three hundred and fifty-three miles from hence there is a certain beautiful country called Cashmeer, which was governed by a caliph. This caliph had a daughter, and that daughter a face; but it would have been better for many if she had

[1] This refers to Grammont's share in carrying Buckingham to France and causing him to determine on breaking the Triple Alliance.

[2] From *May Flower*, a Circassian Tale, second edition in English, Salisbury, 1796. The occasion of Count Hamilton writing this beautiful Circassian tale is thus related in the introduction to the book: "The conversation happened to turn in a company in which he was present on the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which were just published; every one highly commended the book; many seemed to hint at the difficulty of writing that species of composition. 'Nothing can be more easy,' replied Count Hamilton, 'and as a proof of it I will venture to write a Circassian tale after the manner of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* on any subject which you can mention.' 'Fiddlestick!' [*Tarare!*] replied the other. 'You have hit it,' said Count Hamilton; 'and I promise you that I shall produce a tale in which Fiddlestick shall be the principal hero.' In a few days he finished this tale, which he called 'Fleur d'Épine.' It was much read and admired in Paris.'

ANTHONY, COUNT HAMILTON.

FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.

been born without one. For her beauty, tolerable to the fifteenth year of her age, became insupportable at that period. I shall not pretend to describe the most beautiful mouth that was ever seen, the whitest teeth, a nose which was neither too long nor too short; the liveliness of her complexion, in comparison with which the lilies of Cashmeer, which are a thousand times whiter than ours, appeared dirty, and the carnation of her cheeks, which shamed the damask-rose. But all these charms were nothing in comparison with her eyes, which shone with such astonishing brightness, that from the eighth year of her age, her father, who was a truly economical prince, used to extinguish all the candles at midnight throughout his palace, and the light from her eyes was so great, that all the courtiers (and courtiers always speak truth) declared they could see as well as at midday. No one could ever distinguish their colour; for as soon as any one ventured to take a peep at them he was immediately struck as with a flash of lightning; and from this circumstance she was called the Brilliant.

The misfortune was that the finest young men of the court perished continually; and a day did not pass that two or three of those fops, who affected to ogle whenever they met with a pretty pair of eyes, and who had hitherto escaped unhurt, could not avoid the general conflagration. Such, indeed, was the effect of the operation that the flame passed rapidly from the eyes to the heart of those men who looked at her; and in less than four-and-twenty hours they died, continually pronouncing tenderly her name, and humbly thanking her beautiful eyes for the honour of sending them to the grave.

The fair sex, however, suffered differently. Those who saw her at a distance were dazzled to such a degree as to become near-sighted; but those who waited on her person purchased their honour at a dear rate: the lady of the bed-chamber, four maids of honour, and an old mistress of the robes, became absolutely blind.

The grandees of the kingdom, who saw their families daily extinguished by the fatal conflagration of her eyes, humbly petitioned the caliph to find out some remedy for a disorder which deprived their sons of their lives and their daughters of their sight.

Accordingly, the caliph summoned his council of state to deliberate on what was to be done. His minister presided, and this minister was the silliest president alive.

The council was divided in opinion. One party proposed to put Brilliant into a convent; supposing that there could be no harm if a dozen or two old nuns, with their abbess, should become blind for the good of the state. A second party proposed to sew her eyelids together; and a third offered to take out her eyes with such address that she should feel no pain, keep them in a silver box till the fatal fire was somewhat extinguished, and then replace them in their sockets as if they had never been taken out.

The caliph, who tenderly loved his daughter, objected to all these proposals, and the prime minister, who penetrated his royal master's sentiments, got up to speak. The good man had cried bitterly for above an hour, and he began his harangue even without wiping his eyes.

"I have been lamenting," he said, "the death of the count, my son, knight of the sword, which honour, however, could not preserve him from the fatal looks of the princess. He was yesterday buried: so no more of him. We are now met for the service of your majesty, and I must forget that I am a father, to remember only that I am a minister.

"My grief has not prevented me from listening to the several opinions: and with great respect to the company, I do not approve any which have been given. Mine is as follows: I have a squire in my service: I do not know whence he comes, or what he is; further, I know, that since he has been in my service I no longer trouble myself about the affairs of my household. He is like a spirit who knows everything, and although I have the honour of being your majesty's first minister, yet I am a mere ignoramus in comparison with him. My wife tells me so every day. Now, if your majesty should find it good to consult him upon an affair of such difficulty, I am persuaded your majesty would be satisfied."

"Willingly, good Mr. Minister," returned the caliph; "and more particularly as I shall be very glad to see a man who has more wisdom and understanding than yourself."

On being sent for the squire refused to come, unless the eyes of the princess were closed.

"Sire," said the minister, "did I not tell you so!"

"Oh, ho!" replied the caliph, "I see he is not deficient in understanding; bring him here; he shall not see my daughter's eyes." He soon came, and though neither well nor ill made he had something agreeable in his air and striking in his physiognomy.

"Speak boldly to him, sire," said the minister, "he understands all languages."

The caliph, who only understood his own tongue, and that not very well, after meditating a long time in order to find out an ingenious question, said to him—

"My friend, what is your name?"

"Fiddlestick," replied he.

"Fiddlestick!" returned the caliph.

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed the minister.

"I ask you," resumed the caliph, "what is your name?"

"I understand you, sire."

"Well, then," said the caliph, "what is it?"

"Fiddlestick," replied the other, making at the same time a low bow.

"And why are you called Fiddlestick?"

"Because it is my name."

"And how so?"

"Because I quitted my real name to take this; so I am called Fiddlestick, although it is not my real name."

"Nothing is plainer," returned the caliph; "and yet I should never have found it out in a month."

——"Well then, Mr. Fiddlestick, what shall we do with my daughter?"

"What you please, sire."

"But I say, what shall we do with my daughter?"

"What you please," again replied Fiddlestick.

"To cut the matter short," said the caliph, "my minister advised me to consult you in regard to her misfortune in killing or striking blind those who look at her."

"The gods are to blame, sire," Fiddlestick cries,
"Who made her so handsome, and not her bright eyes.

But if it is a misfortune to have such beautiful eyes, hear what is to be done, according to my humble opinion. The fairy Serena knows all the secrets of nature; send her a trifling present of a hundred or two hundred thousand rupees, and if she does not find a remedy for the eyes of the princess you may be fully persuaded that her disorder is incurable; and in order to prevent all excuses or delays, I will myself undertake to consult Serena on your part, as I am well acquainted with her habitation."

The caliph approved the proposal, and ordered a purse of the most brilliant diamonds, and half a bushel of the largest pearls, as a present for the fairy; and our adventurer set out on the expedition, notwithstanding the opposition and regret of the minister's wife.

During his absence on this expedition, which lasted a month, the eyes of Brilliant did more execution than ever; and the caliph ordered public prayers and processions to incline Heaven to look with an eye of pity on his distressed subjects, and to prevent her fixing her eyes on him. In the midst of these distresses and ceremonies Fiddlestick returned, and repairing to the caliph, who was in the act of consulting his privy-council, thus addressed him: "Sire, the fairy Serena presents her compliments, thanks you for your present, but declines accepting it. She says that she is able to render the eyes of the princess as harmless as those of your majesty, without diminishing their lustre, provided you will supply her with four things."

"Four!" returned the caliph; "four hundred if she pleases."

"Softly if you please," replied Fiddlestick; "the first of these is the portrait of Brilliant; the second, May Flower; the third, the Luminous Hat; and the fourth, the mare Sonora."

"What is the meaning of all this?" interrupted the caliph.

"I will tell you, sire," returned Fiddlestick. "Serena has a rival whose name is Mother Long Tooth; she is almost as powerful as herself, but as she employs her art in doing harm, she is only a witch, while Serena is an honest fairy. Now this old hag contrived to carry away the daughter of Serena, and is now endeavouring by most cruel usages to force her to marry her son, who is a little monster. This supposed daughter of Serena is called May Flower. The old hag has also in her possession a hat all covered with diamonds, and those diamonds are so sparkling that they rival the sun, and are only inferior to the lustre of Brilliant's eyes; this is the Luminous Hat. Beside these things she has a mare, each hair of which is provided with a golden bell, so harmonious that it is a concert of itself; and whenever this animal stirs the united sound of all the bells forms a melody louder and more ravishing than the harmony of the spheres.

"These are the four things which Serena requires, and as a comfort, she added, that it is next to impossible for any one who endeavours to carry off May Flower, the Luminous Hat, and Sonora, not to avoid falling into the hands of the old hag; and if that should happen not all the powers of earth can again deliver him from her clutches."

The consideration of these hard terms affected

the caliph and his privy-councillors to such a degree that they burst into tears. Fiddlestick, affected at their sorrow, said to the caliph, "Sire, I know a man who will undertake to execute the first commission."

"How!" returned the caliph, "to draw the portrait of my daughter! and who is there sufficiently out of his senses to attempt what is impossible?"

"Fiddlestick," replied the other; "Fiddlestick!" returned the caliph; "Fiddlestick!" repeated the minister and all the privy-councillors; "Fiddlestick!" echoed the courtiers who were waiting in the drawing-room till the caliph made his appearance; and "Fiddlestick!" re-echoed the servants who were standing in the court-yard of the palace, and the boys who were playing in the streets.

"Sire," said the minister, "he will succeed if he undertakes it."

"And if he does," replied the caliph, "who will undertake the rest?"

"Fiddlestick," answered the other; "Fiddlestick!" said the caliph; "Fiddlestick!" repeated the minister and all the privy-councillors; "Fiddlestick!" echoed the courtiers who were waiting in the drawing-room till the caliph made his appearance; and "Fiddlestick!" re-echoed the servants who were standing in the court-yard of the palace, and the boys who were playing in the streets.

"Sire," said Fiddlestick impatiently, "I cannot engage in this attempt, but under two conditions; the first, that when my name is mentioned, it may not be bandied about from one to the other like so many echoes; and the second, that when the princess is restored to the state which you desire, she may be permitted to choose her own husband."

The caliph solemnly promised; and the minister, who loved business, issued letters patent under the great seal, granting to Fiddlestick the sole monopoly of painting the portrait of the Princess Brilliant, and of being called Fiddlestick without any one's presuming to repeat the name whenever it was mentioned.

This important business being finished, the caliph and the whole court were employed in making conjectures by what means he would paint a countenance which no one could look at without instant blindness or death; but he soon convinced them that it was not impossible.

Having travelled much, and being accustomed to make a journal of his tour, he found in his notes, that in those countries where eclipses are common the natives were accustomed to look at the sun through a glass tinged with a dark colour.

He immediately contrived to make a pair of spectacles with glasses of a dark green colour; and having tried their effect against the sun at midday, he repaired to the apartments of Brilliant with the proper apparatus for taking her portrait.

This proceeding surprised her, and to punish his rashness she opened her eyes as much as she could, but all she did was in vain, for the painter, after he had sufficiently and minutely examined, under cover of his spectacles, the features of her countenance, began the portrait.

Although he was not a painter by profession, yet no one surpassed him in the art. He had an exquisite taste in all the branches of design, composition, and colouring, and was an admirable judge of beauty. The beauty of the princess did not at first make upon his heart that impression which might have been expected. But by degrees his insensibility wore off, he became smitten with her charms, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable by the power of his wit and understanding, which he possessed in so high a degree. The princess was not insensible to the praises which he bestowed on her beauty, and listened with the greatest attention to the agreeable account of his travels, which he related under the pretext of amusing her while she was sitting for her picture. She was so delighted with his lively sallies and amusing conversation, that she would often prolong the time in which she was to sit, always expressed her regret when he left her, quite forgot that his person was not as beautiful as his mind, and at length became passionately in love with him.

The portrait was no sooner finished than it became the admiration of the whole court; all the courtiers to a man declared that they could scarcely bear to look at the eyes of the picture, and affected to borrow spectacles for that purpose.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile the princess became pensive and melancholy, and her uneasiness increased as the time approached when Fiddlestick was about to depart in pursuit of so dangerous an adventure.

On taking leave she assured him "that in exposing himself for her sake he was going to labour for himself; for if he succeeded she was permitted to choose her own husband, and she need not tell him who that should be; and if

he did not succeed, she should then remain single."

It must be confessed, that this declaration was plain and open; but in those days whenever a beautiful lady felt any symptoms of tenderness she was eager to disclose them, and princesses were not more squeamish than other women. Nor was Fiddlestick shocked at this eagerness; he flung himself twenty times at her feet, to express transports which he did not feel, for he was astonished at finding that his heart did not beat time with his mouth, and that he did not love as much as he professed.

[After wonderful adventures, Fiddlestick, aided by the fairy Serena, conquered old Mother Long Tooth, and released May Flower; at the same time he managed cleverly to fill the bells with something to hinder their sounding, so that the mare called Sonora went off with him quietly. The diamond hat also is secured. May Flower, in gratitude for her release, fell in love with him, and he reciprocated the feeling. However, he returned to court accompanied by May Flower, and this is how matters proceed.]

He carried in his hand a phial made of a single diamond, containing a transparent liquor of such splendour, that the eyes of Brilliant herself were dazzled and closed of themselves.

Fiddlestick took that opportunity of moistening her temples and eyelids; having ordered the doors to be thrown open, the people entered in crowds and were witnesses to the immediate effect of the liquor; her eyes were no less brilliant than before, but so little dangerous, that an infant of a year old could ogle her during a whole day without danger.

Fiddlestick having respectfully kissed the train of her robe retired from her presence, and although the first emotion of his heart would have carried him to the charming May Flower, yet the report of the miracle he had just performed was so quickly diffused, that he was hurried involuntarily into the presence of the caliph.

That good prince was almost transported with joy when he heard that the eyes of his daughter, though as bright as ever, were no longer dangerous to behold, and when Fiddlestick had restored him to his sight he did not appear so much delighted with seeing the light of the sun, as grateful to him who had been the means of opening his eyes.

. . . . . .

He expressed a resolution of leading him to his daughter, that she might choose him for her husband, adding that the marriage should instantly take place, and protested to his council that he should never be completely happy till he saw his palace full of little Fiddlesticks.

The members of the council were upon the point of repeating "Fiddlesticks!" but fortunately in time recollected the letters patent which declared all those who repeated that word guilty of high treason, and were silent.

[While the eyes of the Princess Brilliant were being cured it was found that a beloved parrot belonging to her had taken flight; all other considerations were for the time forgotten in this dreadful calamity, and the princess was almost distracted. In the midst of the confusion the parrot returned. The fairy Serena appeared and instantly restored him to his former shape, that of a handsome young prince named Phœnix. The Princess Brilliant at once fell in love with him, and he with her. All this was perplexing to the caliph, who had intended his daughter for Fiddlestick. The fairy Serena proposed to tell her story and set matters right, and after describing her father, who for love of science resigned a crown, and ultimately succeeded in discovering the philosopher's stone,—the marriage of her sister to a Circassian prince,—the death of her mother, and subsequently of her father, who bequeathed to her all his magic powers,—and her discovery by this means that the eldest daughter of her sister is menaced with great danger,—she goes on to relate how she found the secret foe:—]

"I had immediately recourse to my wand, and having drawn the extremity over a skin of parchment it traced of its own accord the horrible figure of Mother Long Tooth, the situation of her abode, her enchantments and inclinations. I was shocked at finding that the most horrible of all creatures had a greater propensity to love than to vengeance and cruelty; that she employed her art in drawing men into her snares. I had also the regret of discovering that neither my power nor my art could avail against hers as long as she possessed Sonora and the Luminous Hat.

"I learned, moreover, by means of my wand that she had an only son nearly of the same age of May Flower, and I was convinced that her aim was to carry off the heiress of Circassia and give her to Master Long Tooth. For this reason I proposed to take her under my protection, and my sister sent her to me secretly. But that precaution was of no ser-

vice, for the old hag contrived to carry her off almost in my presence, at the very moment when she was about to be delivered to me. I in vain passed her off as my daughter; the cruel Mother Long Tooth was not to be deceived, and all my arts were ineffectual in defending my poor little May Flower from the clutches of the inhuman sorceress. Yes, Caliph of Cashmeer, that same May Flower whom you now see is heiress of Circassia.

"May Flower was thus torn from me, and neither my art nor the powers of this world could have delivered her from the fangs of the sorceress if Fiddlestick had not undertaken the enterprise. That glory was reserved to the most ingenious as well as the most faithful of lovers. I well knew that these two qualities were necessary to him who should carry off Sonora and the Luminous Hat; and I could not form a conjecture where I should find a man of such a character.

"About the same time Brilliant was born, and my books which I consulted on that occasion having informed me that she would be an extraordinary beauty, I spread a secret contagion over the lustre of her eyes, well convinced that I should be applied to for the remedy, and resolved not to grant it but on the condition of obtaining May Flower and the treasures of Mother Long Tooth.

"The curiosity of Fiddlestick fortunately conducted him to my palace before he made his appearance at court, and what I discovered of his understanding and sentiments made me hope that if he undertook the adventure he might succeed.

. . . . . .

"Thus, sire, Fiddlestick is not so badly married as your majesty imagined; and the loss of Cashmeer and Brilliant will be amply supplied by the throne of Circassia and the possession of his beloved May Flower."

Serena had no sooner finished her relation, and the caliph was preparing a long harangue of compliments to her, and of excuses to May Flower, when he was relieved of his embarrassments by supper's being announced, and his most serene majesty had only time to say, "I trust, most mighty Serena, that you will unite with me in wishing that the brides and bridegrooms may enjoy that happiness which they deserve; that Brilliant may bear to Phœnix a numerous progeny as beautiful as their parents; that the palace of Circassia may be filled with little Fiddlesticks, who shall equal their father in ingenuity and courage, and their mother in meekness and patience, and that future generations may continue to hail the auspicious hour which placed on the throne Sultan Fiddlestick the First and his beloved May Flower."

THE SIEGE OF LERIDA AND ITS SEQUEL.[1]

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida; the place in itself was nothing, but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Ait, as proud as all the Gurmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada; he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defence, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Morlinqueu, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approached, we were all in high spirits; our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves; God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favour him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavour to continue it as long as he did him the honour to remain before the

---

[1] From *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont.*

place. The Spaniard was as good as his word, and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls!' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it, that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your majesty perhaps will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war: he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the chevalier; "but without any regard to his services he was treated in the manner I have mentioned for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently.

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not over-laden with laurels; but as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune; we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege; we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holy-day, a company of Catalans who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince, came to dance under his windows. Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced in the middle of this company as if he was really mad. I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about; the prince was charmed with his humour and activity. After the dance I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest at your service, my lord,' said he; 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country. I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for God be praised I can march very well on foot; but since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain; but since you are so well disposed towards me I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it; this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance, for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen, but as he danced with great sprightliness she could not bear the odour which his violent motions diffused around her room; the ladies likewise began to pray for relief, for he had almost got the better of all the perfumes and essences with which they were fortified. Poussatin nevertheless retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village as he danced at the weddings of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery: the treatment of Gregorio Brice offended her far more; and being desirous to justify the court of Spain, with respect to so cruel a proceeding: "Chevalier de Grammont," said she, "what heresy did Governor Brice wish to introduce into the state? What crime against religion was he charged with that he was confined in the Inquisition?" "Madam," said he, "the history is not very proper to be related before your majesty; it was a little amorous

frolic, ill-timed indeed; but poor Brice meant no harm; a school-boy would not have been whipped for such a fault in the most severe college in France, as it was only for giving proofs of his affection to a young Spanish fair one who had fixed her eyes upon him on a solemn occasion."

THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS:

A TALE TOLD TO A YOUNG LADY.[1]

Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign a great-grandfather of my lady, your mother, was lord high-admiral of Ireland, was a princess wonderful alike for wisdom, knowledge, magnificence, and greatness of character. So far so good; but she was as envious as a dog, and withal jealous and cruel, and this marred all the rest.

Be this as it might, common report, which never fails to give the bad side with the good, had borne her reputation into the very depths of Germany, whence a certain personage immediately set out to betake himself to her court. His name was Faust, but it is not unlikely we may hereafter call him Faustus, for the convenience of the rhyme, in case the fancy should take us to put him into verse. This Faustus, a great magician by profession, conceived a desire to ascertain in person whether the aforesaid Elizabeth, whereof such wonders were related, was indeed as marvellously endowed with good qualities as she was cursed with bad. He was in every way fitted to judge of the matter; for there was nothing took place up aloft in the region of the stars and planets but he knew of it; and Satan was as obedient to his beck as a poodle.

. . . . . .

One day being decked out with more than usual magnificence in order to receive some ambassadors, she had retired after the ceremony into her private closet, where she summoned our doctor to her presence. After admiring herself for some time in two or three large mirrors, she appeared mightily pleased with herself.

She was in this position when the enchanter Faustus made his appearance. He was the most accomplished courtier, for a conjurer, the world ever saw, and knowing the queen's weakness with respect to her imaginary beauty, he took good care not to lose so precious an opportunity of paying her his court. Accordingly, playing the part of the astounded Esther, he staggered back three steps as if about to fall into a swoon. Whereupon the queen asking him if he felt ill, he replied,

"No, thank God, but the glory of Ahasuerus has overpowered me."

The queen, who had the Old and New Testament by heart, considered the allusion as just as it was ingenious, but not having her sceptre about her at the time that she might give him the end of it to kiss as a token of favour, she contented herself with drawing a ruby ring from her alabaster finger, with which he was just as well contented.

"For a queen, then," she said, "you think we make a tolerable figure;" at the same time she moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue as if quite unconsciously; whereupon he swore the devil might have him (and the prospect was no new one to the devil) if there then existed or ever had existed her equal, crowned or uncrowned.

"O Faustus, my friend," said she, "if the famous beauties of antiquity could but return, it would be apparent that you flatter us."

"Would your majesty wish to see them?" he replied. "Let her but speak and she may satisfy her conscience at once."

The doctor's proposal was snapped at forthwith, whether from the queen's desire to put his magical science to the proof by so marvellous an application of it, or for the satisfaction of a curiosity she had long entertained.

You must not, however, imagine, Mademoiselle, that what I am about to relate to you is a mere fable and the coinage of my own brain. The event is handed down in the memoirs of one of the wits of the day, Sir Philip Sydney, a sort of favourite of the queen's, who has narrated the adventure at length among the occurrences of his life, and I have it from the late Duke of Ormond, your grand-uncle, who frequently related it to me as a matter of history.

The story goes on to say, then, that our conjurer requested the queen to step into a little gallery close to her apartment while he went to fetch his wand, his book, and his long black robe. He was not long ere he returned with all his talismans and paraphernalia. The gallery had two doors, one at each end; by one of these the personages whom her majesty desired to behold were to enter, and by the other to depart. Only two persons more in addition to the queen were admitted to the spectacle; one of these was Lord Essex, and

[1] Translated from the original French in 1849.

the other Sydney, the author of the memoirs.

The queen was posted about the middle of the gallery, and her two favourites on either side of her arm-chair, while the magician began, as a matter of course, to draw round them a mysterious circle, which he did with all the ceremonies usually employed on such occasions. He then drew another directly opposite for himself to stand in, leaving a space between, through which the actors were to pass. Thereupon he entreated the queen not to utter a word so long as they remained on the stage, and above all not to alarm herself at anything she might see. This latter precaution was somewhat superfluous with respect to her, for the good lady feared neither God nor devil. Having imparted this admonition, he asked her which of the defunct beauties she wished to behold first; to which she replied that in order to follow the proper chronological order, he ought to begin with Helen of Troy. Whereupon the necromancer, whose countenance appeared to undergo a slight change, called to them to "stand firm." Sydney confesses in his memoirs that at this point of the magical operation his heart began to beat a little, adding that the brave Lord Essex turned as white as a sheet, but that not a trace of any emotion was visible in the queen. It was then that—

> After an incantation mutter'd,
> *Sotte voce* it is said,
> And sundry other mummeries utter'd,
> The doctor Faustus raised his dead;
> And seeing our two heroes dying
> With fright, said, like a fury crying,
> "Daughter of Leda, from your tomb
> In all your ancient beauty come,
> Such as you were in olden time,
> When upon Ida's mountain shone
> That beauty sparkling as its clime,
> And Paris claim'd thee as his own."

After this invocation the lovely Helen could not reasonably keep them waiting; accordingly she appeared at the end of the gallery without any one perceiving how she had come in. She was attired in a Greek costume, and our author's memoirs state that her dress differed in nothing from that worn by our opera goddesses. . . . As soon as she had disappeared the queen exclaimed,

"What, is that the lovely Helen? Well, I don't plume myself on my beauty," she continued, "but may I die if I would change faces with her, even if it were possible."

"I told your majesty as much," replied the magician; "and yet you saw her exactly as she appeared in the very zenith of her beauty."

"Still," said Lord Essex, "I think her eyes may be considered fine."

"It must be admitted," rejoined Sydney, "that they are large, nobly shaped, black and sparkling, but what expression is there in them?"

"Not a particle," replied the favourite. The queen, whose face that day was as red as a turkey-cock's, asked them what they thought of Helen's porcelain complexion."

"Porcelain," cried Essex, "'tis but common delf at the best."

[After the queen had seen Mariamne and Cleopatra, fair Rosamond was next proposed, whom Sydney declared was like the queen. Elizabeth was so pleased with this, as the phantom Rosamond had been very beautiful, that she desired Dr. Faustus to call her before them once more. The doctor tried to dissuade her, but she was determined.]

He assured her, however, that if Rosamond did return, it would neither be through the door by which she had entered, nor that by which she had departed on her first appearance, and warned every one to take care of himself, for he would not answer for consequences. The queen, as we have already observed, knew not the sensation of fear, and our two gentlemen in waiting were by this time sufficiently hardened to supernatural appearances, so that the doctor's words gave them no alarm.

Meanwhile he had already commenced operations. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble; for after muttering a considerable time, and making a number of contortions which were neither decent nor civil, he threw his book on the ground, and began to hop round it on one leg; after which he stood with his head down and his legs up in the air in the shape of a gibbet; but seeing that nothing came of this, he had recourse to his last and most powerful incantation, which was to take three leaps backward with the little finger of the right hand in the left ear, and give himself three slaps on the buttocks, crying out three times as loud as he could shout, "Rosamond."

At the last of these magical slaps, a sudden gust of wind burst open a large window, through which Rosamond stepped into the middle of the gallery, as though she were stepping out of her carriage. The doctor was drowned in perspiration; and while he was wiping himself, the queen, who found her incompar-

ably more amiable this time than the last, forgot her usual self-control in her eagerness to welcome her, and rushed out of the circle with open arms, exclaiming,

"Ah! dearest Rosamond!" As soon as the words had escaped her lips, a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace, a thick black vapour filled the gallery, and several little new-born flashes of lightning began to dart about right and left in a zigzag course, and made the spectators tremble with fright. When the darkness was at last gradually dissipated, the magician Faustus was seen sprawling on the ground, foaming like a wild boar, with his cap on one side, his wand on the other, and his magical Alcoran between his legs. Not a person present at this adventure but brought away something more than his fright.

The flashes of lightning became more frequent and vivid, and one of them carried off Lord Essex's right eyebrow and Sydney's left moustache. Whether the queen lost anything is not known, but the memoirs inform us that her full collar smelled so terribly of tinder, and the lower part of her hoop dress of sulphur, that it was impossible to approach her. As you may imagine, charming Daphne, after experiencing such a rout, our inquisitive friends put off their desire to behold the Countess of Essex to another day; and indeed in the memoirs of Sydney the subject is never mentioned again.

For my own part I hope that this long rhapsody will have so wearied you, that you will never again take it into your head to invite me to discredit myself by a return to this kind of writing.

JOHN TOLAND.

Born 1669 — Died 1722.

[John Toland, who may be looked upon as one of the chief founders of English pantheism, was born on the 30th of November, 1669, at Eskaheen, in county Donegal. He was come of a good family, and at an early age was sent to the best school in the neighbourhood, that which then existed at Redcastle. In 1687, at eighteen years of age, he left Ireland and entered at Glasgow University, where he remained about three years. From Glasgow he moved to Edinburgh, and there, in June, 1690, he graduated Master of Arts. After this he returned for a short time to Glasgow, intending to return thence to Ireland, but changing his mind, went to England instead. From England, after a short stay, he passed on to Leyden, and at the university there he remained for two years, supported, it seems, by some Dissenters in England who had already formed a high estimate of his abilities.

On his return to England Toland went to live at Oxford, chiefly because of its public library and the concourse of learned men always to be met there. At Oxford his life as a writer began, though he busied himself chiefly in collecting materials which were afterwards used in the many and very various works that flowed from his pen. His first piece of any importance was a dissertation, in which he essayed to prove that the usually received account of the tragical death of Regulus was all a fable. At Oxford also he began the work which afterwards created so great a stir, "*Christianity not Mysterious;* or, a Treatise showing that there is nothing in the Gospel contrary to Reason nor above it, and that no Christian Doctrine can be properly called a Mystery." In 1695 he left Oxford and went to London, where he completed his work, and where he published it early in the following year. Its publication caused a great flutter among the orthodox, and several answers to it appeared almost immediately. The grand-jury of Middlesex also condemned it, but with the usual result of increasing rather than diminishing its sale. In Ireland, so soon as the book became known, a loud clamour arose, and when Toland himself went there in 1697 the outcry against him became alarming. By one or two, notably by Molyneux, he was fairly well received, but his peculiar manners and inveterate vanity soon turned these against him. On the 11th of September Molyneux writes to Locke:—"Mr. Toland is at last driven out of our kingdom; the poor gentleman by his imprudent management had raised such an universal outcry, that it was even dangerous for a man to have been known once to converse with him. This made all wary men of reputation decline seeing him, insomuch that

at last he wanted a meal's meat, as I am told, and none would admit him to their tables. . . . To complete his hardships the parliament fell on his book, voted it to be burned by the common hangman, and ordered the author to be taken into custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and to be prosecuted by the attorney-general at law. Hereupon he is fled out of this kingdom, and none here knows where he has directed his course."

So soon as he had arrived in London, whither he had fled from his would-be persecutors in Ireland, Toland, in no way cowed by the storm, brought out an account of the treatment he had received under the title of *An Apology for Mr. Toland.* He also continued to write on all sorts of topics, and with a boldness which showed that he cared little whom he might offend. In 1698, after the peace of Ryswick, he brought out his pamphlet, *The Militia Reformed,* &c.; and in the same year, prefixed to an edition of Milton's prose works, appeared his *Life of Milton.* In this he treats the *Icon Basilike,* attributed to Charles I., as spurious. Dr. Blackhall attacked him for this and for some supposed doubts thrown on the books of the New Testament, and Toland replied in a work entitled *Amyntor, or a Defence of Milton's Life. Amyntor* was, however, in its turn attacked by a host of foes, Dr. Samuel Clarke being chief of the number. Toland, too busy to reply further, went on with his other work, and in the same year published *Memoirs of Denzil Lord Holles;* and in 1700, Harrington's *Oceana,* with life; and *Clito, a Poem on the Force of Eloquence.* In 1701 appeared his political pamphlet *The Art of Governing by Parties,* and his *Propositions for Uniting the two East India Companies.* In June of the same year, after the passing of the act for settling the crown upon Princess Sophia, electress dowager of Hanover, he published his "*Anglia Libera;* or, the Limitation and Succession of the Crown of England explained and asserted." When the Earl of Macclesfield went into Hanover with the act Toland accompanied him and presented his *Anglia Libera* to the princess, by whom he was well received. From Hanover he proceeded to the court of Berlin, where he found the queen "took a pleasure in asking him questions, and learning his paradoxical opinions." Before going to the court he had published *Paradoxes of State, &c.; Reasons for Addressing His Majesty to invite into England the Electress Dowager and Elector of Hanover;* and *Vindicus Liberius,* a defence of himself against the Lower House of Convocation, which had condemned his *Amyntor.* On his return to England in 1704 he published his *Letters to Serena* (the Queen of Prussia), on the origin and force of prejudices, the origin of idolatry, &c.; and a little later an *English Translation of the Life of Æsop, by M. de Meziriac.* In 1705 appeared in quick succession, *Socinianism truly Stated,* together with *Indifference in Disputes recommended by a Pantheist to an Orthodox Friend; An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover; The Ordinances, &c., of the Academy . . . in the City of Berlin; The Memorial of the State of England, in vindication of the Queen, the Church, and the Administration.* In 1707 he edited for Harley, *Oratio Philippica ad excitandos contra Galliam Britannos,* and soon after he produced *The Elector Palatine's Declaration in favour of his Protestant Subjects.*

In the spring of 1707 Toland visited Berlin again. From there he went to Hanover, thence to Düsseldorf, afterwards to Vienna and Prague; and finally back towards home by way of the Hague. At the Hague he published a Latin volume containing two dissertations, *Adeisidæmon* and *Origines Judaicæ.* In 1710 he left Holland and returned to England, where he took up his residence at Epsom. In 1711 he published *A Description of Epsom, with the Humours and Politics of that Place,* having shortly before issued in French, without his name, *Lettre d'un Anglois à un Hollandois au sujet du docteur Sacheverell.* In 1712 appeared his *Letter against Popery; Reasons for creating the Prince of Hanover a Peer of this Realm;* and *The Grand Mystery Laid Open.* In 1713 he issued *An Appeal to Honest People against Wicked Priests;* and *Dunkirk or Dover,* &c., advocating the demolishing of Dunkirk. In 1714 appeared *The Art of Restoring; Letters by General Monk; The Funeral Elegy of the Princess Sophia;* and *Reasons for Naturalizing the Jews in Great Britain and Ireland . . . with a Defence of the Jews against all Vulgar Prejudices in all Countries.* In 1717 appeared his *State Anatomy of Great Britain;* and in 1718 his *Nazarenus; or, Jewish, Gentile, or Mahometan Christianity;* and his controversial work *The Destiny of Rome.* In 1720, when the British House of Lords brought in a bill "for the better securing the dependency of the Kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain," he took up his pen in defence of his native country and produced, "Reasons most humbly offered to the House of Commons why the bill sent down to them should not

pass into a law." About the same time he printed secretly and issued a few copies of his Latin tract *Pantheisticon*, to which his name is attached in the disguise of Janus Junius Eoganesius.

In the same year (1720) appeared one of his most learned works, and one which might still be studied with benefit. It is called *Tetradymus*, and is spoken of by an antagonistic biographer as "learned and valuable, perhaps more so than any work produced by Toland, though all of them display learning where the subject admits it." This work is divided into four parts. The first is called "Hodegus, or the pillar of cloud and fire that guided the Israelites in the wilderness not miraculous, but, as faithfully related in Exodus, a thing equally practised by other nations, and in those places not only useful but necessary." The second part, "Clydophorus," treats of the external and internal doctrine of the ancients, the one open and public, and in accordance with popular prejudice and established religion; the other secret and private, only taught to the few learned and discreet, who could receive the real truth stripped of all disguise. The third part is "Hypatia, or the history of the philosophic lady who was murdered at Alexandria, as was supposed, at the instigation of the clergy." The fourth part, "Mangoncutes," was a defence of his work *Nazarenus*, which contained the history of the ancient Gospel of Barnabas, and the modern Gospel of the Mahometans attributed to the same apostle; a relation of an Irish manuscript of the four Gospels, &c., attacked by Dr. Mangey.

In 1721 appeared the last work issued during Toland's lifetime, *Letters of Lord Shaftesbury to Robert Molesworth, Esq.* In December of this year he found himself very ill in London, but managing to get down to his house at Putney, he recovered somewhat, and in his seeming convalescence wrote, in anger, we are told, at his treatment by a physician, *A Dissertation to Prove the Uncertainty of Physic and the Danger of Trusting our Lives to those who Practise it.* In March, 1722, however, he again grew worse, and on the 11th of the month he "went to sleep," as he himself described it. A few days before his death he wrote his epitaph in Latin.[1]

The biographer from whom we have already quoted speaks of Toland as "a man of uncommon abilities, and perhaps the most learned of all the infidel writers." Locke thought very highly of his powers, as did Molyneux and all who knew him, but he and they were irritated by his vanity and wildness of manner. That his reading was of the very widest kind is apparent in every page of his writings, and that he had genius and talent of the very highest order, but badly directed, every candid reader must allow. Even from this short sketch it may be seen that he was not only a versatile but a most voluminous writer; though most of his works, owing to their theological and political character, are of little interest to-day except to the student. However, he has left some things well worthy preservation, such as his *History of the Druids*, published after his death in *The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. John Toland;* his *Tetradymus;* his *Life of Milton;* and, if we can overlook the theology and think only of the reasoner, his *Christianity not Mysterious.*]

REASON AND REVELATION.

(FROM "CHRISTIANITY NOT MYSTERIOUS.")

What we discoursed of reason before and revelation now being duly weighed, all the doctrines and precepts of the New Testament (if it be indeed divine)must consequently agree with natural reason and our own ordinary ideas. This every considerate and well-disposed person will find by the careful perusal of it; and whoever undertakes this task will confess the gospel not to be hidden from us, nor afar off, but very nigh us, in our mouths and in our hearts. It affords the most illustrious examples of close and perspicuous ratiocination conceivable; which is incumbent on me in the explication of its mysteries to demonstrate. And though the evidence of Christ's doctrine might claim the approbation of the Gentiles, and its conformity with the types and prophecies of the Old Testament, with all the marks of the Messiah concurring in his person, might justly challenge the assent of his countrymen; yet to leave no room for doubt, he proves his authority and gospel by such works and miracles as the stiff-necked

[1] It was translated, and reads as follows:—"A lover of literature, and knowing more than ten languages; a champion of truth, an assertor of liberty, but the follower or dependant of no man; neither menaces nor fortune could bend him; the way he had chosen he pursued, preferring honesty to his interest. His spirit is joined with its ethereal Father, from whom it originally proceeded; his body, likewise, yielding to nature, is again laid in the lap of its mother: but he is about to rise again in eternity, yet never to be the same Toland more."

Jews themselves could not deny to be divine. Nicodemus says to him, "No man can do these miracles which thou doest except God be with him." Some of the Pharisees acknowledged no sinner could do such things. And others, that they exceeded the power of the devil.

Jesus himself appeals to his very enemies, ready to stone him for pretended blasphemy, saying, If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, believe not me, believe the works, that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him: That is, believe not rashly in me, and so give a testimony to my works; but search the Scriptures, which testify of the Messiah; consider the works I do, whether they be such as become God and are attributed to him. If they be, then conclude and believe that I am he. In effect several of the people said, that Christ when he should come should do no greater wonders; and many of the Jews believed when they saw the miracles which he did.

How shall we escape, says the apostle, if we neglect so great a salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; God also bearing them witness with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Spirit, according to his own will. Those who heard Christ, the author of our religion, speak, and saw the wonders which he wrought, renounced all the hidden things of dishonesty, all craftiness and deceitful handling of the word of God. And that they manifest nothing but truth, they commend themselves to every man's conscience, that is, they appeal to every man's reason, in the sight of God. Peter exhorts Christians to be ready always to give an answer to every that asks them a reason of their hope. Now, to what purpose served all these miracles, all these appeals, if no regard was to be had of men's understandings? if the doctrines of Christ were incomprehensible, contradictory, or were we obliged to believe revealed nonsense? Now if these miracles be true, Christianity must consequently be intelligible; and if false, which our adversaries will not grant, they can be then no argument against us.

OF CARN FIRES.

(FROM "HISTORY OF THE DRUIDS.")

It was customary for the lord of the place, or his son, or some other person of distinction, to take the entrails of the sacrificed animal in his hands, and walking barefoot over the coals thrice, after the flames had ceased, to carry them straight to the Druid, who waited in a whole skin at the altar. If the nobleman escaped harmless it was reckoned a good omen, welcomed with loud acclamations; but if he received any hurt, it was deemed unlucky both to the community and to himself. Thus I have seen the people running and leaping through St. John's fires in Ireland, and not only proud of passing unsinged, but, as if it were some kind of lustration, thinking themselves in a special manner blessed by this ceremony, of whose original, nevertheless, they were wholly ignorant in their imperfect imitation of it. Yet without being apprised of all this, no reader, however otherwise learned, can truly apprehend the beginning of the Consul Flaminius's speech to Equanus the Sabin, at the battle of Thrasimenus, thus intelligently related by Silius Italicus.

> Then seeing Equanus, near Soracte born,
> In person as in arms the comeliest youth,
> Whose country manner 'tis when the archer keen
> Divine Apollo joys in burning heaps,
> The sacred entrails through the fire unhurt
> To carry thrice: so may you always tread
> With unscorched feet the consecrated coals,
> And o'er the heat victorious swiftly bear
> The solemn gifts to pleased Apollo's altar.

Now let all the commentators on this writer be consulted, and then it will appear what sad guesswork they have made about this passage, which is no less true of an infinite number of passages in other authors relating to such customs; for a very considerable part of Italy followed most of the Druidical rites, as the inhabitants of such places happened to be of Gallic extraction, which was the case of many cantons in that delicious country. But this is particularly true of the Umbrians and Sabins, who are by all authors made the ancientest people of Italy, before the coming thither of any Greek colonies. But they are by Solinus from the historian Bocchus, by Servius from the elder Mark Antony, by Isidore, also, and Tzetzes, in direct terms styled the issue of the ancient Gauls, or a branch of them; and Dionysus Halicarnasseus, the most judicious of antiquaries, proves out of Lenodotus that the Sabins were descendants of the Umbrians, or, as he expresses it, Umbrians under the name of Sabins. The reason I am so particular on this head is that the mountain Soracte is in the Sabin country, in the district of the Faliscans, about twenty miles to the

north of Rome, and on the west side of the Tiber. On the top of it were the grove and temple of Apollo, and also his carn, to which Silius, in the verses just quoted out of him, alludes. Pliny has preserved to us the very name of the particular race of people to which the performing of the above-described annual ceremony belonged; nor was it for nothing that they ran the risk of blistering their soles, since for this they were exempted from serving in the wars, as well as from the expense and trouble of several offices. They were called Hirpins.

Virgil, much elder than Silius or Pliny, introduces Aruns, one of that family, forming a design to kill Camilla, and thus praying for success to Apollo—

O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phebus, the ruling power among the gods,
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Burn on thy heap, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected with our naked soles
Thro' flames unsinged we pass, and tread the kindled coals;
Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day.

A Celtic antiquary ignorant of the origin of the Umbrians and Sabins would imagine, when reading what passed on Soracte, that it was some Gallic, British, or Irish mountain, the rites being absolutely the same. We do not read indeed in our Irish books what preservative against fire was used by those who ran barefoot over the burning coals of the carns; and to be sure they would have the common people piously believe they used none. Yet that they really did, no less than the famous fire-eater whom I lately saw making so great a figure at London, men of penetration and incorrupted judgments will never question; but we are not merely left to our judgments, for the fact is sufficiently attested by that prodigy of knowledge and perpetual opposer of superstition, Marcus Varro, who, as Servius on the above-cited passage of Virgil affirms, described the very ointment of which the Hirpins made use, besmearing their feet with it when they walked through the fire. Thus at all times have the multitude (that common prey of priests and princes) been easily gulled, swallowing secrets of natural philosophy for divine miracles, and ready to do the greatest good or hurt, not under the notions of vice or virtue, but barely as directed by men who find it their interest to deceive them.

CLITO: A POEM ON THE FORCE OF ELOQUENCE.

In common words I vulgar things will tell,
And in discourse, not finely speak, but well;
My phrase shall clear, short, unaffected be,
And all my speech shall, like my thoughts, be free;
Not grave enough to fright the young away,
Nor yet for elder company too gay.

But when the crowds I'm chosen to persuade,
By long orations for the purpose made;
Or by what reaches more with more success,
The laboured compositions of the press;
Then shall my fertile brain new terms produce,
Or old expressions bring again in use,
Make all ideas with their signs agree,
And sooner things than words shall wanting be.
Harmonious sounds the attentive ear shall please,
While artful numbers passions lay or raise,
Commanding vigour shall my thoughts convey,
And softness seal the truth of all I say.
I'll soothe the raging mob with mildest words,
Or sluggish cowards rouse to use their swords;
As furious winds sweep down whate'er resists,
So shall my tongue perform whate'er it lists,
With large impetuous floods of eloquence
Tickle the fancy, and bewitch the sense;
Make what it will the justest cause appear,
And what's perplexed or dark look bright and clear;
Not that I would the wrongful side defend;
He best protects those ablest to offend.

. . . . . .

Thrice happy they who see thy youth renew'd,
O potent Britain! thy worst foe subdued,
The proudest kingdoms for thy friendship sue,
And all free states their safety place in you;
Their products east and west shall send to thee,
Both Indias gladly will thy handmaids be.
The North unlocks her adamantine door,
And what the South conceals thou shalt explore;
Thy mighty fleets our honour will regain,
And the flag's triumph everywhere maintain;
Thy sons shall reap fresh laurels near and far,
Umpires of peace, and leaders still in war;
High Heaven alone shall o'er thy buildings sway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they;
Submissive kings shall on thy senate wait,
While nations thence expect to hear their fate.
Let learning, then, and manners be thy care,
The proud to humble, the distress'd to spare,
And to free those who slavish fetters wear.

. . . . . .

Thus powerful eloquence shall teach the wise
Vile and absurd inventions to despise;
And fools will mend when abler men exhort,
Or by strict laws are kept from doing hurt;
But as no rule without exception is,
So fools in learning come not under this;

For neither brains nor books make them improve,
Nor laws restrain, so much they mischief love,
The easiest things they speak in terms uncouth,
And empty notions hug for solid truth;
Sworn foes to reason, whose resistless light
Condemns their pride and ignorance to night;
Slaves to authority, the bane of schools,
Because all times have precedents for fools.
If in right ways I cannot such direct,
I'll spoil their trade, their vanity detect,
As sick men ordered by their doctors' bills
To breathe that air which quickly cures or kills,
So shall my words like thunderbolts be hurled,
And will confound or mend the erring world.

THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679 — Died 1717.

[The life of Thomas Parnell was a short and uneventful one, though for a time he jostled amongst the foremost men—wits and poets—of his day. He was born in Dublin in 1679, and early in life displayed considerable ability as well as quickness of memory. When only thirteen years of age he left the school of Dr. Jones and was admitted a member of Trinity College. This admission not being by favour, but after examination, proves the early, perhaps the too early, maturity of his understanding. On the 9th July, 1700, he took his degree of Master of Arts, and shortly after, having obtained a dispensation as being under canonical age, he was ordained a deacon by Dr. King, then Bishop of Derry. Three years later he was ordained priest, and in 1705 had conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher. About the same time also he married a Miss Ann Minchin, a lady of great beauty and high attainments, and who inspired him to write at least one of his songs, *My Days have been so Wondrous Free.* In 1706 Parnell visited England, where he was well received, and where he was soon admitted a member of the Scriblerus Club, formed of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. Pope especially soon became his warm friend, mutual services drawing them nearer and nearer to each other. His erudition and classical knowledge were of great use to Pope in producing his translation of Homer, an obligation the great man repaid by his edition of Parnell's works after the early death of their author. Of the Scriblerus papers Parnell is said to have written or had a hand in several. *The Life of Zoilas* was from his pen, and in the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies in Ethiopia,* he had a principal share, according to Pope. He also wrote papers for the *Guardian* and *Spectator,* and some of his poems having appeared, he was on the highroad to fame when in 1712 his wife died, and, moved by sorrow and the lassitude of a weak constitution, he gave way a little more than was wise to the delights of the bottle. This, however, he soon shook off to a great extent, being of too pure and refined a nature to become its slave. In 1713, by the good offices of Swift, he obtained a prebend from Archbishop King, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglass, worth £400 a year. This last he did not long enjoy, for on his way to Ireland in July, 1717, he died at Chester, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city. Over his grave no monument was placed, not even by his nephew, Sir John Parnell, who by his death became possessor of the hereditary property of the family.

Of Parnell's poetical works, the critics most competent and independent have long held a high opinion. That they are not more in number may be accounted for by his early death, and by the fact that his latter years were years of grief over the loss of his wife and children, and of alternate lassitude and excitement caused by the disease which was slowly but surely consuming him. Goldsmith says of his *Fairy Tale* that "it is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language." His *Epistle to Pope* is also considered by the same writer "one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any poet." Campbell, in his *Specimens of British Poetry*, says of Parnell, "The compass of Parnell's poetry is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful; not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The *curiosa felicitas*, the studied happiness of his diction, does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves in its cultured state the nat-

ural fragrance of its wilder air." A later critic, the Rev. John Mitford, says, that in his *Hesiod*, his *Hermit*, and his *Fairy Tale*, he "has given us poems that, in their kind, it would be very difficult to surpass in excellence." Dr. Johnson, after speaking of Parnell's *Hermit*, says, "Of his other compositions, it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature."

In 1721 Pope gathered together and published in one volume a collection of the best of Parnell's poems, to which he attached an epistle to the Earl of Oxford in his very best manner. In 1758 *The Posthumous Works of Parnell* appeared in Dublin. These, with several additional poems, collected by Mr. Nicholls, were printed in the London collection of English poets, and afterwards reprinted in the *British Poets*, published at Edinburgh in 1795. Goldsmith published an edition of Pope's volume, to which he added a life, and two poems, *Piety or the Vision* and *Bacchus*. During the last seventy or eighty years several editions of Parnell have appeared, and he has a place among the *Aldine Series of Poets*.]

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daune'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain baek mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uneouth form forbid,
This ereature dar'd to love.

He felt the eharms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape eould win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pae'd along
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enehaunted eourt,
Where sportive faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was eross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reaeh'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But seant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to eount aright,
At onee a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease;
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But, trust me, gentles, never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The eountry lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awfull aecent cried,
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infeet the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advane'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love
Whieh made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We faeries never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejeeted heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunee;
Whilst I with Mab my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen;

The rest their faeric partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the faerie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortall passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

'Ah losell vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of faerie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And faeries, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,

"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A thoughtful being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too),
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake),
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes;
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young).
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new months his train adorn;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronoun'd the words of fate:

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament:
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay.
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill:
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;

And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest),
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,

Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let those scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servent sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

ROBERT VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH.

Born 1656 — Died 1725.

[Robert Molesworth, Viscount Molesworth of Swords, in county Dublin, was born at Dublin in December, 1656, four days after the death of his father, an eminent merchant of that city, and one who had in early life served as a captain in the army. In Dublin young Molesworth received his education, and in due time he entered the university there. Before he was of full age he married a sister of Richard, earl of Bellamont, by whom he had a daughter, afterwards well known to the world as Mrs. Monk, author of *Marinda*.[1] In 1688 he took such a prominent part on the side of William III. that he was attainted and his estate sequestrated by the Irish parliament of James on the 2d May, 1689. This, however, only served to his advancement, for on the success of William he had all his estates restored, was called to the privy-council, and in 1692 sent envoy extraordinary to the court of Denmark.

In Denmark Molesworth resided about three years, but at the end of that time he seems to have given offence to the Danish king, and was forbidden the court. This offence appears to have consisted in travelling the king's road and hunting the king's game. Turning his back upon the court without the ceremony of a final audience he hastened to Flanders, and from thence home without leave. So soon as he arrived he began to draw up his *Account of Denmark*, in which he proved that there were indeed many things "rotten in the state." As might be expected, Prince George of Denmark was highly incensed at the free speech in Molesworth's work, and Scheel, the Danish envoy, presented a memorial of complaint against it to William III. Scheel also employed Dr. William King of London, author of the *Art of Love* and the *Art of Cookery*, to write a reply, and presented him with materials for spicing his dish.

Molesworth, however, took little notice of all this fuss. His book and himself had by one bound sprung into popularity, and the former was immediately translated into several languages. Shaftesbury, who saw in the book not only an *Account of Denmark*, but a politico-philosophical treatise of a high kind, spoke out his approval, and "conceived a great esteem for the author, which afterwards ripened into a close friendship." Later on, in writing to Molesworth, Shaftesbury said, "You have long had my heart even before I knew you personally. For the wholly and truly pious man who revealed the greatest of mysteries; he who, with a truly generous love to mankind and his country, pointed out the state of

[1] See page 80.

Denmark to other states, and prophesied of things highly important to the growing age; he, I say, had already gained me as his sworn friend before he was so kind as to make friendship reciprocal by his acquaintance and expressed esteem."

After this Molesworth sat in the House of Commons of both kingdoms, being member for the borough of Swords in Ireland, and for those of Bodmin, St. Michael, and Retford in England. He sat as a member of the privy-council till the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, when, owing to the height of party feeling, he was removed from the board. This was on complaint of the Lower House of Convocation that he had affronted the clergy when they presented their address to the lord-chancellor, and that he had said openly, as no doubt he did, "They that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

However, as Molesworth was a constant and strenuous defender of the succession of the house of Hanover, George I., on the naming of his privy-council for Ireland, in October, 1714, made him a member. Soon after he was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations, and in 1716 he was made a peer of Ireland under the title of Baron of Philipstown and Viscount Molesworth of Swords. For some years longer, that is, until the early part of 1723, he continued his labours. In 1723 he retired into private life, in which he passed two quiet happy years, and died at Breedenstown in the county of Dublin on the 22d of May, 1725. He was buried at Swords.

In addition to his *Account of Denmark*, from which we quote, Molesworth wrote a great number of able pamphlets, and ephemeral but highly successful and useful tracts, of a political and politico-philosophical kind. He translated into English the *Franco-Gallia* of Hottoman, of which a second edition appeared in 1721, with additions and a new preface by the translator. His *Address to the House of Commons* on the encouragement of agriculture was frequently referred to for many years, and his letter on the Irish peerage is not yet forgotten in certain quarters.

The letters of Locke and Molyneux show that both these philosophers had a great respect for Molesworth, and held him in high regard. Locke calls him "an extraordinary man;" and a biographer writing in 1798 speaks of his minor works as written "with great force of reason and masculine eloquence, in defence of liberty and his ideas of the constitution of his country and the common rights of mankind; and it is certain that few men of his fortune and quality were more learned, or more highly esteemed by men of learning."]

THE COURT OF DENMARK.[1]

The ordinary diversions of the court are progresses, which are made once a year at least, to Sleswick or Holstein, either to make a review of some troops or to see the fortifications at Rendsburg; besides smaller journeys to Holland and elsewhere, up and down the country. These are of no expense to the treasury, because the travelling waggons and horses are found by the boors, who are also to pay their personal attendants, and be ready for all necessary services. During five or six weeks every summer the court removes to Jagersburg, a small hunting house situated upon a little lake within four English miles from Copenhagen, and not far from the sea; and for five or six weeks more it resides at Fredericksburg, the chief country palace of the kings of Denmark, about twenty English miles from Copenhagen, begun by Christian the Fourth, and finished by this king's father, Frederick the Third. This is that house which the Danes boast so much of, and tell wonders of the quantity of money it cost in building. It is seated in the midst of a lake, the foundations of it being laid in the water, which probably occasioned the greater part of the expense; you pass into it over several drawbridges. This watery situation in so moist and cold a country cannot be approved by the critical in seats, especially when the rising grounds about this lake (which are clothed with fine woods) afford much better places both for health and prospect; but it is the humour of all this kingdom to build in the midst of lakes; which I suppose was at first practised upon the score of security. This palace, notwithstanding the great cost they talk of, is far from being magnificent or well contrived; for the rooms are low, the apartments ill disposed, the fine chapel much too long in proportion to its breadth, and has a gallery over it which has one of the worst contrived entrances that can be imagined. In fine, it falls far short of many of our noblemen's country houses in England, yet is esteemed by the Danes as a *none-such*. There is indeed a

[1] This and the following extract are from *An Account of Denmark*.

fine park about it, well filled with red-deer, having large ponds, high trees in great quantity, a good bathing house, and other country embellishments; so that it is by far to be preferred to all the rest of the king's houses, which, except these two last mentioned, are for the most part out of repair; that of the fortress of Crovenburg near Elsignor, and of Coldingen in Jutland, with others, being scarce habitable even during one fortnight in the summer quarter.

At Fredericksburg the court spends most of its time in stag-hunting, for there are few fallow-deer in Denmark; during which sport the king allows great freedom to his domestics and ministers, who commonly do all accompany him wherever he goes; insomuch that he seems to lay aside all majesty and the formalities of it for that season; they eat and drink together, the latter something to excess, after a hard day's hunting; when, as soon as dinner is done they adjourn to the wine-cellar. About five or six in the afternoon the hunting assizes are solemnly held in the great court before the palace, the stag is drawn into the midst of it by the huntsmen, who are all clothed in red, having their great brass hunting-horns about their necks; and 'tis there broken up with great ceremony, whilst the hounds attend with much noise and impatience. One that is likely to give a good gratuity to the huntsmen is invited to take essay, and presented with the deer's foot. Then proclamation is made, if any can inform the king (who is both supreme judge and executioner) of any transgression against the known laws of hunting that day committed, let him stand forth and accuse; the accused is generally found guilty, and then two of the gentlemen lead him to the stag and make him kneel down between the horns, turning down his head with his buttocks up, and remove the skirts of his coat, which might intercept the blows. Then comes his majesty, and with a small long wand gives the offender some lashes on his posteriors, whilst in the meantime the huntsmen, with their brass horns, and the dogs with their loud openings, proclaim the king's justice and the criminal's punishment. The whole scene affording diversion to the queen, ladies, and other spectators, who are always assisting and stand in a circle about the place of execution. This is as often repeated as there happen to be delinquents; who as soon as the chastisement is over rise up and make their obeisance—

Proudly boasting
Of their magnificent rib roasting.

After all is done the hounds are permitted to fall to and eat the deer.

At another season swan-hunting is the royal pastime; the wild swans haunt a certain small island not far from Copenhagen, and breed there; about the time that the young ones are near as big as the old, before their feathers are long enough to fly, the king, with the queen, ladies, and others of the court, go to the killing of them; the foreign ministers are usually invited to take part in this sport. Every person of condition has a pinnace allotted to him, and when they come near the haunt they surround the place, and inclose a great multitude of young swans, which they destroy with guns till they have killed some thousands. What is killed by the whole company is brought to the court, which challenges the feathers and down of these birds, the flesh of them being good for nothing.

On Shrove Tuesday the king, queen, royal family, home and foreign ministers, and all the other persons above mentioned that usually compose the court, clothe themselves in the habit of the North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short doublets, and large blue thrum caps; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred they get up in their waggons, a man before and a woman behind, which they drive themselves, and go to a country village called Amak, about three English miles from town; here they dance to bagpipes and squeaking fiddles, and have a country dinner, which they eat out of earthen and wooden platters, with wooden spoons, and having passed the day in these divertisements, where all are equal, and little regard had to majesty or other quality, at night they drive in like manner home again, and are entertained at a comedy and magnificent supper by the Viceroy Guldenbien, spending the remainder of the night in dancing in the same habits, which they put not off all that day.

Every winter, as soon as the snow is firm enough to bear, the Danes take great delight in going in sleds, the king and court first giving the example, and making several tours about the town in great pomp, with kettle-drums and trumpets, the horses which draw the sleds being richly adorned with trappings, and harness full of small bells to give warning to such as stand in the way. After the court has been abroad the burghers and others trot about the streets all night, wrapped up in their fur gowns, with each his female in the sled with him; and this they esteem a great and pleasant pastime.

In travelling to Fredericksburg, Yagersburg, and many other places from Copenhagen, there are two highways, one the common road, which is usually bad, the other the king's highway, very fair and even, peculiar to the court and such as it has a mind to favour in bestowing on them a key to open the several gates that are upon it.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

In criminal matters a great severity of justice is practised. You never hear of any person guilty of the crime of treason against the king; the government has rivetted itself so fast upon the bottom it now stands, that nobody offers to wag so much as the tongue against it. There are no clippers or coiners, no robbers upon the highway, nor housebreakers; which conveniency of arbitrary government, among the multitude of mischiefs attending it, I have likewise observed in France; perhaps because those princes, who are entire masters of their subjects' purses at pleasure, take more effectual care of them as of their own, and therefore use such means that none shall plunder or cheat their people, for the same reason that folks kill vermin in dove-houses, viz. that they may make the greater profit themselves. The most usual capital crimes are manslaughter and stealing. Execution is done upon offenders by beheading them with a sword at one stroke very dexterously; the headsman, though infamous by his place, so that nobody will come into his company, yet is commonly rich, having other advantageous employments that nobody else dares undertake, viz. the emptying all the necessary houses, the removing all dead dogs and horses out of houses and stables, or from before doors; for no Danish servant will upon any terms set a hand to either of these works, and the executioner has his own rates for these base offices, which he performs by his under-servant called the *racker*.

The advocates are not bred as with us in England in public societies, such as Inns of Court or Chancery; neither take they any degrees of Barrister, Serjeant, or the like; but may take up the calling as they please, according to their inclinations or abilities. There are, besides the three ordinary courts beforementioned, Commissioners of the Admiralty, which they call the *Admiralty Court*, wherein affairs relating to the sea are determined, such as prizes, wrecks, disputes with privateers, and the like. There is likewise a Chancellary, which consists of a number of clerks, who write and issue all the king's orders, give out citations, transcribe papers, make the Latin projects of treaties with foreign courts, according to the directions they receive. In short, they are as it were under-secretaries, and were formerly subject to the government of one whom they called a Chancellor; but since Monsieur Wibbe's (the late chancellor) death that employment has not been filled; neither does it resemble our place of chancellor in England. The clerks of this office have some small salary from the king, and have moreover so much for every citation to the High Court, and so much for every order they issue, which they divide among themselves.

In Copenhagen also there is a public officer appointed, called the Polity Master, whose business it is to keep good order in affairs relating to the city; he is to see that the merchants sell warrantable merchandise, that they do not interfere in one another's trades, and to compose the differences on that account which may be amongst them.

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

BORN 1667 — DIED 1723.

[Susanna Centlivre, originally Freeman, was born in Ireland, it is believed in the year 1667. Her early life was an unpleasant one, and on the death of her mother, being, as she thought, badly treated, she ran away from home while yet a girl. Then, as now, London was the goal for such minds as hers, and towards that city she travelled as best she might, now on foot, now getting a lift from some kind teamster. Before reaching London she met, among other travellers, a Mr. Hammond, who became deeply interested in her appearance and story. Being a student at Cambridge he hardly knew how to assist her, but after a time he persuaded her to assume boy's clothing; and in this disguise he sheltered her at college for several months. At the end of these months, being better able to provide help for her, he sent her on to London, where, in a short time, before passing out of her sixteenth year, she married a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. Her married

happiness was short-lived, for within a twelvemouth her husband died, and she was again thrown on the world. However, before long she took for second husband an officer of the army named Carrol; but again, in short time, she was left a widow, her husband being killed in a duel before they had been quite two years married. This event reduced her to extreme poverty, and after trying many ways of earning a living, she at last became a dramatic writer. Her first attempt was a tragedy called *The Perjured Husband*, which was produced in 1700 with reasonable success. This, however, gave her the idea that tragedy was not her line, and taking the hint she produced in rapid succession several comedies, translations from the French, but marked sufficiently by her own individuality to be looked upon as almost original work. At the same time she took to the stage as an actress, being handsome, sprightly, and agreeable, and in 1706, while acting the part of Alexander the Great, Joseph Centlivre, yeoman to the queen, fell in love with her and became her third husband.

After this she left the stage as an actress, but continued to write for it; and having no doubt more leisure to perfect her work, produced her three best plays, *The Busybody*, *The Wonder*, and *A Bo'd Stroke for a Wife*. She also became known and appreciated by Steele, Rowe, Farquhar, Budgell, &c.; her conversation being most engaging, and while she was full of witty speech, her disposition was always friendly and benevolent. She died at her husband's house in Spring Gardens in 1723, having written in all some fifteen plays.

Steele, in *Tatler* No. 19, says of *The Busybody* that "the plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtlety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit." Cowden Clarke says of our author, that she is "the most celebrated female of whom our dramatic literature can boast." *The Wonder* he declares to be "one of the best of our acting comedies;" and furthermore, that "the plays are so good as to deserve all the popularity they have gained and retained." Marplot in *The Busybody* he speaks of as a "felicitously projected and sustained character," and the play itself as "one uninterrupted stream of bustle, liveliness, and perplexity from the first scene to the last."

Mrs. Centlivre is frequently spoken of in rather harsh terms as having produced highly immoral works. The looseness of the age in which she wrote is certainly reflected in her writings, but much in them that is now mistaken for licentiousness was then the common language of everyday life, and spoken without a blush. As a proof that her works are not so immoral as some who know little of them would have us believe, the three best known still keep the stage.]

THE BUSYBODY.[1]

Scene, the Park. Sir George Airey *and* Charles *talking.*

Enter Marplot, *with a patch across his face.*

Mar. Dear Charles, yours. Ha! Sir George Airey! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to. (*Aside.*) Give me thy hand, dear boy. [*To Charles.*

Chas. A good assurance! But, harkye—how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Mar. I must confess 'tis a little mal-a-propos; but no matter for that. A word with you, Charles. Pr'ythee introduce me to Sir George—he is a man of wit; and I'd give ten guineas to—

Chas. When you have them, you mean.

Mar. Ay; when I have them; poh, plague, you cut the thread of my discourse. I would give ten guineas, I say, to be ranked in his acquaintance. But, pr'ythee, introduce me.

Chas. Well; on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

Mar. I'll do it.

Chas. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir G. (*Advancing.*) Oh, I honour men of the sword; and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal by his scars.

Mar. No, really, Sir George; mine sprung from civil fury. Happening, last night, to step into the groom-porter's, I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a—sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. A plague of the dice! He flung out; and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir G. Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

Mar. Draw, sir! Why, I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat,

---

[1] This and the next scene are from *The Busybody*.

and he roared out, "Now the deel of ma saul, sir, gin ye touch yer steel, I se whip mine through yer wem."

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha!

Chas. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walked off, I suppose.

Mar. Yes; for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know.

Sir G. Your friends are much obliged to you, sir. I hope you will rank me in that number.

Mar. Sir George, a bow from the side-box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir G. Trifles; you may command them when you please.

Chas. Provided he may command you.

Mar. Me! Why, I live for no other purpose. Sir George, I have the honour to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts of the town. I'll tell them you are the finest gentleman—

Sir G. No, no, pr'ythee; let me alone to tell the ladies my parts. Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business—ha?

Mar. With the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

Sir G. You know Miranda?

Mar. What, my sister-ward! Why, her guardian is mine; we are fellow-sufferers. Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified curmudgeon. That Sir Francis Gripe is a d—d old—hypocritical—

Chas. Hold, hold; I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Mar. I ask your pardon, Charles; but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say, the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's jailer. Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou art some ward too, and never of his getting; for never were two things so unlike as you and your father; he scrapes up everything, and thou spendest everything; everybody is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to everybody.

Chas. You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

Mar. Ay; I give and take, Charles; you may be as free with me, you know.

Sir G. A pleasant fellow.

Chas. The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

MARPLOT'S CLEVERNESS.

SIR GEORGE *and* MIRANDA *together.*

Enter SCENTWELL.

Scent. Oh, madam! my master and Mr. Marplot are both coming into the house.

Mir. Undone, undone! If he finds you here in this crisis, all my plots are unravelled.

Sir G. What shall I do? Can't I get back into the garden?

Scent. Oh, no; he comes up those stairs.

Mir. Here, here, here! Can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, Sir George?

Sir G. Anywhere, anywhere, dear madam, without ceremony.

Scent. Come, come, sir; lie close.

[*They put him behind the chimney-board.*

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE *and* MARPLOT, SIR FRANCIS *peeling an orange.*

Sir F. I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear chargy. Besides, this fellow buzzed in my ears that thou mightst be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake that haunts the garden gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear.

Mir. So Marplot brought you back, then?

Mar. Yes; I brought him back.

Mir. I'm obliged to him for that, I'm sure. [*Frowning at Marplot aside.*

Mar. By her looks, she means she's not obliged to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I can't imagine. [*Aside.*

Sir F. Well, chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*

Mar. Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

Sir F. Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't; but, chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open. I will, I will, chargy. I'll rouse you, i'faith. Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

Mir. Oh, my stars! What will become of us now? [*Aside.*

Scent. Oh, pray, sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature; indeed I do.

Sir F. No, no, hussy; you have the green pip already. I'll have no apothecary's bills. [*Goes towards the chimney.*

Mir. Hold, hold, hold, dear guardy! I have a—a—a monkey shut up there; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild, 'twill break all my china, or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear guardy. [*In a flattering tone.*

Sir F. Well, well, chargy, I won't open it. She shall have her monkey, poor rogue! Here, throw this peel out of the window.

[*Exit Scentwell.*

Mar. A monkey! Dear madam, let me see it. I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man!

Mir. Be quiet, mischief; and stand further from the chimney. You shall not see my monkey—who, sure,— [*Striving with him.*

Mar. For heaven's sake, dear madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as Lady Fiddlefaddle's. Has it got a chain?

Mir. Not yet; but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it. Look, guardy, how he teazes me?

Sir F. (*Getting between him and the chimney.*) Sirrah, sirrah, let my chargy's monkey alone, or my bamboo shall fly about your ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

Mar. Pugh! plague of the monkey! Here's a rout! I wish he may rival you.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you ordered, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir F. Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, chargy. One buss. I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Mir. Thankye, dear guardy! Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

Sir F. That's kind, adad!

Mir. Come along, impertinence!

[*To Marplot.*

Mar. (*Stepping back.*) Egad, I will see the monkey now. (*Lifts up the board, and discovers Sir George.*) Oh, lord! oh, lord! Thieves, thieves! Murder!

Sir G. D—n ye, you unlucky dog! 'Tis I. Which way shall I get out? Show me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Mar. Undone, undone! At that door there. But, hold, hold! Break that china, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china.*

Re-enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

Sir F. Mercy on me! What's the matter?

Mir. Oh, you toad! What have you done?

Mar. No great harm. I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see this monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratched all my face, broke your china, and whisked out of the window.

Sir F. Where—where is it, sirrah?

Mar. There—there, Sir Francis—upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.

Sir F. Was ever such an unlucky rogue? Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. Pug, pug, pug! I would stay myself to look for it, but you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back. All them creatures love my lady extremely.

Mir. Go, go, dear guardy! I hope I shall recover it.

Sir F. B'ye, b'ye, dearee! Ah, mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye! [*Exit.*

Mir. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

MISS LOVELY AND HER GUARDIANS.

(FROM "A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.")

[Miss Lovely, an heiress. Her father, a whimsical character, left her thirty thousand pounds provided she married with the consent of her guardians; but to prevent her ever doing so he left her in the care of four men of opposite natures and tastes, and she is obliged to reside three months of the year with each of them. She just now resides with the Quaker, Mr. Prim.]

Enter Mrs. Prim, *and* Miss Lovely *in a Quaker's dress.*

Mrs. P. So, now I like thee, Anne. Art thou not better without thy monstrous vanities and patches? If heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, would it not fright thee, Anne?

Miss L. If it should turn you inside outward, and show all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twould fright me worse!

Mrs. P. My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne; I lay no baits.

Miss L. If you did, you'd catch no fish.

Mrs. P. Well, well, make thy jests; but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have

catched as many fish (as thou callest them) in my time, as ever thou didst with all thy fool-traps about thee.

Miss L. Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out; I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinched cap.

Mrs. P. Go; thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays and filthy romances! Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Miss L. Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray, no more of these freedoms, madam. I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself; how dare you thus talk to me, you—you—you, unworthy woman, you—

[*Bursts into tears.*

Enter TRADELOVE, *one of Miss Lovely's guardians.*

Trade. What, in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

Miss L. Done to me? I admire I keep my senses among you; but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had. I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs. P. Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne; yea, for thy manifold sins.

Miss L. Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me. No; I'll wear what I please; go when and where I please; and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct,—I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, Miss Lovely. 'Tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

Enter PERIWINKLE *and* OBADIAH PRIM, *two other guardians.*

Obad. What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

Obad. Why, truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou wouldst, neighbour.

Per. Well said, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to.

Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE, *another guardian.*

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband.

Sir P. What, must it be a whale, or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with mop-heads and empty skulls; nor yet any of our trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches. No; he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity; one who has searched into the profundity of nature; when heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Miss L. The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; he would dissect you.

Trade. Or pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot—ha, ha! But I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

Miss L. And would send me for a venture, perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir P. A Dutchman! Ha, ha! there's a husband for a fine lady. Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen—ha, ha! He'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, madam—ha, ha!

Trade. He'll teach you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs. 'Tis the merchant makes the belle. How would the ladies sparkle in the box without the merchant? The Indian diamond; the French brocade; the Italian fan; the Flanders lace; the fine Dutch holland. How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant?

Obad. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing. All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world. The merchant is a very great friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the pope.

Per. Right; I say, knowledge makes the man.

Obad. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge; it is the knowledge of truth. Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Miss L. Ah! study your country's good,

Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects. Rid you of your homebred monsters before you fetch any from abroad. I dare swear, you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies.

Sir P. By my soul! Miss Nancy's a wit.

Obad. That is more than she can say of thee, friend. Lookye, 'tis in vain to talk; when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

Miss L. Provided he be of the faithful. Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! (*Aside.*) Know this, that you contend in vain; I'll have no husband of your choosing, nor shall you lord it over me long. I'll try the power of an English senate. Orphans have been redressed, and wills set aside, and none did ever deserve their pity more. Oh, Feignwell! where are thy promises to free me from those vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagined. [*Aside.*

A harder task than what the poets tell
Of yore the fair Andromeda befell;
She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.
. . . . . .

[This is how Colonel Feignwell, Miss Lovely's lover, managed to gain the consent of Mr. Periwinkle, the virtuoso:—]

A Tavern.

COL. FEIGNWELL *is discovered in an Egyptian dress, with* SACKBUT *the landlord.*

Sac. A lucky beginning, Colonel; you have got the old beau's consent.

Col. F. Ay, he's a reasonable creature; but the other three will require some pains. Shall I pass upon him, think you? Egad, in my mind I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the ark.

Sac. Pass upon him; ay, ay, if you have assurance enough.

Col. F. I have no apprehension from that quarter; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

Sac. Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller. Can you lie with a good grace?

Col. F. As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country called and king commanded; so don't you fear that part. If he don't know me again, I am safe. I hope he'll come.

Sac. I wish all my debts would come as sure. I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of most singular taste; he seemed transported, and begged me to keep you till he came.

Col. F. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away. Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord; our ancestors drank sack.

Sac. You shall have it.

Col. F. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

Sac. There is the conveyance, sir. [*Exit.*

Col. F. Now, if I could cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a grand *coup d'éclat.* Odso! here comes Periwinkle. Ah! deuce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip and spoil all.

Enter SACKBUT *with wine, and* PERIWINKLE *following.*

Sac. Sir, this gentleman, hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you; he is a man of curious taste himself.

Col. F. The gentleman has it in his face and garb. Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your inquiring disposition; the oddness of your habit pleases me extremely; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. F. 'Tis very antique, sir. This habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

Sac. If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. [*Aside.*

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! Why, that's prodigious, now! Well, certainly, 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

Col. F. For my part, I value none of the modern fashions a fig-leaf.

Per. No more don't I, sir; I had rather be the jest of a fool than his favourite. I am laughed at here for my singularity. This coat, you must know, sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant, of Lambeth.

Col. F. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, sir. John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory. He was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, sir! Nay, then, 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why, you have it in your blood. My humble service to you, sir. To the immortal memory of

John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. [*Drinks.*

Col. F. Give me a glass, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine. Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of apothecaries' cordials. Oh that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive! Oh how proud he'd be of such a nephew! A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

Col. F. I have some, sir, which are not yet come ashore—as an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. F. It is, sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipped in that country; I took it from the breast of a female mummy; two tusks of an hippopotamus, two pairs of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, sir, have you never a crocodile?

Col. F. Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to show it; but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet. Lookye, sir, do you see this little phial?

Per. Pray you, what is it?

Col. F. This is called Poluflosboio.

Per. Poluflosboio! It has a rumbling sound.

Col. F. Right, sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature. This water was part of those waves which bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sailed to meet Antony.

Per. Well, of all that travelled, none had a taste like you.

Col. F. But here's the wonder of the world. This, sir, is called zona, or moros musphonon; the virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. Moros musphonon! What, in the name of wisdom, can that be? To me, it seems a plain belt.

Col. F. This girdle has carried me all the world over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. F. I mean as I say, sir. Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and, by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You must pardon me, sir; I can't believe it.

Col. F. If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

Sac. I thank you kindly, sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

Col. F. No, no, you sha'n't stir a foot; I'll only make you invisible.

Sac. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, sir; I am not afraid of the devil, nor all his tricks. 'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. F. There, sir, put it on. Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. (*They turn about.*) Is it on, sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

Sac. Heaven protect me! where is he?

Per. Why, here, just where I was.

Sac. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle! Egad, look to't; you had best, sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. F. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But, really, don't you see me now?

Sac. No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sac. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. F. Take off the girdle, sir.

[*He takes it off.*

Sac. Ah! sir, I am glad to see you, with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't. Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself?

Col. F. With all my heart.

Per. But, first, I'll secure the door.

Col. F. You know how to turn the screw, Mr. Sackbut.

Sac. Yes, yes. Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full east.

[*They turn; the Col'onel sinks through the trap-door.*

Col. F. 'Tis done; now turn. [*They turn.*

Per. Ha! mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones. This must be a conjuror, Mr. Sackbut.

Sac. He's the devil, I think.

Per. Oh! Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sac. At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid!

Col. F. Are you satisfied?

[*From under the stage.*

Per. Yes, sir, yes. How hollow his voice sounds!

Sac. Yours seemed just the same. 'Faith, I wish this girdle were mine; I'd sell wine no more. Harkye! Mr. Periwinkle (*takes him aside till the Colonel rises again*), if he would

sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. F. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am sorry for't, sir; because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. F. By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of four men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the first of the four that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle. Till I have found this jewel I shall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can this rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. F. Yes, sir; he called it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

Per. Pish! women are no rarities. Women are the very gewgaws of the creation; playthings for boys, who, when they write man, they ought to throw aside.

Sac. A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies! [*Aside.*

Per. What woman is there, dressed in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a foretop as the cockatoo?

Col. F. I must humour him. (*Aside.*) Such a skin as the lizard?

Per. Such a shining breast as the hummingbird?

Col. F. Such a shape as the antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. F. No; that must be allowed. For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them; for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh-fly.

Per. Pray, sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. F. Why, sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and, for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

Sae. He hits it off admirably; and t'other swallows it like sack and sugar. (*Aside.*) Certainly, this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

Per. By the description, it should. Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours. (*Aside.*) And you are to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, sir?

Col. F. I am so ordered, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman; her name is Anne Lovely.

Col. F. Excellent! He said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

Per. Did he, really? Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know anything of my ward.

Col. F. Your ward?

Per. To be plain with you, sir, I am one of those four guardians.

Col. F. Are you, indeed, sir? I am transported to find that the very man who is to possess this moros musphonon is a person of so curious a taste. Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which, if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is yours.

Per. If I live till the boy is born, I'll be embalmed, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. F. That you shall, most certainly.

[Colonel Feignwell learns the weak point in the other guardians, and after a considerable amount of amusing stratagem he manages to obtain a written consent to his marriage with the heiress from each of them, which they cannot gainsay. The marriage winds up the comedy.]

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

(FROM "THE WONDER.")

Enter ISABELLA *and* INIS *her maid.*

Inis. For goodness' sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isa. Anywhere to avoid matrimony; the thought of a husband is terrible to me.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isa. You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women

lead in England, where duty wears no fetters but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles; first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us: so that, maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Isa. What care I? there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor, what's much worse, to please you neither. Od'slife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country! Were I in your place—

Isa. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's never a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isa. I am too great a coward to follow your advice: I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. (*Aside.*) Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isa. To church, sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly overheard her. [*Aside.*

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong or your memory very weak, my dear; why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Isa. Ha! to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a year; which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isa. And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, sir, if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isa. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it; thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. Here's an old dog for you! [*Aside.*

Isa. Do not mistake, sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Pho, pho! you lie, you lie!

Isa. My frighted heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all extempore; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how? What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Isa. (*Rises.*) I never disobeyed you before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loath the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha! very fine! Ha, ha!

Isa. Death itself would be welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isa. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*) Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. (*Offers her his sword.*) The point is pretty sharp; 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, sir, what do you mean, to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

Isa. I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee least of the two.

Isa. I shall take neither, sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. (*Takes hold of her, and pulls a key out of his pocket.*) I shall make bold to secure, thee, my dear. I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman comes. Go, get into your chamber.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*

There I'll your boasted resolution try—
And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Exeunt.*

[She jumped out of a window, luckily into the arms of a Captain Briton, who was in Lisbon at the time and happened to be passing. He conveyed her to a house near, which happened to be the residence of a friend. After a series of adventures they get married.]

DR. WILLIAM KING.

Born 1650 — Died 1729.

[William King, Archbishop of Dublin, famous as a laborious prelate, a ripe scholar, and a man of genius, was born in Antrim on the 1st May, 1650. At twelve years of age he entered the grammar-school at Dungannon, and at seventeen he became a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in arts in due course, and also obtained a scholarship. In 1674 he was ordained deacon, and in 1675 was admitted into priest's orders by Archbishop Parker of Tuam, who made him his chaplain in 1676, and presented him the same year to a prebend, and afterwards to the precentorship of his cathedral. In 1678 Parker was translated to Dublin, and next year he promoted King to the chancellorship of St. Patrick's and the living of St. Werburgh. Here our author soon acquired a reputation for uncommon abilities and learning, which before long he had an opportunity of showing in a controversy with Peter Manby, dean of Londonderry, who had gone over to the Roman Catholic faith, and who was no contemptible opponent. The result of the controversy was as usual in such matters, and the only thing necessary to remember of it is that it was the cause of three of King's works—*An Answer*, 1687; *A Vindication of the Answer*, 1688; and *A Vindication of the Christian Religion and Reformation*. About this time, on the deanery of St. Patrick's becoming vacant, King was appointed to it.

On the arrival of King James in Ireland in 1689, King, who had taken an active part in support of the Revolution, was confined in Dublin Castle a prisoner. He was soon liberated, but also soon again imprisoned and released once more. Notwithstanding these troubles he held on his way, and in this very year (1689) he took his doctor's degree in the university. In January, 1691, after the retreat of James, he was appointed to the bishopric of Derry, and in the same year he published in London *The State of the Protestants in Ireland*, a work which ran into three editions in less than two years, and of which Burnet speaks very highly, as perhaps might be expected.

Once settled in the see of Derry, King began to find that his diocese contained as many Presbyterians as Churchmen. To his energetic nature this seemed a thing to be remedied, so he at once endeavoured to persuade his dissenters to conformity, by means of one of his most celebrated pieces, *A Discourse concerning the Inventions of Men in the Worship of God*, 1694. To this Mr. Joseph Boyce replied, and to the reply King returned answer, *An Admonition to the Dissenting Inhabitants of the Diocese of Derry*, 1695. Boyce again replied, and the bishop concluded the unfruitful controversy, at least in a religious sense, by *A Second Admonition*, &c., published in the same year.

Hitherto all King's works had been the mere outcome of an energetic nature, backed up by deep learning. In a short time, however, that is in 1702, he appeared before the world as something higher and better than a mere controversialist. In this year he published at Dublin, in quarto, his celebrated treatise, *De Origine Mali*, on which are chiefly founded his claims to the titles of a philosopher and a man of genius. Almost immediately after its

appearance the work was reprinted in London, and in May and June, 1703, an abridgment of it appeared in *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*. Over this abridgment a discussion arose between Boyle and Bernard, and Liebnitz wrote three volumes of *Remarks* opposing the work, which he nevertheless speaks of as "a work full of elegance and learning."

To the objections raised to the theories in his work King did not deign a public reply, but he took careful notes of them all, and produced in manuscript vindications of each point attacked. These notes and vindications were, after King's death, placed in the hands of Mr. Edward Law, who had translated the work into English. Law immediately prepared a second edition of his translation, into which he incorporated most of the bishop's notes, and brought out the whole under the title "*An Essay on the Origin of Evil*, by Dr. William King, late Lord Archbishop of Dublin; translated from the Latin, with Notes and a Dissertation concerning the Principles and Criterion of Virtue and the Origin of the Passions. . . . To which are added Two Sermons by the same Author," 1732. In 1739 appeared a third edition of the work, and various editions have been issued at various times and places since then.

In 1702, the year of the appearance of his great work, King was translated, not without reluctance on his part, from the bishopric of Derry to the archbishopric of Dublin, a post in which he found full scope for all the reforming energies of his nature. In 1717, and again in 1721 and 1723, he was appointed one of the lord-justices of Ireland. He died on the 8th of May, 1729, in his palace at Dublin.

Of King's minor works the principal are sermons, some of which created a stir in their time, and are not without interest even in the present day. The most celebrated of these, from which we take an extract, appeared in 1709, under the title of *Divine Predestination and Foreknowledge consistent with the Freedom of Man's Will*, and was fiercely attacked by Dr. John Edwards and Anthony Collins, the latter a kind of theological stormy petrel to be found wherever storms were brewing or blowing.

Swift had a high opinion of Dr. King's character, abilities, and works, and Harris speaks in glowing terms of his private life, and his wise and liberal administration of his dioceses. In addition to his other qualities he was also a wise lover of men of genius, not only in but outside the churches, as is shown by his judicious patronage of Ambrose Phillips and the too short-lived Thomas Parnell.]

DISCOURSE ON PREDESTINATION.

I am very sensible that great contentions and divisions have happened in the church of God about predestination and reprobation, about election and the decrees of God; that learned men have engaged with the greatest zeal and fierceness in this controversy, and the disputes have proved so intricate, that the most diligent reader will perhaps, after all his labour in perusing them, be but little satisfied and less edified by the greatest part of all that has been written on this subject. And hence it is that considering men of all parties seem at last, as it were by consent, to have laid it aside; and seldom any now venture to bring it into the pulpit except some very young or imprudent speakers.

Not but that the doctrine laid down in my text[1] is undoubtedly true and useful, if we could but light on the true and useful way of treating it, for so our Church has told us in her seventeenth article. . . .

We ought to remember, that the descriptions which we frame to ourselves of God, or of the divine attributes, are not taken from any direct or immediate perceptions that we have of him or them; but from some observations we have made of his works, and from the consideration of those qualifications that we conceive would enable us to perform the like. Thus observing great order, conveniency and harmony in all the several parts of the world, and perceiving that everything is adapted and tends to the preservation and advantage of the whole, we are apt to consider that we could not contrive and settle things in so excellent and proper a manner without great wisdom; and thence conclude that God, who has thus concerted and settled matters, must have wisdom: and having then ascribed to him wisdom because we see the effects and results of it in his works we proceed and conclude that he has likewise foresight and understanding, because we cannot conceive wisdom without these, and because if we were to do what we see he has done we would not expect to perform it without the exercise of these faculties. . . .

---

[1] The text was Romans viii. 29, 30.

Thus our reason teaches us to ascribe these attributes to God, by way of resemblance and analogy to such qualities or powers as we find most valuable and perfect in ourselves.

If we look into the Holy Scriptures, and consider the representations given us there of God or his attributes, we shall find them generally of the same nature, and plainly borrowed from some resemblance to things with which we are acquainted by our senses. Thus, when the Holy Scriptures speak of God, they ascribe hands, and eyes, and feet to him: not that it is designed that we should believe that he has any of these members according to the literal signification: but the meaning is that he has a power to execute all those acts to the effecting of which these parts in us are instrumental: that is, he can converse with men as well as if he had eyes and ears; he can reach us as well as if he had hands and feet; he has as true and substantial a being as if he had a body; and he is as truly present everywhere as if that body were infinitely extended. And in truth, if all these things which are thus ascribed to him did really and literally belong to him, he could not do what he does near so effectually, as we conceive and are sure he doth them by the faculties and properties which he really possesses, though what they are in themselves be unknown to us.

After the same manner and for the same reason we find him represented as affected with such passions as we perceive to be in ourselves, viz. as angry and pleased, as loving and hating, as repenting and changing his resolutions, as full of mercy and provoked to revenge: and yet on reflection we cannot think that any of these passions can literally affect the divine nature. But the meaning confessedly is, that he will as certainly punish the wicked as if he were inflamed with the passion of anger against them; that he will as infallibly reward the good as we will those for whom we have a particular and affectionate love; that when men turn from their wickedness and do what is agreeable to the divine command, he will as surely change his dispensations towards them, as if he really repented and had changed his mind. . . .

We ought therefore to interpret all these things, when attributed to God, as thus expressed only by way of condescension to our capacities, in order to help us to conceive what we are to expect from him, and what duty we are to pay him; and particularly, that the terms of foreknowledge, predestination, nay, of understanding and will, when ascribed to him are not to be taken strictly or properly, nor are we to think that they are in him after the same manner, or in the same sense, that we find them in ourselves; but on the contrary, we are to interpret them only by way of analogy or comparison.

That is to say, when we ascribe foreknowledge to him we mean that he can no more be surprised with anything that happens than a wise man that foresees an event can be surprised when it comes to pass; nor can he any more be at a loss what he is to do in such a case than a wise man can, who is most perfectly acquainted with all the accidents which may obstruct his design, and has provided against them.

So when God is said to predetermine and foreordain all things according to the counsel of his will, the importance of this expression is, that all things depend as much on God as if he had settled them according to a certain scheme and design which he had voluntarily framed in his own mind, without regard had to any other consideration besides that of his own mere will and pleasure.

. . . . . .

It is observable that no care, industry, or instruction can ever give a person born and continuing blind any notion of light; nor can he ever have any conception how men who have eyes discern the shape and figure at a distance, nor imagine what colours mean; and yet he could, I believe, readily (on the account he receives from others of the advantage of knowing these things) endure labour and pain, and submit to the most difficult and tormenting operations of physic and chirurgery, in order to obtain the use of his eyes, if any reasonable hope could be given him of the success of such an undertaking. And why then should not we as willingly submit to those easy methods which God has prescribed to us, in order to obtain that knowledge of his nature and attributes in which our eternal satisfaction and happiness hereafter is in a very great measure to consist? And it is certain we now know as much of them as the blind man in the case supposed does of light or colours; and have better reason to seek, and more certain hope of attaining in the next life to a fuller and more complete knowledge, than such a man can have with relation to the use of his eyes, and the advantage of seeing. . . .

If it be asked why these things are not made clear to us? I answer, For the same reason that light and colours are not clear to one that is born blind, even because in this

imperfect state we want faculties to discern them; and we cannot expect to reach the knowledge of them whilst here, for the same reason that a child, whilst he is so, cannot speak and discourse as he doth when a grown man. There is a time and season for everything, and we must wait for that season. There is another state and life for the clear discerning of these matters; but in the meantime we ought to take the steps and methods which are proper for our condition; and if we will not do so, we can no more expect the knowledge of these necessary truths, or that state which will make them plain to us, than a child can hope he shall ever be able to read and write, who will not be persuaded to go to school or obey his master.

. . . . . .

The fifth use that we are to make of what has been said is to teach us how we are to behave ourselves in a church where either of these schemes is settled or taught as a doctrine; and here I think the resolution is easy: we ought to be quiet, and not unreasonably disturb the peace of the church; much less should we endeavour to expose what she professes by alleging absurdities and inconsistencies in it. On the contrary, we are obliged to take pains to show that the pretended consequences do not follow, as in truth they do not; and to discharge all that made them as enemies of peace, and false accusers of their brethren, by charging them with consequences they disown, and that have no other foundation but the makers' ignorance.

For in truth, as has been already showed, if such inferences be allowed hardly any one attribute or operation of God, as ascribed in Scripture, will be free from the cavils of perverse men.

It is observable, that by the same way of reasoning, and by the same sort of arguments, by which some endeavour to destroy the divine prescience and render his decrees odious, Cotta long ago in Cicero attacked the other attributes, and undertook to prove that God can neither have reason nor understanding, wisdom nor prudence, nor any other virtue. And if we understand these literally and properly, so as to signify the same when applied to God and to men, it will not be easy to answer his arguments; but if we conceive them to be ascribed to him by proportion and analogy, that is, if we mean no more when we apply them to God than that he has some powers and faculties, though not of the same nature, which are analogous to these advantages which these could give him if he had them, enabling him to produce all the good effects which we see consequent to them when in the greatest perfection; then the arguments used by Cotta against them have no manner of force; since we do not plead for such an understanding, reason, justice, and virtue as he objects against, but for more valuable perfections that are more than equivalent, and in truth infinitely superior to them; though called by the same names, because we do not know what they are in themselves but only see their effects in the world, which are such as might be expected from the most consummate reason, understanding, and virtue. And after the same manner, when perverse men reason against the prescience, predestination, and the decrees of God by drawing the like absurd consequences as Cotta doth against the possibility of his being endowed with reason and understanding, &c., our answer is the same as beforementioned. If these be supposed the very same in all respects when attributed to God as we find them in ourselves, there would be some colour, from the absurdities that would follow, to deny that they belong to God; but when we only ascribe them to him by analogy, and mean no more than that there are some things answerable to them, from whence, as principles, the divine operations proceed, it is plain that all such arguments not only lose their force, but are absolutely impertinent.

It is therefore sufficient for the ministers of the Church to show that the established doctrine is agreeable to Scripture, and teach their people what use ought to be made of it, and to caution them against the abuse, which if they do with prudence they will avoid contentions and divisions, and prevent the mischiefs which are apt to follow the mistaken representation of it.

HUNGER, THIRST, AND LABOUR.[1]

A terrestrial animal must, as we have said, necessarily consist of mixed and heterogeneous parts; its fluids also are in a perpetual flux and ferment. Now it's plain that this cannot be without the expense of those fluids and attrition of the solids, and hence follows death and dissolution except those be repaired; a new accession of matter is therefore necessary

[1] This and the following extract are from the *Essay on the Origin of Evil.*

to supply what flies off and is worn away, and much more so for the growth of animals.

But animals have particular constitutions, and cannot be nourished by any sort of matter; some choice therefore must be made of it, to which they are to be urged by an importunity strong enough to excite their endeavours after it. Hence hunger and thirst come to affect the soul; affections that are sometimes indeed troublesome, but yet necessary, and which bring more pleasures than pain along with them.

But why, say you, are we obliged to labour in quest of food? why are not the elements themselves sufficient? I answer, they are sufficient for some animals; but mankind required such a disposition of matter as was to be prepared by various actions and changes, and that daily, because it is soon liable to corruption, and if kept long would be unfit for nourishment. Hence labour becomes necessary to provide victuals in this present state of things; neither could hunger, or thirst, or labour (which are reckoned among natural evils) be prevented without greater inconveniences. The divine goodness, therefore, had the highest reason for affixing these to animals.

Now as animals require different sorts of food, as was shown, according to their different constitutions, so God has placed every one of them where it may find what is proper for it; on which account there is scarce anything in the elements but what may be food for some. Every herb has its insect which it supports. The earth, the water, the very stones, serve for aliment to living creatures.

But some stand in need of more delicate food: now God could have created an inanimate machine, which might have supplied them with such food; but one that is animated does it much better and with more ease. A being that has life is (*cæteris paribus*) preferable to one that has not; God therefore animated that machine which furnishes out provision for the more perfect animals; which was both graciously and providently done; for by this means he gained so much life to the world as there is in those animals which are food for others; by this means they themselves enjoy some kind of life, and are of service also to the rest. An ox, for instance, or a calf, is bred, nourished, and protected for some time in order to become fit food for man. This certainly is better and more eligible than if the matter of its body had been converted into an inanimate mass, such as a pompion, or continued in the state of unformed clay. Nor is it hardly dealt withal by being made for the food of a more noble animal, since it was on this condition only that it had life given, which it could not otherwise have enjoyed. Matter which is fit for the nourishment of man is also capable of life; if, therefore, God had denied it life, he had omitted a degree of good which might have been produced without any impediment to his principal design, which does not seem very agreeable to infinite goodness. It is better, therefore, that it should be endowed with life for a time, though it is to be devoured afterwards, than to continue totally stupid and inactive. The common objection then is of no force, viz., that inanimate matter might have been prepared for this use; for it is better that it should be animated, especially as such animals are ignorant of futurity, and are neither conscious nor solicitous about their being made for this purpose. So that as long as they live they enjoy themselves without anxiety, at least they rejoice in the present good, and are neither tormented with the remembrance of what is past nor the fear that is to come; and lastly, are killed with less pain than they would be by a distemper or old age. Let us not be surprised then at the universal war, as it were, among animals, or that the stronger devour the weaker; for these are made on purpose to afford aliment to the others.

. . . . . .

It is to be observed, in the last place, that animals are of such a nature as to delight in action, or the exercise of their faculties, nor can we have any other notion of happiness even in God himself. Since then the faculties of both body and mind are to be exercised in order to produce pleasure, where is the wonder if God destined that exercise in part for procuring of food, and connected this pleasure with it? The infinite power of God was able to produce animals of such capacities; and since the creation of them was no inconvenience to other beings who might exercise themselves in a more noble manner, may not the infinite goodness of God be conceived to have almost compelled him not to refuse or envy those the benefit of life? Some of this kind were to be created, since there was room left for them in the work of God after so many others were made as was convenient. But you may wish that some other place and condition had fallen to your lot. Perhaps so. But if you had taken up another place, that other, or some one else, must have been put into yours, who, being alike ungrateful to the divine pro-

vidence, would wish for the place you have now occupied. Know, then, that it was necessary that you should either be what you are or not at all. For since every other place and state which the system or nature of things allowed was occupied by some others, you must of necessity either fill that which you are now in, or be banished out of nature. For do you expect that any other should be turned out of his order and you placed in his room? that is, that God should exhibit a peculiar and extraordinary muuificence towards you to the prejudice of others. You ought therefore not to censure, but adore the divine goodness for making you what you are. You could neither have been made otherwise, nor in a better manner, but to the disadvantage of some others, or of the whole.

WHY HAS GOD PLACED MAN IN REACH OF EVIL?

It is plain that in the present state of things it is impossible for man to live without natural evils, or the danger of erring. 'Tis a common question, Why does not God change this state and translate man to some other, where, all occasions of error and excitements to evil being cut off, he might choose only good? *i.e.* in reality, why has he placed man upon the earth? Why did he not leave it to be inhabited by the brutes alone? There are some persons who expect such things as these from the divine goodness, but without any sense or reason; since it manifestly appears to be better that we should contend with the present evils than that the earth should be void of all rational inhabitants.

Some make it a question why so great a part of the earth is given away to the brutes; but these men would have it all left to them, and mankind itself extinct.

We have often declared that evils are chiefly to be avoided, nay, that they are prohibited by God, because they are prejudicial to human nature; but how much worse would it be to take that nature entirely away? They therefore who require this of the divine goodness, desire the greatest evil of all as a remedy for evils. The same persons also that with such earnestness desire a change of their condition are afraid of death, forgetting this change of their condition is what they dread the most of all in death.

Mankind believes, indeed, from the light of nature, that God will translate good men into a better state; but it is necessary that they should be prepared here, as plants in a nursery, before they be removed into the garden where they are to bear fruit. God has therefore devised this life to be, as it were, the passage to a better. Thus this earth is replenished with inhabitants, who, being educated under discipline for a while, till they have finished their course, shall depart into another state suited to their deserts. They who find fault with this in God seem to me to do the same as if one who knows nothing of harvest or the nature of agriculture should laugh at the sower for throwing away his corn. For there is no doubt but the present state of things is as necessary, not only to the earth, lest it should be void of inhabitants, and to the animals, which for the most part depend upon the labours of men, but also to men themselves; and as requisite in the divine administration, in order to some better life, as seed-time is to harvest.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1695–1720.

[John O'Neachtan, now chiefly known for the two poems we quote below, was born probably in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He was a native as well as resident of Meath, "a learned man and an ingenious poet," as Hardiman says, "and enriched his native language with many original compositions and translations." Hardiman further states that several of these were in his possession at the time of writing his *Irish Minstrelsy*, the most important of them being "A copious treatise in Irish on general geography extending to nearly five hundred closely written pages, and containing many interesting particulars." He also possessed O'Neachtan's "Curious Annals of Ireland from A.D. 1167 to the Beginning of the Last (Seventeenth) Century."

When O'Neachtan died, or what the incidents of his life may have been beyond those of an ordinary bard, we are unable to discover. In his days the death of a bard or a writer in Irish was a thing not worth notice, or if noticed to be only a subject of gratulation as ridding the world of one more pest.

As a poet and miscellaneous writer Hardiman asserts that "O'Neachtan holds the same rank in Irish literature that Dr. Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, occupies in English. With equal genius and learning the Irish bard's compositions are more equal and correct, and his style less diffuse, than those of the favoured English author."]

MAGGY LAIDIR.[1]

Here's first the toast, the pride and boast,
Our darling Maggy Laidir;
Let old and young, with ready tongue
And open heart, applaud her.
Again prepare—here's to the Fair
Whose smiles with joy have crown'd us,
Then drain the bowl for each gay soul
That's drinking here around us.

Come, friends, don't fail to toast O'Neill,
Whose race our rights defended;
Maguire the true, O'Donnell too,
From eastern sires descended.
Up! up again—the tribe of Maine
In danger never failed us,
With Leinster's spear for ever near,
When foemen have assail'd us.

The madder fill with right good will,
There's sure no joy like drinking—
Our Bishop's name this draught must claim
Come let me have no shrinking.
His name is dear, and with him here
We'll join old Father Peter,
And as he steers thro' life's long years,
May life to him seem sweeter.

Come mark the call, and drink to all
Old Ireland's tribes so glorious,
Who still have stood, in fields of blood,
Unbroken and victorious:
Long as of old may Connaught hold
Her boast of peerless beauty;
And Leinster show to friend and foe
Her sons all prompt for duty.

A curse for those who dare oppose
Our country's claim for freedom:
May none appear the knaves to hear,
Or none who hear 'em heed 'em:
May famine fall upon them all,
May pests and plagues confound them,
And heartfelt care, and black despair,
Till life's last hour surround them.

May lasting joys attend the boys
Who love the land that bore us,
Still may they share such friendly fare
As this that spreads before us.
May social cheer, like what we've here,
For ever stand to greet them;
And hearts as sound as those around
Be ready still to meet them.

Come raise the voice! rejoice, rejoice,
Fast, fast, the dawn's advancing,
My eyes grow dim, but every limb
Seems quite agog for dancing.
Sweet girls begin, 'tis shame and sin
To see the time we're losing,
Come, lads, be gay—trip, trip away,
While those who sit keep boozing.

Where's Thady Oge? up, Dan, you rogue,
Why stand you shilly-shally;
There's Mora here, and Una's here,
And yonder's sporting Sally.
Now frisk it round—aye, there's the sound
Our sires were fond of hearing;
The harp rings clear—hear, gossip, hear!
O sure such notes are cheering!

Your health, my friend! till life shall end
May no bad chance betide us;

---

[1] Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy* makes the following among other remarks on this song:—"This inimitable description of an Irish feast was written in the seventeenth century by John O'Neachtan, and is now printed from a transcript made in the year 1706. . . . In point of composition, 'Maggy Laidir' is superior to 'O'Rorke's Feast,' so humorously translated by Dean Swift. Here the chairman only speaks throughout. His first toast is Old Ireland under the name of 'Maggy Laidir,'—then the beauteous daughters of Erin—the ancient families of the four provinces Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught—the clergy, who have been always dear to the Irish—and finally, he wishes disappointment to the foes and success to the friends of the country. After these libations he becomes a little gay, and must have music. He calls on the harpers to strike up. Finally a quarrel, *more* Thracian, ensues, which our elevated chairman, in the true Irish style of commanding peace, orders to be quelled by knocking down the combatants; and he concludes by alluding to his noble ancestry and kindred to enforce his claim to respect and obedience.

"The air as well as the words of 'Maggy Laidir,' though long naturalized in North Britain, is Irish. . . . The name signifies in the original strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland, also designated by our bards under the names of Granua Weale, Roisin Dubh, Sheelas na Guira, &c. By an easy change the adjective *laidir*, strong, was converted into Lauder, the patronymic of a Scotch family, and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtezan of Crail."

Oh may we still, our grief to kill,
Have drink like this beside us!
A fig for care! but who's that there
That's of a quarrel thinking?—
Put out the clown or knock him down—
We're here for fun and drinking.

Tie up his tongue—am I not sprung
From chiefs that all must honour—
The princely Gael, the great O'Neill,
O'Kelly and O'Connor,
O'Brien the strong, Maguire, whose song
Has won the praise of nations;
O'More the tough, and big Branduff,
These are my blood relations!

A LAMENT.[1]

Dark source of my anguish! deep wound of a land
Whose young and defenceless the loss will deplore;
The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
Still stretched the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee! the fair glossy braid,
The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow;
The bright form, and the berry that dwelt and could fade
On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows, she moved in her grace,
Snow-white were her limbs, and with beauty replete,
And time on that pure brow had left no more trace
Than if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

Whatever of purity, glory, hath ever
Been linked with the name, lovely Mary, was thine;
Woe, woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever
The tie which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Caesar of hosts—the true darling of Rome,
Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met,
The virgin, the saint—though heav'n's radiance illume
Their brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison, the plagues that distil
Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust,
The rapt bard with their glory the nations shall fill,
With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
With its light the full fame of our lov'd ones hath shone,
The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
That hath hurl'd them, the pride of our hearts, from their throne.

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—
And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the tomb,
Bids the old and the young bend in agony there!

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the sear'd yellow lawn!
And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray!
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are gone,
For the princess we honoured is laid in the clay.

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,
By the shore in mute agony wanders the Gael,—
And sad is my spirit, and clouded my dream,
For my king, for the star, my devotion would hail.

What woe beyond this hath dark fortune to wreak?
What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurl'd?
They turn them to Rome! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag in defeat and defection is furled.

Though our sorrows avail not, our hope is not lost—
For the Father is mighty! the highest remains!
The loos'd waters rushed down upon Pharaoh's wide host,
But the billows ercuch back from the foot he sustains.

Just Power! that for Moses the wave did'st divide,
Look down on the land where thy followers pine;
Look down upon Erin, and crush the dark pride
Of the scourge of thy people, the foes of thy shrine.

---

[1] This poem is a lament for Mary D'Este, queen of James II. She died at St. Germaine, April 26th, 1718. Her son, called James Francis Edward, was the Chevalier de St. George, so much beloved by the Irish.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

BORN 1672 — DIED 1729.

[Richard Steele was born in Dublin on the 12th March, 1672, a few weeks before the birth of his life-long friend Joseph Addison. His father was an attorney, his mother, as he himself says, "a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit." While he was in his fifth year his father died; but notwithstanding this there was little change in his condition until his thirteenth year, when, through the influence of the Duke of Ormond, he became a foundationer at the Charterhouse in London. There in 1686 he met with Addison, and from there he went to Oxford in 1690. Addison had already gone to Oxford, and on Steele joining him the friendship was renewed.

While at Oxford, Steele, as a matter of course, began to write verses, and in 1695 he made public his first poem, *The Procession*, which had for its subject the funeral of Queen Mary. His best work at this time, however, was in helping Addison to "break loose from the critical cobwebs of an age of periwigs and patches," and in helping to lay the first foundation of that reputation, which, with the generosity of his nature, he builded so high that it is only now his own is beginning to properly appear out of the shadow. Presently, leaving Addison to his slow-going longings to "launch into a bolder strain," Steele allowed his patriotism to carry him away, and he enlisted as a private in the Coldstream Guards. For this, as he says himself, "he lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, from the same humour which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." The colonel of the regiment, Lord Cutts, soon made Steele his secretary, and got him a commission as ensign. While an ensign he wrote his *Christian Hero*, chiefly to confirm himself in resisting the temptations of his position; but as it rather failed to do this he made it public, in the hope that then it would have a greater effect on him. The book was at once a success, but in the eyes of his brother officers he had changed from being a good companion into a disagreeable fellow. To remedy this, and also to show that his style was not in reality a didactic one, he soon after produced a bright little comedy, *The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode*, in which, however, he adhered to the condemnation of the things condemned in his book. This comedy, first acted in 1702, made him at once popular with the town. In 1703 it was followed by *The Tender Husband*, which was dedicated to Addison, and to which Addison wrote a prologue. This comedy is gay in manner and full of pure wit, yet it preaches an effective moral, and has many a hit at the fashionable vices of the day. In 1704 he produced the *Lying Lovers*, an adaptation from the French. The play was not a success, art being sacrificed in it to morality. Its failure placed Steele in the position "of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety." Foote afterwards re-adapted it as *The Liar*, in which form it still keeps the stage.

From 1704 to 1707 Steele wrote little, except possibly as a collaborateur. In May of the latter year he was appointed to the office of gazetteer, the work of which he performed with care and faithfulness. In the same year he married his second wife, he having already been married to a lady belonging to Barbadoes, who died a few months after her marriage. From Addison he borrowed a thousand pounds to "set up house," and the thousand was repaid within a year. On the 12th of April, 1709, he published the first number of his *Tatler*, "for the use of the good people of England," but in which he candidly declared that he was "an author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this to gambling for the patronage of men in office." The first eighty numbers of the publication he produced entirely out of his own resources, but the mental strain must have been great, and no doubt he welcomed the return of Addison from Ireland, as it gave him an opportunity of inducing his friend to join him in the work. On the 2d of January, 1711, the *Tatler* was discontinued, after a career of great usefulness and influence, and on the 1st of the following March appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, that living monument to the friendship of two honest men. The *Spectator* was even a greater success than the *Tatler*, and on the articles contributed to it to please his friend now chiefly rests Addison's fame — a fame which Steele took every opportunity of enlarg-

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.

ing. In the 555th number of the *Spectator* proper, Steele brought it to a conclusion; but a year and a half later Addison revived it. The revival was not a success from any point of view. Addison, without the guiding hand of his friend, fell below his former standard. His teaching became preaching, and his wit lost both in delicacy and point. After the production of eighty numbers he wisely gave up the struggle, and his supplementary *Spectator* was allowed to become the eighth volume of the complete series.

Already, on March the 12th, 1713, Steele had issued the first number of his *Guardian*, the plan of which gave him more liberty to write as a politician, which he became in becoming member for Stockbridge. The *Guardian*, however, he brought to an end, of his own freewill, on the 1st of October, when it had reached 175 numbers, and five days later he issued the first number of the *Englishman*. The *Englishman* did not live very long, but for the writing of its last number, as well as for the celebrated *Crisis*, he was expelled from the House of Commons by a factious majority. Swift attacked the *Crisis* with all his force in *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*. In the *Crisis* Steele indulged in no personalities, unless we call his praise of the Scottish nation such. Swift, on the other hand, indulged in personal abuse of his manly opponent and one-time friend, and launched his bitterest satire at the poverty and greed of the Scotch. Though expelled the house the moral victory in the *mêlée* was with Steele.

Being now at leisure, owing to his expulsion and the discontinuance of the *Englishman*, Steele wrote *An Apology for Himself and his Writings*, which may be found in his *Political Writings*, published in 1715. Shortly after he produced a deservedly forgotten treatise entitled *Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years*, and in the same year two papers called *The Lover* and *The Reader*.

On the death of Queen Anne and accession of George I., Steele was appointed surveyor of the royal stables, governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, and a magistrate for Middlesex. In April, 1715, he was also knighted, and in George's first parliament he was chosen member for Boroughbridge. Finally, after the suppression of the rebellion in the north, he was made one of the commissioners of the forfeited estates. In this year, 1715, he published *An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World*, as well as *A Letter from the Earl of Mar to the King*. In 1716 he produced a second volume of the *Englishman;* in 1718 *An Account of his Fishpool;* in 1719 *The Spinster*, a pamphlet; and *A Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage*. This bill he opposed in the House of Commons as well as in the *Plebeian*. Addison replied to his criticisms in the *Old Whig*, and thus, a year before the death of the latter, a coolness sprang up between the two friends. In 1720 Steele wrote two pieces against the South Sea scheme: one *The Crisis of Property*, the other *A Nation a Family*. In January of the same year, under the assumed name of Sir John Edgar, he commenced a paper called *The Theatre*, which he continued till the following 5th of April. During its existence his patent as governor of the Royal Company of Comedians was revoked. This, which was a heavy loss to him, he discussed calmly in a pamphlet called *The State of the Case*. In 1721, on the accession of Walpole to power, he was reinstated in his post, and in 1722 his *Conscious Lovers* was produced with great success.

Soon after this, having lost in 1723 his only surviving son, his health began to decline, and, hoping for an improvement, he moved from London to Bath, and from there to Llangunnor near Caermarthen, where he lodged with his agent and receiver of rents. In 1726 he had an attack of palsy, and on the 1st of September, 1729, he died, having "retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last."

Steele's position in literature is only now, after many years, beginning to be properly appreciated. In him is well seen how ready the world is to take a man at his own measurement, for as he claimed to be only a "whetstone to the wit of others," as Professor Morley puts it, the world gave him credit for little more. As a dramatist he was superior to Addison—as an editor superior beyond comparison. His essays form that part of the *Spectator* "which," says the writer just quoted, "took the widest grasp upon the hearts of man." "It was," continues Professor Morley, "the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. . . . There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labour for the exaltation of his friend, and no doubt his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But . . . he knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would

speak for him to posterity." Let us now at last make this belief a true one, and let us no longer be found speaking of the *Spectator* as "Addison's *Spectator;*" but, if the admirers of Addison will have it so, as "the Steele-Addison *Spectator.*" For among other things let it be remembered that of the essays in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, 510 belonged to Steele and 369 to Addison, while Steele was in addition projector, founder, and editor—and what he was as an editor may be inferred when we look at Addison attempting to walk alone.]

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.[1]

The fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related; for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured till the death of her jailer.

It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who in the sense of all the world received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours.

But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex, who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation that he complained of the advantages of it.

"My spouse," said he to one of his companions, "is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion."

But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word *perhaps* was introduced in all their discourse.

"I have a mind to go to the park," says she, "but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion." He would very willingly carry her to the play, but perhaps she had rather go to Lady Centaure's and play at ombre. They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some Genio's which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn therefore struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country,

[1] Number 53 of *The Tatler.*

and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it.

He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it (as now she did all things) like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the conveniency of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:—

"My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable—survivorship; desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?"

The lady answered without the least observation on the extravagance of the speech:—"My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see, good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate; and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ, study broths, plaisters, and conserves, till from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen passions by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you."

To Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, till Osmyn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows: "My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene, the rivulets, the groves, and soil so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town, so that there is no hope of a release in this place; but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county."

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town, and not thought guilty of an indecorum in not professing the sense or bearing the habit of sorrow for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life and gave her only common civility instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

INKLE AND YARICO.[1]

Arietta is visited by all persons of both sexes who may have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blamable; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their in-

[1] Number 11 of *The Spectator*.

terests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will. Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly as a civil, inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a commonplace talker, who, upon my entrance, rose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic, of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, 'till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian matron.[1]

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:—

Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America in search of provisions: the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great dis-

[1] Told in the prose "Satyricon" ascribed to Petronius, whom Nero called his arbiter of elegance. The tale was known in the middle ages from the stories of the "Seven Wise Masters." She went down into the vault with her husband's corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine; but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.—*Prof. Morley.*

tance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood he threw himself [tired and] breathless on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him: after the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation: she therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms for fear of her countrymen, and wake on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals, and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S WOOING.[1]

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several

[1] Number 113 of *The Spectator*.

of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her council, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman there is that dignity

in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she [had] discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed,—but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature, she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Luce Salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

CHARITY.[1]

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind is no less intituled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I

[1] Number 166 of *The Guardian.*

never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg that he had met with over against St. Clement's Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them, whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the Church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes and a full-bottomed wig for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to make all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream somebody knocked at my door. I opened it and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:—

"Sir,—After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.—Your humble servant to command,

"THOMAS WHITE.

"I have locked up the laboratory and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions will accept of the will for the deed.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

(FROM "THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.")

Humphrey. O, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught!—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

Enter TOM, *singing.*

Tom. Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business; we are raised above you: the pleasures of board wages, tavern dinners, and many a clear gain, vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, though it is but as t'other day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience.——You then pulled off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful, great, awkward cub, as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop, that's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand, when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants; you talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth—when you went to dinner because it was so much o'clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

Humph. Why, you wild rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your dinner, till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?—despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me when I first came to town about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams, to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those lessons, because I supposed at that time your master and you might have dined at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant; but the gang you have frequented since, at chocolate houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows, who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, sir—I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

Tom. Master Humphrey, ha! ha! you were an unhappy lad, to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, sir, the lackeys are the men of pleasure of the age; the top gamesters, and many a laced coat about town, have had their education in our party-coloured regiment.—We are false lovers, have a taste of music, poetry, billet doux, dress, politics, ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' clothes, and marry fortunes.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you, to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them: I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dressed as gay as the sun; but between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dressed I retired, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walked thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out, he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid, you know——

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and masquerades; and lard! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he ordered you?

Tom. Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? why, sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It's no matter for that: her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the gray mare is the better horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff starched philosopher and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffered no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond soul, that can keep nothing from me—one that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly managed.

Humph. What, her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even she, sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper, forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at——

Humph. Your sweet face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to fret and play with the little wanton——

Humph. Play with the little wanton! what will this world come to!

Tom. I met her this morning in a new gown, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes—then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole town of coquettes at second hand——But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear sir, when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

Tom. Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget——

Humph. Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [*Exit.*

A ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

(FROM "THE TENDER HUSBAND.")

[Aunt, who desires her niece to marry her cousin Humphrey Gubbin; she loves a Captain Clerimont, and determines to cut her cousin.]

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Niece. Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour before we went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier!

Aunt. Come, niece, come; you don't do well to make sport of your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

Aunt. Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphrey will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

Niece. Good madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions; do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty? Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your style.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing. Did you ever meet with a heroine, in those idle romances, as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

Aunt. Ah! cousin, cousin, these are mere vapours, indeed; nothing but vapours.

Niece. No; the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name; something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour. A name that glides through half-a-dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants. 'Tis strange rudeness, those familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Sacharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition, and Cella, Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

Aunt. Lookye! Biddy, this is not to be supported; I know not where you have learned this nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

Niece. Good madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was; and spent her time in better learning than ever you did; not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants, but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

Niece. My mother, and a Bridget!

Aunt. Yes, niece; I say again—your mother, my sister, was a Bridget. The daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Cicely, of her mother Alice—

Niece. Have you no mercy? Oh, the barbarous genealogy!

Aunt. Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan—

Niece. Since you will run on, then, I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, till, by chance, some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be searched. That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company; and the tree that was blown by them had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then, a cloud, this morning, had a flying dragon in it.

Niece. What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it as a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night. But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost if the writers had been persons of your *gout!*

Aunt. I wish the authors had been hanged, and their books burnt, before you had seen them.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable lies—

Niece. Indeed, madam, your raillery is coarse.

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young girls, and turn their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

Niece. What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers; and take my country booby, cousin Humphrey, for a husband.

Aunt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Biddy, pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably! What kind of life is that? A great heiress live comfortably! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas. What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard Street.

Niece. As we do! That's a fine life, indeed! with one servant of each sex. Let us see how many things our coachman is good for. He rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

Aunt. A good servant should turn his hand to everything in a family.

Niece. Nay, there's not a creature in our family that has not two or three different duties—as John is butler, footman, and coachman, so Mary is cook, laundress, and chambermaid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Niece. No, not I; nor at the coach-horses, though one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle.

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you?

Niece. No, I am well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor lap-dog might have lived with me upon my fortune without an employment; but my uncle threatens every day to make him a turnspit, that he, too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably.

Aunt. Harkye! cousin Biddy—

Niece. I vow I'm out of countenance when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot, drawn by one horse ambling and t'other trotting, with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Hackney. Then we make a comfortable figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do; and so will you always, if you marry your cousin Humphrey.

Niece. Name not the creature.

Aunt. Creature! What, your own cousin a creature!

. . . . . .

Enter Humphrey Gubbin.

Hump. Aunt, your humble servant. Is that he—eh, aunt?

Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphrey; that's your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together. [*Exit.*

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, doesn't she, eh, cousin? What, are you a Londoner and not speak to a gentleman? Lookye! cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to buy a pig in a poke, for I love to look before I leap.

Niece. Sir, your person and address brings to my mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson. What, would they marry me to a wild man? Pray, answer me a question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay; as many as you please, cousin Bridget.

Niece. What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Niece. Where were your haunts?

Hump. My haunts?

Niece. Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Niece. Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh? Let me look upon your nails. Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pignuts mightily?

Hump. How!

Niece. Canst thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You haven't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men as to hunt your nurse, have you?

Hump. Hunt my nurse! Ay, 'tis so; she's distracted, as sure as a gun. (*Aside.*) Harkye! cousin, pray will you let me ask you a question or two?

Niece. If thou hast yet learned the use of language, speak, monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Niece. Thus! What wouldst thou say?

Hump. What's the cause of it? Tell me truly, now. Did you never love anybody before me?

Niece. Go, go; thou'rt a savage.

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Niece. Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, cousin, though 'tis folly to tell thee so, I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

Niece. I'll have thee into some forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark room.

Niece. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did; there's no hate lost, I assure you, cousin Bridget.

Niece. Cousin Bridget, quotha! I'd as soon claim kindred with a mountain bear. I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in those fits, I hope. But do you hate me in earnest?

Niece. Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester?

Hump. Yes; for I've a reason, lookye! It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your senses; for to tell you truly, I don't much care for you; and there is another fine woman, as I am informed, that is in some hopes of having me.

Niece. This merits my attention. [*Aside.*

Hump. Lookye! d'ye see? as I said, I don't care for you. I would not have you set your heart on me; but, if you like anybody else, let me know it, and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old folks that would couple us.

Niece. This wears the face of an amour. (*Aside.*) There is something in that thought which makes thy presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay; now you're growing fond; if you come with these maid's tricks, to say you hate at first, and afterwards like me, you'll spoil the whole design.

Niece. Don't fear it. When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermine! May the tiger be wedded to the kid!

Hump. When I of thee, may the polecat caterwaul with the civet!

Niece. When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course!

Hump. When I like thee, may I be soused over head and ears in a horse-pond! But do you hate me?

Enter AUNT.

Niece. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha! I like this. They are come to promises and protestations. [*Aside.*

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Niece. You promise to be constant?

Hump. Till death.

Niece. Thou best of savages!

Hump. Thou best of savages! Poor Biddy!

[Humphrey and Niece seated, and Captain Clerimont, disguised as an artist, is introduced by the Aunt to take her niece's portrait. As he proceeds with his sketch he talks as follows:—]

Cap. Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune and a younger brother of a good family?

Aunt. Pray, sir, how is it?

Cap. This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age and stature—look me full in the face, madam. He accidentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex—hold up your head, madam; that's right. She let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her; the difficulty was how to gain a second interview—your eyes full upon mine, madam. For never was there such a sigher in all the valleys of Arcadia as that unfortunate youth during the absence of her he loved.

Aunt. Alack-a-day! poor young gentleman!

Niece. It must be him—what a charming amour is this. [*Aside.*

Cap. At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient: he dressed himself just as I am now, and came to draw her picture.—Your eyes full upon mine, pray, madam.

Hump. A subtle dog, I warrant him.

Cap. And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

Niece. Yet, perhaps the young lady was not displeased at what he had done.

Cap. But, madam, what were the transports of the lover when she made him that confession!

Niece. I dare say she thought herself very happy when she got out of her guardian's hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, niece; there is abundance of those headstrong young baggages about town.

Cap. The gentleman has often told me he was strangely struck at first sight; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion, his torment was so exquisite, his sensations so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishest thing in the world to stand shilly-shally about a woman when he had a mind to marry her.

Cap. The young painter turned poet on the subject; I believe I have the words by heart.

Niece. A sonnet! Pray, repeat it.

Cap. When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand shafts around her fly,
A thousand swains unheeded die.

If, then, she labours to be seen
With all her killing air and mien;
For so much beauty, so much art,
What mortal can secure his heart?

Aunt. Why, this is pretty. I think a painter should never be without poetry; it brightens the features strangely. I profess I'm mightily pleased. I'll but just step in and give some orders, and be with you presently. [*Exit.*

[While the Aunt is absent the Captain throws off his disguise and proposes an elopement. Humphrey promises to assist, and the matter is cleverly carried out, while Humphrey's marriage with the lady of his choice reconciles all parties to the marriage of the Niece to Captain Clerimont.]

MRS. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

BORN 1706 — DIED 1733.

[Constantia Grierson, a very extraordinary woman, says an old biographer, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in the year 1706. Her parents were poor, and from an early age she had to assist in supporting the family by needlework, "to which she was closely kept by her mother." However, with a little assistance from the minister of her parish, she early acquired a scholarlike knowledge of Greek and Roman language and literature, besides being well versed in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. A proof of her knowledge of Latin may be seen in her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret; her Greek knowledge is displayed in an epigram addressed to Lord Carteret's son. Mrs. Pilkington says that "when about eighteen years of age, Constantia was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery; that she was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, and understood mathematics as well as most men." While still young she was married to Mr. Grierson, who soon after obtained a patent as king's printer. In this patent, as a reward for her great merits, Lord Carteret caused her life also to be inserted. This provision, however, was never of any use, for she died in 1733, when only twenty-seven years of age, regretted by all who knew her.

In the few years of her married life Mrs. Grierson wrote several graceful poems, and there is no doubt had she lived she would have given to the world something it would not willingly let die. As it is, the majority of her verses are to be found in Mrs. Barber's volume of poems, while several have been lost, and some are only to be discovered after weary search among broadsides, tracts, and ephemeral publications of the period.]

AT A COUNTRY ASSIZE.

TO MISS LAETITIA VAN LAVEN, AFTERWARDS MRS. PILKINGTON.

The fleeting birds may soon in ocean swim,
And northern whales through liquid azure skim,
The Dublin ladies their intrigues forsake,
To dress and scandal an aversion take;
When you can in the lonely forest walk,
And with some serious matron gravely talk
Of possets, poultices, and waters still'd,
And monstrous casks with mead and cyder fill'd;
How many hives of bees she has in store,
And how much fruit her trees this summer bore;
Or home returning in the yard can stand
And feed the chickens from your bounteous hand;
Of each one's top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like Tully waiting for an augury.

When night approaches down to table sit
With a great crowd, choice meat, and little wit:
What horse won the last race, how mighty Tray
At the last famous hunting caught the prey;
Surely you can't but such discourse despise,
Methinks I see displeasure in your eyes:
O my Laetitia, stay no longer there,
You'll soon forget that you yourself are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely solitude to stay?
Where not a mortal through the year you view,
But bob-wigged hunters, who their game pursue
With so much ardour, they'd a cock or hare
To thee in all thy blooming charms prefer.

You write of belles and beaux that there appear,
And gilded coaches such as glitter here;
For gilded coaches, each elated clown
That gravely slumbers on the bench has one;
But beaux! They're young attorneys, sure, you mean,
Who thus appear to your romantic brain.
Alas! no mortal there can talk to you,
That love, or wit, or softness ever knew;
All they can speak of is capias and law,
And writs to keep the country fools in awe;
And if to wit or courtship they pretend,
'Tis the same way that they a cause defend,
In which they give of lungs a vast expense,
But little passion, thought, or eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll soon abandon you,
And gain and clamour in the town pursue.
So haste to town, if even such fools you prize,
O haste to town! and bless the longing eyes
Of your Constantia.

CUPID'S SPEECH,

UPON SEEING HIMSELF PAINTED ON A FAN.

In various forms have I been shown,
Though little yet to mortals known,
In ancient temples painted blind,
Nor less imperfect in my mind.

Abroad I threw my random darts,
And spiteful piereed ill-suited hearts;
The steady patriot, wise and brave,
Is to some giddy jilt a slave,
The thoughtful sage oft weds a shrew,
And vestals languish for a beau;
The fiery youth's unguided rage,
The ehildish dotages of age;
These and ten thousand follies more
Are plaeed to injured Cupid's seore.
As sueh is love by realms adored,
As such his giddy aid implor'd:
Though oft the thoughtless nymph and swain
That sued me thus, have sued in vain.
Yet, long insulted by mankind,
Who from false figures judged my mind,
And on me all the faults have thrown
They were themselves ashamed to own,
I from this picture plainly see
A mortal ean be just to me,
That awful sweetness ean display,
With which angelie minds I sway;
With whieh I rule the good on earth,
And give exalted passions birth:
The form of love, so long unknown,
At last by bright Charissa's shown.
Her hand does every beauty trace
That can adorn a heavenly face,
And of my graees more unfold
Than ever paint or verse of old.
Now hear the god whom worlds revere,
What he deerees for her declare.
Thou, lovely nymph! shalt shortly prove
Those sweets thou paint'st so well in love:
Thou soon that eharming swain shalt see
Whom fate and I design for thee;
His head adorned with every art,
With every graee his glowing heart,
That throbs with every fond desire
Thy eharms can raise or love inspire.
You from eaeh other shall reeeive
The highest joys I know to give:
(Though to thy parents long before
I thought I empty'd all my store),
While your exalted lives shall show
A sketch of heavenly bliss below—
The bliss of every godlike mind,
Beneficent to human kind,
And I to mortals shine eonfess'd,
Both in your paint, and in your breast.

ON THE ART OF PRINTING.

Hail, mystie art, whieh men like angels taught
To speak to eyes, and paint embody'd thought!
The deaf and dumb, blest skill, relieved by thee;
We make one sense perform the task of three.
We see, we hear, we touch the head and heart,
And take or give what eaeh but yields in part;
With the hard laws of distanee we dispense,
And without sound, apart eommune in sense;
View, though eonfin'd, nay! rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide extended all!
Dead letters thus, with living notions fraught,
Prove to the soul the teleseope of thought,
To mortal life immortal honour give,
And bid all deeds and titles last and live.
In scanty life—Eternity we taste,
View the first ages, and inform the last;
Arts, history, laws—we purehase with a look,
And keep, like fate, all nature in a book.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Born 1672 — Died 1729.

[It is always unpleasant to find a man of undoubted genius weakened by follies or guilty of a meanness. At first the world will not believe in such a thing, and when, at last, the proof becomes too strong, astonishment generally takes the place of other feelings, and the culprit is more than half excused. The disbelief in the first place arises from the idea that men of genius stand on a higher moral level than other men of their day and place, and their excuse is founded on the fiction that such men are by nature erratic, and not to be judged as others are judged.

That men of genius are in their morals, in their weaknesses and strength, much as other men, is being daily and hourly proved to every one that comes in contact with them. A great poet or novelist may be, like Tennyson or Dickens, a careful man of business; or, like some who shall be nameless, a reckless spendthrift or careless contractor of debts which may never be paid. In the one case his genius does not drive him into folly, in the other it does not preserve him from weakness amounting to dishonesty. No greater proof of this theory could be given than by recounting a couple of facts in the life of William Congreve. Though lifted to a good position solely by his

genius as an author, he had the meanness, when visited by Voltaire, to desire to be looked upon as a man of fashion rather than of letters. The witty Frenchman answered him as he deserved, "that if he had been only a gentleman he should not have come to visit him." In a similar state of mean weakness he allowed Jacob to receive from him the impression that he was born in England and not in Ireland, fearing that the name of an Irishman might in some degree lessen him in the eyes of his fashionable friends. This impression Jacob published to the world, and on his authority biographers to this very day, re-echoing each other, declare that Congreve was born at Bardsea in Yorkshire. To make this event possible the date of his birth is also put back two years, and instead of 1672 he is said to have been born in 1670. These errors, which were first attacked by "honest Tom Southerne," are no longer accepted as truths by any one who takes trouble to inquire into the matter.

William Congreve, then, was born in Ireland in 1672, where, and at which time, his father was steward to the Earl of Burlington. At a very early age he was sent to school at Kilkenny; afterwards to the University of Dublin, where he displayed great precocity and studied with success. Shortly after the Revolution of 1688, while he was yet in his seventeenth year, his father sent him over to London, where he was placed in the Middle Temple, and "where," says Johnson, "he lived for several years, but with very little attention to statutes or reports." Soon after taking up his abode in the Temple he produced his first work, a novel called *Incognita; or Love and Duty Reconci'ed.* Several biographers praise this work as showing vivacity of wit and fluency of style, and Johnson speaks of some quotations from it as "for such a time of life uncommonly judicious." He, however, adds, "I would rather praise it than read it."

While *Incognita* was being talked over by the critics Congreve composed his first dramatic work, *The Old Bachelor*, which, with foolish affectation, he declares he wrote with "little thoughts of the stage; but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." The comedy was placed in the hands of Dryden, who fitted it for the stage, and who stated that he "had never seen such a first play in his life." It was acted, after some delay, in 1693, when the author was actually only twenty-one years of age. Its success was unequivocal, and procured for Congreve the patronage of Halifax, who made him a commissioner for licensing coaches, and soon after appointed him to a post in the Pipe Office, and to the office of commissioner of wine licenses, worth £600 a year. Johnson says that "this gay comedy, when all deductions are made, will still remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties; the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it 'o'er-informs its tenement.'"

Encouraged by his success Congreve produced in the following year (1694) *The Double Dealer*, which was not successful, though praised by the best critics, and now known to be a better play than *The Old Bachelor*. At the end of the year Queen Mary died, and Congreve wrote a pastoral on the event. Johnson calls it a "despicable effusion," but another biographer speaks of it as "in point of simplicity, elegance, and correctness of language, equal to anything of the kind that has appeared in our language." In 1695 appeared *Love for Love*, which, like the first play, was highly successful, and deservedly so. In the same year also appeared his poem *On the Taking of Namur*, in which he is said to have "succeeded greatly." In 1697 he produced his *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, which raised high expectations, and, strange to say, was not in consequence a failure. Indeed, nothing could be better received, and the play, though marked by more of bustle and noise than good writing, still holds the stage.

In the following year (1698), Jeremy Collier issued his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, in which he handled Congreve's four plays rather roughly. Congreve attempted a reply, "which, if it does not justify him, shows, however, great modesty and wit." This quarrel seems to have given him somewhat of a distaste for the stage, and it was some time before his fifth, last, best, and most carefully constructed play, *The Way of the World*, was produced. This was at first unsuccessful, for, says a writer in the *General Biographical Dictionary*, "it gave so just a picture of the 'way of the world' that the world seemed resolved not to bear it."

The comparative failure of this last play so heightened Congreve's dislike to the stage that he left off writing for it for ever; upon which Dennis the critic remarked "that Mr. Congreve quitted the stage early, and that comedy left it with him." From that time his literary labours were confined to original poems and translations, a complete edition of

which appeared in 1710. On the appearance of Southerne's *Oroonoko* he wrote an epilogue for it, and he gave Dryden considerable assistance in his translation of Virgil. He also wrote the translation of the eleventh satire of *Juvenal*, published in Dryden's translation of that poet, and he contributed at least one paper to Steele's *Tatler*. The latter part of his life was passed chiefly in retirement, not, however, of an eremitic kind, but broken into by the visits of old friends and distinguished people either in fashion or literature. On the 19th January, 1729, he died in his house in Surrey Street, Strand, and on the 26th his corpse "lay in state" in the Jerusalem Chamber, whence it was carried with great pomp into Westminster Abbey and buried there. In keeping with the tuft-hunting weakness in his character he bequeathed the chief part of his fortune, £10,000, to the Duchess of Marlborough, to whom it could be but of little use, while he left his own family connections and others who had moral claims on him to struggle on unhelped by any hand of his.

Congreve "raised the glory of comedy," says Voltaire, "to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time. He wrote only a few plays, but they are excellent of their kind." Johnson speaks slightingly of his poems, but acknowledges that "while comedy or while tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read." In our own days Mr. Cowden Clarke, a careful if not very brilliant critic, speaks of Congreve as "the keystone to the arch of the conventional and artificial school of the comic drama." Of *The Way of the World* he says, "I do not think it too much to say in its praise that it comprises the most quintessentialized combination of qualities requisite to compound an artificially legitimate comedy to be found in the whole range of our dramatic literature." Finally he remarks that "the stronghold of Congreve's genius was wit in its greatest brilliancy."

In addition to the works already mentioned Congreve wrote *The Judgment of Paris*, a masque, and an oratorio or opera called *Semele*, which was set to music by Handel, but never acted, so far as we can discover.]

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
  Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
  The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
  Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
  Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
  Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
  Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
  For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
  She is the thing that she despises.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favours unexpected doubly please!
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts
  pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
In easy contemplation soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only varied in the dress.
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.

Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art.
Who nothing has to lose the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.

. . . . . .

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect in general to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
"Affect not anything in nature's spite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? for ill-resembling humankind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By nature form'd for love and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loathe to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years,
I can't so stupidly affected prove
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.
But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I have read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the sire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclept, Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach,
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad by what they write.

TALKING OF LOVERS.[1]

MIRABLE *and* MRS. FAINALL *together.*

Enter MRS. MILLAMANT *a young widow,* WITWOULD, *and* MINCING.

Mir. Here she comes, i'faith! full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—eh? no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. F. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mir. You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay, fine perukes hovering round you.

Wit. Like moths about a candle. I had

[1] This and the following extract are from *The Way of the World.*

like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, I have denied myself airs to-day! I have walked as fast through the crowd—

Wit. As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

Mrs. Mill. Dear Mr. Witwould, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

Wit. As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mrs. Mill. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess, I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. F. But Millamant, why were you so long?

Mrs. Mill. Long! Lud! have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Wit. Madam, truce with your similitudes. No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mir. By your leave, Witwould, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

Wit. Hum! a hit, a hit—a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mir. You were dressed before I came abroad.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, that's true. Oh! but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

Min. Oh! mem, your la'ship stayed to peruse a packet of letters.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, ay, letters! I had letters; I am persecuted with letters; I hate letters; nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

Mrs. Mill. Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwould, I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing?

Min. Oh! mem, I shall never forget it.

Mrs. Mill. Ay, poor Mincing tiffed and tiffed all the morning.

Min. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips!

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Min. You're such a critic, Mr. Witwould.

Mrs. Mill. Mirable, did you take exceptions last night? Oh! ay, and went away. Now I think on't, I'm angry—No, now I think on't, I'm pleased; for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mrs. Mill. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Mill. Oh! I ask your pardon for that. One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover; and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! The ugly and old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet, after commendation, can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now, you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mrs. Mill. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain, empty things, if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet, to those two vain, empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Mill. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.

Mrs. Mill. Oh, fiction! Fainall, let us leave these men.

SETTLING THE CONTRACT.

MRS. MILLAMANT, *the young widow, solus* (*Repeating*)

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

Enter MIRABLE.

Mir. (*Repeating*)

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

Do you lock yourself up from me to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

Mrs. Mill. Vanity! No; I'll fly and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last—nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the last?

Mrs. Mill. Oh, I should think I were poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mill. It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air.—Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with only the first now, "and stay for the other till after grace?"

Mrs. Mill. Ah! don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay, adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible——Positively, Mirable, I'll lie a-bed in the morning as long as I please.

Mir. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mrs. Mill. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will——And, d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mir. Names!

Mrs. Mill. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar; I shall never bear that. Good Mirable, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto, your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Mill. Trifles, as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mir. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions that when you are dwindled into a wife I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mrs. Mill. You have free leave; propose your utmost; speak, and spare not.

Mir. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she-friend to screen her affairs under your countenance and tempt you

to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask; then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out; and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Mill. Detestable *imprimis!* I go to the play in a mask!

Mir. Item, I article that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall. And while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oiled skins, and I know not what — hog's-bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in What-d'ye-call-it Court. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit.—But with *proviso,* that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach on the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of Clary. ——But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These *proviso* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mill. O, horrid *proviso!* filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious *proviso.*

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? and here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

A LITERARY LADY.[1]

Enter Lady Froth, Lord Froth, *and* Brisk.

Lady F. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairymaid and our coachman is not amiss? You know, I may suppose, the dairy in town as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great; besides, your ladyship's coachman, having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun —and, you know, the sun is called heaven's charioteer.

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I'm extremely beholding to you for the hint. Stay, we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. (*Pulls out a paper.*) Let me see here. You know what goes before; the comparison you know. [*Reads*

> For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
> So of our coachman I may say—

Brisk. I'm afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day.

Lady F. No, for the sun, it won't; but it will do for the coachman; for, you know, there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then, I don't say the sun shines all the day; but, that he peeps now and then. Yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see. [*Reads*

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say,
> He shows his drunken fiery face,
> Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. More or less.

Lady F. (*Reads*)

> And when, at night, his labour's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun

Ay, charioteer does better.

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;
> There he's secure from danger of a bilk,
> His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparably well and proper, egad! but I have one exception to make. Don't you think bilk—I know it's good rhyme — but don't you think bilk and fare too like a hackney-coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so; and yet our Jehu was a hackney-coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered if Jehu was a hackney-coachman. You may put that into

[1] From *The Double Dealer.*

the marginal notes, though, to prevent criticism. Only mark it with a small asterism, and say, Jehu was formerly a hackney-coachman.

Lady F. I will. You'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul; and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

Lord F. He, he, he! My dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whifler and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer! he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop, pho! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. Oh, silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who, my Lady Toothless? Oh! she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud, like an old ewe.

Lord F. Fie! Mr. Brisk, 'tis eringoes for her cough.

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no jest, with her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean: but deuce take me, I can't hit of her name neither. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel; then she has a great beard, that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish.

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

Brisk. Eh! egad! so I did. My lord can sing it. 'Tis not a song, neither. It's a sort of an epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

SONG—LORD FROTH.

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;—
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in it; my way of writing, egad!

EXTRACTS FROM
"THE MOURNING BRIDE."

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

BORN 1670 — DIED 1738.

[Turlough Carolan, or O'Carolan as he is more properly called, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-nusah or Newton, in the county of Westmeath, and not at Nobber, as is generally, but erroneously, stated. His father was a small farmer, and his mother the daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood. Goldsmith speaking of him says that "he seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction." As to the blindness, Goldsmith is in error, for Carolan was born with perfect eyesight, but early in life, or about his fifteenth year, an attack of

small-pox made the world dark to him for ever. Before this he had been sent to school at Cruisetown, county Longford, and there he made the acquaintance of the Bridget Cruise whom he afterwards immortalized in one of his songs.

While still a boy Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there he attracted the attention of a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, who admired him for his intelligence. Placing him among her own children, she had him carefully instructed in Irish, and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. Hardiman says he afterwards "became a minstrel by accident, and continued it more through choice than necessity." Charles O'Conor—who places Carolan before us as a reduced Irish gentleman who lost his property in the troubles of the time—says "he was above playing for hire; at the houses where he visited he was welcomed more as a friend than an itinerant musician." In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighbouring gentry, to most of whom he was already known. In his journey he did not forget to visit Cruisetown, and though he might not behold beauty of form, his mind was doubly alive to the beauty of soul which he believed existed in his old school-fellow Miss Cruise. To her he poured out song after song, and at last in plain prose acknowledged his affection and met with a refusal. However, it is said that the young lady was anything but averse to him personally, her rejection being founded chiefly on financial reasons. Leaving Cruisetown his real career as an itinerant musician began, and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

When approaching middle life, Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in county Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and, chancing to take hold of a lady's hand, he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise." So it was; but the fair one was still deaf to his suit, and soon after he solaced himself for her loss by marrying Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in county Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home, and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733, however, she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained till the end. When the first agony of his grief was past he composed a monody on her death, a composition which we quote, and which in the original Irish is peculiarly plaintive and pathetic.

Carolan did not survive his wife long. In 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died of a disease, brought on it is said by over-indulgence in drink.

Carolan was, as Goldsmith says, "at once a poet, a musician, and a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp." Goldsmith also says that of all the bards Ireland produced, "the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind." With a single exception of no importance all his songs, which numbered over two hundred, were written in the Irish language, in which also they appear to most advantage. The style of his music may be best studied in the air to "Bumper Squire Jones," which Carolan originally composed to words of his own. Though essentially Gaelic, his style has also something of Italian in its manner. It was much admired by a great contemporary, Geminiani, who declared Carolan was endued with *il genio vero della musica.*

It is a great pity so few, and these not the best, of Carolan's compositions are extant. For this state of things we may thank an unfilial son, who in 1747 published a collection of his father's music, but omitted from it most of the best compositions. However, what we have is still of high merit, and deserves to be cherished by every true musician, as well as by every lover of the scattered reliques of poetry and music left us of the time when Ireland was indeed the "Land of Song."

We append an elegy on the death of Caro-

lan, written by his friend M'Cabe, and translated by Miss Brooke.[1]]

PEGGY BROWNE.[2]

(TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.)

Oh, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doomed to be,
While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee:
In the green spring of life to the grave I go down,
Oh! shield me, and save me, my lov'd Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that at evening my footsteps were bound
To you deep spreading wood where the shades fall around,
I sought, midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For, like wild fairy music they melt on the ear,
Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down,
Oh, peerless and perfect's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherished tree,
But dearer, far dearer, is my lov'd one to me:
In my dreams I draw near her, uncheck'd by a frown,
But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

(GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., TRANSLATOR.)

O gentle fair maiden, thou hast left me in sadness;
My bosom is pierced with Love's arrow so keen;
For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen!

The gray mist of morning in autumn was fleeting,
When I met the bright darling down in the boreen;
Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting;
Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

Oh! fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen,
Thy cheek is the red rose! thy brow the sun-splendour!
And, cluster of ringlets! my dawn is Brideen!

Then shine, O bright Sun, on thy constant, true lover;
Then shine, once again, in the leafy boreen,
And the clouds shall depart that around my heart hover,
And we'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen!

BRIDGET CRUISE.

(TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.)

Oh! turn thee to me, my only love,
Let not despair confound me;
Turn, and may blessings from above
In life and death surround thee.

---

[1] M'Cabe, says Miss Brooke, was rather of a humorous than a sentimental turn; he was a wit, but not a poet. It was therefore his grief and not his muse that inspired him on the present occasion.

The circumstances which gave rise to this elegy are striking and extremely affecting. M'Cabe had been an unusual length of time without seeing his friend, and went to pay him a visit. As he approached near the end of his journey, in passing by a church-yard, he was met by a peasant, of whom he inquired for Carolan. The peasant pointed to his grave and wept. M'Cabe, shocked and astonished, was for some time unable to speak; his frame shook, his knees trembled, he had just power to totter to the grave of his friend, and then sunk to the ground. A flood of tears at last came to his relief, and, still further to disburden his mind, he vented its anguish in the following lines. In the original they are simple and unadorned, but pathetic to a great degree; and this is a species of beauty in composition extremely difficult to transfuse into any other language. I do not pretend in this to have entirely succeeded, but I hope the effort will not be unacceptable; much of the simplicity is unavoidably lost; the pathos which remains may, perhaps, in some measure atone for it.

I came, with friendship's face, to glad my heart,
But sad and sorrowful my steps depart!
In my friend's stead—a spot of earth was shown,
And on his grave my woe-struck eyes were thrown!
No more to their distracted sight remained,
But the cold clay that all they lov'd contained.
And there his last and narrow bed was made,
And the drear tombstone for its covering laid.
Alas! for this my aged heart is wrung,
Grief chokes my voice, and trembles on my tongue,
Lonely and desolate I mourn the dead,
The friend with whom my every comfort fled!
There is no anguish can with this compare!
No pains, diseases, suffering, or despair,
Like that I feel, while such a loss I mourn,
My heart's companion from its fondness torn!
Oh, insupportable, distracting grief!
Woe, that through life can never hope relief!
Sweet-singing harp—thy melody is o'er!
Sweet friendship's voice—I hear thy sound no more!
My bliss, my wealth of poetry is fled,
And every joy, with him I loved, is dead!
Alas! what wonder (while my heart drops blood
Upon the woes that drain its vital flood)
If maddening grief no longer can be borne,
And frenzy fill the breast, with anguish torn!

[2] The present Marquis of Sligo is descended from this inspirer of Carolan's muse.

This fond heart throbs for thee alone—
Oh! leave me not to languish;
Look on these eyes, whence sleep hath flown,
Bethink thee of my anguish:
My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny—
All dwell, all rest, sweet girl, on thee.

Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
The proudest must bow before thee:
Source of my sorrow and my delight—
Oh! must I in vain adore thee?
Where, where, through earth's extended round,
Where may such loveliness be found?
Talk not of fair ones known of yore;
Speak not of Deirdre the renowned—
She whose gay glance each minstrel hail'd;
Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
From her fond husband's longing arms;
Name not the dame whose fatal charms,
When weighed against a world, prevail'd;
To each might blooming beauty fall,
Lovely, thrice lovely, might they be;
But the gifts and graces of each and all
Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee!

How the entranc'd ear fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song!
How brightens each eye as thy fair white fingers
O'er the chords fly gently along!
The noble, the learn'd, the ag'd, the vain,
Gaze on the songstress, and bless the strain.
How winning, dear girl, is thine air,
How glossy thy golden hair!
Oh! lov'd one, come back again,
With thy train of adorers about thee—
Oh! come, for in grief and in gloom we remain—
Life is not life without thee.

My memory wanders—my thoughts have stray'd—
My gathering sorrows oppress me—
Oh! look on thy victim, bright peerless maid,
Say one kind word to bless me.
Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell,
When each tortur'd heart knows its power too well?
Or why need I say that favour'd and bless'd
Must be the proud land that bore thee?
Oh! dull is the eye and cold the breast
That remains unmov'd before thee.

WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE?

(TRANSLATED BY JOHN D'ALTON, M.R.I.A.)

The Bard addresses whisky—
Why, liquor of life! do I love you so;
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I every day grow,
What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!
Tatter'd and torn you've left my coat,
I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
If you'd cheer me again in the morning!

Whisky replies—
When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
And though thousands of cares assault you,
You'll find tippling there—till morals mend,
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
And give you a "*Kead mille faulté.*"[1]

The Bard resumes his address—
You're my soul and my treasure, without and within,
My sister and cousin and all my kin;
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—
But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
My barley ricks all turn to you—
My tillage—my plough—and my horses too—
My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,
I care not while you remain, love!

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,
You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
My forefathers all had the very same taste—
For the genuine dew of the mountain.
Oh! Usquebaugh! I love its kiss!—
My guardian spirit, I think it is.
Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
And many a time you made me mad,
But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,
When you smile at me full on the table;
Surely you are my wife and brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other!
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—
Brandy and Usquebaugh, and Ale!
But Claret untasted may pass us;
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
So, for righteousness sake, I leave them this,
For Claret the gownsman's comfort is,
When they've saved us with matins and masses.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY MAGUIRE.

(FROM WALKER'S "IRISH BARDS.")

Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spelful song, and eloquence divine,

---

[1] A thousand welcomes.

Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre, and Ossian's harp were mine,
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In Mary lost, would lose their wonted grace;
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow;
In vain!—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe.
Nor birth, nor beauty, shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride;
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
'Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once ev'ry thought and ev'ry scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music all my hours employ'd,—
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude!—my heart a void!
Alas, the change!—to change again no more!
For ev'ry comfort is with Mary fled:
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorn'd me in life's early prime!—
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chas'd them from my breast!
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more:
The muse deserts a heart with grief opprest—
And flown is ev'ry joy that charm'd before.

SONG FOR GRACEY NUGENT.

(TRANSLATED BY MISS BROOKE.)

Of Gracey's charms enraptured will I sing!
Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring!
To her sweet manners and accomplish'd mind
Each rival fair the palm of love resigned.

How blest her sweet society to share!
To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair;
Her gentle accents—her complacent mien!
Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a queen!

That alabaster form, that graceful neck,
How do the cygnet's down and whiteness deck!
How does that aspect shame the cheer of day,
When summer suns their brightest beams display!

Blest is the youth whom fav'ring fates ordain
The treasure of her love and charms to gain!
The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,
With breathing odours—blooming beauty crown'd.

Sweet is the cheer her sprightly wit supplies!
Bright is the sparkling azure of her eyes!
Soft o'er her neck her lovely tresses flow!
Warm in her praise the tongues of rapture glow!

Hers is the voice tun'd by harmonious love,
Soft as the songs that warble through the grove!
Oh! sweeter joys her converse can impart!
Sweet to the sense and grateful to the heart!

Gay pleasures dance where'er her footsteps bend;
And smiles and rapture round the fair attend:
Wit forms her speech, and wisdom fills her mind.
And sight and soul in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth in beauteous order plac'd;
Her neck with bright and curling tresses grac'd:
But ah, so fair!—in wit and charms supreme,
Unequal song must quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let sparkling goblets flow,
And my full heart its cordial wishes show:
To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,
Long be her life, and blest its every hour!

SONG FOR MABEL KELLY.

(TRANSLATED BY MISS BROOKE.)

The youth whom fav'ring Heavens decree
To join his fate, my fair! with thee,
And see that lovely head of thine
With fondness on his arm recline:

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find,
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,—
And death will spare him for thy sake!

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair;
And a fair form to match that face,
The rival of the cygnet's grace

When with calm dignity she moves
Where the clear stream her hue improves;
Where she her snowy bosom laves,
And floats majestic on the waves.

Grace gave thy form in beauty gay,
And rang'd thy teeth in bright array;
All tongues with joy thy praises tell,
And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,
That add to verse the charms of song!
Soft melody to numbers join,
And make the poet half divine.

As when the softly blushing rose
Close by some neighbouring lily grows;
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues!

The timid lustre of thine eye
With nature's purest tints can vie;
With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modest stem!

The poets of Icrne's plains
To thee devote their choicest strains,
And oft their harps for thee are strung,
And oft thy matchless charms are sung.

Thy voice, that binds the list'ning soul,—
That can the wildest rage control,
Bid the fierce crane its powers obey,
And charm him from his finny prey.

Nor doubt I of its wondrous art;
Nor hear with unimpassion'd heart;
Thy health, thy beauties, ever dear!
Oft crown my glass with sweetest cheer!

Since the fam'd fair of ancient days,
Whom bards and worlds conspir'd to praise,
Not one like thee has since appear'd,
Like thee, to every heart endear'd.

How blest the bard, O lovely maid!
To find thee in thy charms array'd!—
Thy pearly teeth—thy flowing hair!—
Thy neck, beyond the cygnet, fair!

As when the simple birds at night
Fly round the torch's fatal light,—
Wild, and with ecstasy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate,

So the soft splendours of thy face,
And thy fair form's enchanting grace,
Allure to death unwary love,
And thousands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes no ray
Admit from beauty's cheering day;
Yet, though he cannot see the light,
He feels it warm and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,
And all the graces of the mind,
In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy slender foot,—thine azure eye,—
Thy smiling lip, of scarlet dye,—
Thy tapering hand, so soft and fair,—
The bright redundance of thy hair,—

O blest be the auspicious day
That gave them to thy poet's lay!
O'er rival bards to lift his name,
Inspire his verse and swell his fame!

JOHN ABERNETHY.

BORN 1680 — DIED 1740.

[John Abernethy, who became one of the most eminent among the Dissenting ministers of Ireland, was born at Coleraine on the 19th October, 1680. At nine years of age he was carried into Scotland by a relation, to avoid the horrors of the insurrection, in which all the other children of his parents were lost. For some years he was kept at a grammar-school, and afterwards sent to Glasgow University, where in due course he took the degree of M.A. From Glasgow he moved to Edinburgh for the purpose of studying divinity, and he was so successful a student that he was licensed to preach before he had attained his twenty-first year. In 1703 he received a call from a congregation in Antrim, and, accepting it, was ordained. He soon became famous for his eloquence not only in his own parish but through a wide district. In 1717 he had a call to Dublin, but refused it. For this he incurred the violent displeasure of the Presbyterian Synod.

Soon after this Abernethy entered with much zeal into the formation of a society chiefly composed of ministers, and having for its object "improvement in knowledge, by bringing things to the test of reason and Scripture, without having a servile regard to any human authority." This society, which, from its place of meeting, was called the Belfast Society, soon became troubled with hot debates and fierce dissensions on the question of subscription to the Westminster Confession. The matter was carried into the General Synod, and ended in 1726 in a complete rupture, Abernethy and his friends, the non-subscribers, being declared no longer members of the body. Upon this the greater part of his con-

gregation forsook him, and he accepted an offer from a congregation in Wood Street, Dublin. This struggle was undoubtedly the prelude to the subsequent division of the Arian and Socinian element in the Irish Presbyterian Church. Abernethy took a prominent part in the memorable controversy relating to religious tests and disabilities. He took up the position that religion should not exclude men of talent from political office, and he was so far in advance of the opinions of the time that he gave it as his firm conviction that a Presbyterian or Roman Catholic might be a man of ability, and thus fitted to serve his country. He laboured in Dublin for ten years, adding greatly to his reputation, and during which period he wrote an immense number of eloquent and weighty sermons and tracts. In 1740 he was attacked by gout in a vital part, and died in December of that year, leaving behind him a great mass of sermons and tracts, still highly valued by students of his own school, and the work for which he is now chiefly known, *Discourses concerning the Being and Natural Perfections of God*, which has been declared, "for solidity of argument, strength and clearness of reasoning, and justness of sentiment, equal if not superior to anything of the kind in the English language." It was given to the world in 1743, two volumes of the sermons were issued in 1748, and in 1751 a selection from the tracts, &c., appeared.]

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD PROVED BY HUMAN MORALITY.[1]

The importance of morality to the human life and to its main ends shows wisdom and design in giving men the sense and knowledge of it. Political constitutions are reasonably judged to be formed with understanding because of the ends which they answer. When laws are well framed for the preservation of public peace and order, the measures of civil authority and subjection wisely settled, provision made for supporting the legal powers of the rulers and liberties of the people, for securing them against foreign invasions and intestine broils, for deciding their debates about property in an equitable manner, for encouraging industry and other virtues, which tend to the benefit of society, and restraining those irregularities which threaten its destruction; when all this is apparent in the constitution of any community, no one will attribute it to a casual unconcerted encounter of men, since there are so plain evidences of wisdom and design in the whole scheme. As little reason is there to imagine, that when a species of intelligent beings are sent into the world with sentiments of morality, which are so evidently conducive to their happiness, tending to improve their nature, to ennoble the life of every one of them, filling it with a variety of rational pleasure, and to render them eminently useful to one another, so that it is hardly to be conceived to what a height of perfection and felicity they would be raised if these moral sentiments were duly improved and had their full effect; and, on the other hand, how miserable the whole race would be if entirely destitute of them; it is unreasonable, I say, to imagine that this should be without a directing intelligence in the cause of it.

Nothing can be more groundless and unsupported with any pretence of reason than to allege that the notions of morality so common and prevailing in the world were originally invented by politicians, and by their artifice imposed upon credulous mankind as the dictates of nature. For besides that strict virtue is often too little agreeable to the maxims and measures of their policy to give it any appearance of proceeding from such an original, every man who will look carefully into his own heart may find there a standard of right and wrong prior to any instructions, declarations, and laws of men, whereby he pronounces judgment upon them. Nor was it ever known that any human invention, nor anything which was not the voice of reason and nature itself, appeared so uniform and unvaried, always consistent with itself, and always in the same light to the minds of men, as the principal moral species do. The forms of civil government differ according to the circumstances and inclinations of the people who create them, the external forms of religion too are variable, and so is everything of positive appointment and institution; but justice and mercy, gratitude and truth, never alter; the learned and the unlearned, the most uninstructed and the most polite nations agree in their notions concerning them, and whenever they are intelligibly proposed approve them.

It is, therefore, evident that morality is a part of the human constitution, and must be

[1] This and the following extract are from *Discourses concerning the Being and Natural Perfections of God.*

attributed to its Author. Let this be understood in a sense agreeable to the nature of the thing. I do not mean that we are necessarily virtuous, as we are sensitive and intelligent, or that the practice of virtue is so essential that no man can possibly be without it, for the very notion of it imports free agency or choice; but I mean that the mind of man is so framed, as, when it attains the full exercise of its rational powers, to be necessarily sensible of moral obligations, and so far determined to satisfy them that it cannot wilfully and designedly act a contrary part without doing violence to itself, which is all the necessity that is consistent with the nature of such a being and the nature of morality. If it be so we may surely infer that the cause of this constitution was intelligent, since all the individuals of mankind are found to have a sense of virtue, and every one who reflects upon it must be conscious that it is engraven upon his heart prior to any intention of his own, or any instruction that he knows of: it must either have happened without any design at all, or it must have been designed by the Author of our being. To say that moral agency, which is so universally the character of men that without it no one can be reckoned perfectly of the kind, and which is of so great importance, not only to the ornament and convenience of life, but to all the highest purposes of our being, so far that the want of it would make an essential difference in the species—to say that this is merely accidental, in other words, that there is no cause to be assigned for it at all, is too gross an absurdity to require any confutation. If our minds can rest satisfied with that solution there is an end of all rational inquiry; it may be said everything came from nothing, and there is no cause to be sought of any perfection whatever. But if this be what we cannot possibly acquiesce in, and indeed I will venture to say no man can, however he may force himself to a stupid inattention, there is nothing left to conclude but that we were made moral agents by an intending intelligent cause. I do not at present carry the argument so far as to infer from it the moral perfections of the Deity, though it will very well bear even that; but he that will shut his eyes against the evidence of understanding and design in the formation of the human nature, as we see it is formed universally, with a sense of virtue and vice, good and evil, right and wrong in actions, and with a necessary approbation of the one and disapprobation of the other; I say, he that can shut his eyes against this evidence is hardened beyond the power of reasonable conviction, and is no more fit to be argued with.

RELIGION AND TRUE INTEREST AGREE.

But the writers in this controversy against religion, against natural morality and the social affections of mankind, seem to be diffident of that basis upon which they place civil government, and which has been already considered, namely, contracts and covenants, and therefore they have their recourse to another, which they hope will be more stable, having strength enough to secure itself, that is, the force of the magistrate, to which all must submit. Sometimes they deduce from this alone the very nature and the measures of right and wrong in the whole extent of them, for they say that justice and injustice are determined by a law, and a law is nothing else but the declared will of a superior with a sanction added to it. Let us see now upon what foot authority stands according to this account of it, and it is plainly no other than superior power causing terror, or the weakness and fear of its subjects. This does it no great honour, nor will make it appear amiable to men, so long as the generous affections and a sense of liberty have any place in their hearts; but especially it is to be observed, in opposition to these writers, that the security of civil government is hereby rendered precarious. There is nothing to hinder attempts against the public tranquillity and the power which is raised to preserve it but the danger of miscarrying in them; whenever treasonable conspiracies can be formed and rebellions raised with a fair probability of prevailing, all scruples vanish, and the actual success makes them actually just; the restraints of honour and conscience and a regard to the public are mere bugbears which keep fools in awe, but men of sense despise them. Let any one judge who knows at all the state of mankind, whether these are principles which have a tendency to secure civil authority, and thereby to secure peace and order among men. But the main strength of our adversaries' objection lies in this, that religion tends to weaken, and even to subvert civil government, by setting up private judgment or conscience as a superior tribunal in the breast of every subject, which claims a right of examining the acts of

the highest human authority, and refusing obedience to them when it judges them to be wrong; whereas their principles vest the civil sovereign with an absolute supremacy which no one has a right to dispute, but must implicitly yield, even in actual obedience to all its commands. I shall not insist on the abject condition to which this reduces the whole of mankind except the few who have the supreme magistracy in their hands, because the men we have to do with in the present debate avow no feeling of it, having professedly abandoned all sense of honour, liberty, and virtue, unless so far as they are subservient to private interest. But with respect to the security of government itself, though we grant it is true that the principles of religion establish in every man a supremacy for himself, so that his conscience must be the last judge of his own actions, yet this supremacy does not make void the proper exercise of civil authority nor hinder its effects. For the right of conscience, importing not merely a liberty but an obligation to do what is right and fit, is the greatest security of just obedience to the power ordained of God, as well as of everything else morally good that the human nature is capable of. But the question is, What advantage will be gained to the civil power if conscience be displaced? Does the atheistical scheme substitute nothing in its room which may be equally dangerous? Yes, certainly, for it transfers the supremacy to arbitrary will, lust, and passion, all summed up in self-love, or the desire of private happiness, that is, pleasure, which of right is the absolute ruler in every human heart, and reason is intended not to control but to minister to it. Is this more friendly to civil sovereignty than conscience, which is founded on the notion of a real and essential difference in the nature of things, between just and unjust, moral good and evil, and therefore must tie up men's hands from public mischiefs, though they might gratify their own humours and inclinations?

CHRISTIANITY OPPOSED TO PERSECUTION.[1]

Our blessed Saviour had it in view, by his gospel, to promote the common happiness of mankind upon the foundations of virtue and charity, and to restore and preserve peace among them by uniting their affections, and delivering them from the dominion of those lusts which warred in their members, the causes of their wars and fightings, confusion and every evil work. But whereas concord was unhappily broken, and the world became a scene of disorder, not only the selfish passions of men set them at variance, but religion itself was so far perverted as to be the cause of hatred and animosity; in such a case it was impossible to reunite their alienated hearts and re-establish harmony otherwise than by changing their sentiments and giving them truer notions both of piety towards God and benevolence to men, showing them that the former is the sure foundation and the chief support of the other, and that the true perfection of our nature consists in an imitation of the divine moral attributes which will lead us to an inviolable regard to the felicity of mankind in general, and of every individual as far as it is in our power. This is of the very essence of the Christian scheme. And in order to carry it on the more effectually, the great Author supposes the state of things, when he published it, to be just as it was in fact: that men were enemies to one another, proud, wrathful, and contentious, many of them the most of all averse to those who distinguished themselves by the purity and simplicity of their worship and the innocence of their whole behaviour. I say, supposing this to be the case, our Saviour teaches those who would embrace his institution to accommodate their deportment to the condition in which they actually were, that is, being as sheep in the midst of wolves, fierce adversaries of their profession and their persons, who would persecute and despitefully use them; to exhibit to the world bright examples of the most exalted benevolence and charity, by rendering love for hatred, and the best offices in their power for cruel treatment.

If, indeed, the Christian doctrines were universally and sincerely embraced, and the word of Christ had its proper influence on the minds of all men, there would be peace on earth and mutual good-will among men; fierceness and cruelty, with their horrid effects, misery and desolation, must cease; there could then be no such thing as forgiveness, and the exercise of meekness, strictly speaking, because there would be no hatred, persecution, and despiteful usage. But when it is otherwise, and we are in a mixed imperfect state, the best having their infirmities and a great many full of

[1] From a collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts, &c., published in 1751.

the leaven of malice and wickedness, the children of God must be blameless and harmless, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, shining as lights in the world. We cannot but be sensible that this is what our blessed Master indispensably requires as most conducive to his service and the honour of his religion, and absolutely necessary to our obtaining his approbation. That the obligation upon Christians is universal, extending to all men and all cases wherein they can be, is evident from the supposition of the text, which is that of the severest trials from men, even of enmity, cursing, persecution, and despiteful usage. If all this does not dissolve the bond of benevolence it is hard to tell what does, or to imagine anything which can set us more at distance, and provoke and even justify resentment instead of kindness. Enmity or hatred with their bitter fruits may be conceived as arising either from private passions and interfering interests, or from public differences, particularly in religion. It is certain these latter are often as fierce as any, and I think 'tis plain they are not excluded from the meaning of the text, that is, that the disciples of Christ should not only be ready to forgive private injuries, and to render good for them, but that they should have the same dispositions towards the adversaries of their religious profession. Nay, this indeed was the primary intention of the many charges of this sort which our Saviour gave to his first followers. He does not suppose them only or principally to be involved in personal quarrels with their neighbours, but to be exposed to the rage and fury of men because of their religious sentiments and practices. Thus he warns the apostles that they should be called before kings and councils for his sake, that is, for their adherence to his doctrine and precepts, and that such differences should arise about Christianity that families would be divided in their affections, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters set against each other, and a man's foes be those of his own house. This was exemplified in the primitive Christians, cruelly persecuted for the sake of their religion. Their Master went before them in enduring all manner of reproaches and ill-usage for his good offices to mankind, in endeavouring their reformation; and in the last extremity of distress, when led as a lamb to the slaughter, he was dumb, not opening his mouth in threatenings or invectives, but prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. After him, Stephen, with his last breath, returned prayers for curses, crying, just as he expired by the hands of barbarous men stoning him to death, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." So did all the apostles still maintain their innocence unblemished, and their charity inviolable, even to their most cruel persecutors.

All this is not to be understood as if Christianity were intended to destroy the unalterable right of mankind to defend their lives and their liberties, among which that of conscience is the most sacred, against unjust violence, as if we were obliged by the rules of our religions to offer our throats to ruffians, and submit universally to the most lawless tyranny. But the religion of the Holy Jesus forbids revenge. Even when necessary, self-defence is allowed, nay, is most just and honourable. Christians should be always ready to be reconciled, never carrying their resentment farther than self-preservation requires. When that end is obtained, and force is no more needed to repel causeless wrongs, then the offices of love take place; the utmost cruelties ought not to be retaliated. In the case of the apostles and other primitive Christians the right of self-defence was entirely out of the question. Their situation was such that it was not in their power to use it. And so God was pleased to order, in his infinite wisdom, that in them might be exemplified illustriously the virtues of meekness, patience, and charity, which are the glory of his gospel, for a pattern to all who should afterwards believe, and for a testimony to the world of the truth, the purity, and the innocence of the Christian faith. But at all times Christianity appears, as originally delivered by its blessed Author, to be an inoffensive institution, breathing nothing but peace, and tending to inspire its professors with the strongest sentiments of kindness and good-will to all men—kindness not to be extinguished even by hatred, injuries, and affronts, so far from giving any allowance to rage and cruelty in the defence and provocation of it; of which we have a remarkable instance in the severe reproof our Saviour gave to two of his disciples, who moved to have fire come down from heaven to destroy some of the Samaritans because they refused to receive him into their village. He turned and rebuked them and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

BORN 1667 — DIED 1745.

[In the spring of 1667 Jonathan Swift, full cousin to the poet Dryden, and steward to the Society of King's Inns, Dublin, died in poor circumstances, leaving a widow. Seven months later, on the 30th of November, in a little house in Hoey's Court, the poor widow gave birth to a son, who was named Jonathan after his dead father, and whose life, begun thus miserably, was fated to be one constant round of warfare and suffering, of defeat in victory and of disappointment in success. Born with a spirit fitting him to rule, the greatest satirist of England felt in the very first years of his life the cold hand of poverty pressing him to the earth and branding him a slave.

From his earliest days there seemed to be something in Swift's life different from other men. His father had been buried at the expense of the society he served; his mother and himself were kept in existence by the scanty, and we believe necessarily scanty, bounty of his uncle Godwin. Still, it seems he had a nurse, and this nurse, like other women, in after days became so attached to him, that when she was called away to England to the death-bed of a relative she carried him with her clandestinely. After she was found the mother refused to insist on taking the child from her, fearing, as it was delicate, that it might not be able to stand the fatigues of a voyage from Whitehaven to Ireland. So in Whitehaven Swift remained three or four years, and there learned to read the Bible with ease.

When he was about five years of age his nurse carried him to Ireland again, where, alas! there was now no kind mother to receive him, she having gone to live with a relative at Leicester in England. However, the little waif was taken into the family of his uncle Godwin, by whom, at six years of age, he was sent to Kilkenny school, where he remained for about eight years, and where, says Sir Walter Scott, his name, cut in school-boy fashion upon his desk or form, is still shown to strangers. There he learned to celebrate his birthdays by reading from Job the fierce passage in which that patriarch curses the day in which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born," and there, no doubt, he suffered many an indignity from the poverty-stricken state in which he was maintained by an uncle who seemed, but in reality was not, rich.

At the age of fourteen he was entered at the University of Dublin, being on the 24th of April, 1682, received a pensioner under the tuition of St. George Ashe. His cousin, Thomas Swift, was also admitted at the same time, and owing to this fact and to the mention of the names in the college record without any prænomen attached, great difficulty has arisen in tracing certain details of their lives. At the university Swift rebelled against having to study the learned sophistry of Smiglecius and his fellows. Instead he dived deeply into studies of a wide but desultory kind, and while so doing drew up, young as he was, a rough sketch of his *Tale of a Tub.* Not only did he rebel against Smiglecius and his crew, he rebelled also against the college discipline, and became reckless and violent in other respects. Like Johnson in a similar condition he "disregarded all power and all authority;" he was "miserably poor, mad, and violent," and what "was bitterness, that they mistook for frolic." For this he suffered several and severe penalties, and in February, 1685–6, the heaviest punishment of all in having his degree conferred on him by *special favour.* However, he still remained in college, and still continued to be a rebel to its rules. On the 18th of March, 1687, he was publicly admonished for neglect of duties, and on the 20th of November, 1688, he and some others were convicted of insolent conduct to the junior dean, and he and another had their academical degree suspended, and were condemned to publicly crave pardon of the offended dignitary.

Whether or not Swift ever submitted to the latter degradation is unknown, but shortly afterwards he left the college "without," as Scott says, "a single friend to protect, receive, or maintain him,"—his uncle having died a year or two before. The war of the Revolution had just broken out in Ireland, so he turned his back upon that country, and, footsore and weary, presented himself at his mother's residence in Leicestershire. There it was impossible for him to remain, as his mother was herself only the recipient of the bounty of her

friends, and an inmate of a house which was not her own. However, she advised him to apply to Sir William Temple, a retired statesman, into whose house he was received as amanuensis at a salary of £20 a year.

At Moor Park, near Farnham, the residence of Temple, Swift resided for a couple of years, in the earlier part of which he was treated with coldness and distrust, and as one who had far too confident a mien and too presuming a temper for one so poor. However, he gradually grew in favour as his worth and strength became apparent, and after he had made a short visit to Ireland for the good of his health, Temple took him into confidence so far as to have him present at private interviews with the king. About this time also he went to Oxford, where, on the 5th of July, 1692, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts. At Oxford Swift composed his first extant poetical work, a translation of the eighteenth ode of the second book of Horace, and shortly after he attempted a higher flight in the production of Pindaric odes. These he showed to Dryden, who at once answered decisively, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The remark was never forgiven or forgotten, for to the proud bitter soul of Swift it seemed another of the insults to which his youth had been subjected. However, notwithstanding Dryden's opinion, Swift began to acquire a literary reputation, and to make friendships among such men as Congreve, to whom in November, 1693, he addressed a copy of verses. In these very verses, as Scott has well remarked, he shows that he felt confidence in his own powers, and was already gifted with that "hate for fools" which made him so feared, and for which the "fools" yet make his memory pay dearly.

> "My hate, whose lash just Heaven had long decreed,
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

After Swift's return from Oxford, where he had been flatteringly received, Temple and he grew gradually colder to each other. Swift saw clearly that he was but very poorly rewarded by his patron, who kept him in his present state for selfish reasons he believed. Temple looked upon Swift's anxiety for advancement as ingratitude, and offered him a post in the Rolls Office in Ireland, which was, it is said, expected to be refused. Swift did refuse it, and the two parted in mutual bad temper. Swift made another foot journey to Leicester, stayed there for a short time with his mother, then went over to Ireland, determined to enter holy orders. Before being admitted a deacon he had, however, to write to Sir William Temple for a certificate of conduct, and this, after some delay, he brought himself to do. In his letter he made admissions that he had been perhaps over-hasty, if not absolutely wrong in his conduct, and Temple not only gave him the certificate, but pleaded his cause with Lord Capel, so that he was at once, after admission to deacon's orders in January, 1694–5, appointed to the prebend of Kilroot, near Carrickfergus, worth about £100 a year.

Swift's stay at Kilroot was not for long. He soon became weary of its rude society and dulness. Sir William found that he had lost an indispensable companion, whose real value only began to be properly seen when he was no longer present. Swift soon became aware of Sir William's desire for his return, but for a while his pride caused him to hesitate how to act. At last this was decided almost by accident. One day he met a curate with whom he had formed an acquaintance, and who had proved to be, not only a good man and modest, but well-learned and the father of eight children, whom he supported on an income of £40 a year. Borrowing the clergyman's horse, Swift started off at once to Dublin, resigned his preferment, and obtained a grant of it for the poor curate, who was so affected with gratitude that the benefactor never forgot the pleasure of the good deed so long as he lived.

On Swift's return to Moor Park, in 1695, he was treated "rather as a confidential friend than a dependent companion," and the two great men soon became really fast friends. Once more settling down to work Swift completed his *Tale of a Tub*, and also wrote *The Battle of the Books*, neither of which was published till 1704. The latter was written in defence of Temple's side in an argument into which that statesman had got involved as to the relative values of ancient and modern learning. During this second residence at Moor Park Swift made the acquaintance of Esther Johnson, whom he has immortalized as Stella, an event the most unfortunate in his life, as giving a handle to his enemies to vilify his name. In January, 1698–9, Sir William Temple died, and the four quietest and happiest years of Swift's life were brought sharply to an end. In his will Sir William left his secretary £100, and, what was looked upon as of much greater value than the money, his literary remains. These Swift edited carefully, and published with a dedication to King

William. A petition also was presented to the king reminding him of his promise to Sir William to bestow a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster on Swift; but as the dead statesman's services could no longer be turned to account, his secretary's talents and claims ceased to have any force, and Swift never even had an answer to his request. After long waiting, which must have been bitter indeed to his haughty spirit, he accepted an offer of the Earl of Berkeley, one of the lords-justices, and went with that nobleman to Ireland as chaplain and private secretary. Before long an intriguer of the name of Bushe was appointed to the place of private secretary, amends being promised to Swift in the shape of the first good church living that should become vacant. In this Swift was again disappointed and tricked. The rich deanery of Derry fell vacant, but Bushe, who seems rapidly to have gained influence over Berkeley, declared Swift should not have it without a bribe of £1000. Swift classing master and man together as partners in the vile transaction, burst into an impetuous cry—"God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!"—and on the instant departed from his lodgings in the castle. Berkeley, alarmed at the thought of Swift's satiric lash, hastened to patch up the breach, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan and the rectory of Agher, all in the diocese of Meath, were conferred upon him. These were altogether worth about £270 a year, not half the value of the deanery withheld, but Swift accepted them. Berkeley and Swift never were real friends again, but Lady Berkeley and her two daughters still retained the esteem of the late secretary, and one of the daughters, Lady Elizabeth, remained to the end of his days one of his most valued correspondents.

At Laracor he preached regularly on Sundays, and said prayers twice a week—on Wednesdays and Fridays—a thing not then much in vogue. The church, which was in a sad state of dilapidation, he repaired, as well as the vicarage, which had almost fallen into ruin through the avarice of former incumbents. "He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty." He also purchased the tithes of Effernock, and settled them by will upon the incumbent of that living.

While these things were being done, Stella, and Mrs. Dingley her companion, took up their abode in the town of Trim, near at hand. Johnson, like nearly all Swift's biographers, calls her "the unfortunate Stella," but we cannot see how the appellation is justified. Her connection with Swift has made her name remembered, which it otherwise would never have been; while in the company, conversation, and confidence of such a master mind she had a full recompense for sacrifices treble those she seemed to make. Whether in the end Swift did or did not marry her is a matter of little moment, and a thing impossible to determine. It is sufficient for us to know that he and she were pure true friends to the last, and that, so far at anyrate as he was concerned, no trace of lower passion was allowed to enter into their intercourse. To avoid scandal he and she continued to live apart; she and Mrs. Dingley occupying the parsonage in his absence, but retiring from it on his return. They also took care never to meet except in the presence of a third party, a piece of precaution that evidently originated with Swift.

In 1701 Swift's career began in earnest by the publication anonymously of his treatise on *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*, a work in which he showed how easy it is for liberty, by degenerating into license, to force itself to be extinguished by tyranny. The work made a great stir, and was attributed successively to Lord Somers and Bishop Burnet—Burnet, to escape an impeachment by the commons, being reduced to make a public disavowal of any share in the work, though in private he was no way offended at having it attributed to him. In 1702, on a visit to England, Swift publicly avowed the authorship. In 1704 appeared *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. The first of these at once placed Swift in the very foremost rank of living writers, and showed to the world and to the friends that flocked around him—Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, Somers and Halifax—that a new and tremendous literary force had arisen in their midst. In *The Tale of a Tub* Swift presents as an allegory three sons who mistook, altered, observed, and neglected the will of their father. In the records of their conduct he satirizes the corruptions and follies of the churches. At the same time in his digressions he points his sarcastic thrusts at the pedants, authors, and critics of his own and future times. It gave offence in many high quarters, however; notably to Queen Anne, who never forgave him for writing it, and who would never afterwards listen to his having the bishopric which he desired, earned, and deserved. Four years later, that is in 1708, appeared *The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; Arguments against Abolishing*

Christianity; Letter upon the Sacramental Test; and the witty ridicule of astrology under the name of *Bickerstaff Predictions for 1708* (published at the end of 1707). The first work "is written," says Johnson, "with great coolness, moderation, ease, and perspicuity;" and the second "is a very happy and judicious irony." Next year he published his *Project for the Advancement of Learning*, as well as the *Vindication of Bickerstaff*, and the curious explanation of an *Ancient Prophecy*. In 1710, on the persuasion of the primate of Ireland, Swift solicited the queen for a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the Irish clergy. In doing this he was joined by the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, but the matter was to be left entirely in his hands in case the bishops left London before it was brought to an end. Starting on his journey to London on the 1st of September, he reached Chester on the 2d, and there wrote the first of the letters in his *Journal to Stella*. When he reached London he was full of bitterness against the fallen Whigs, who had neglected him, and on the 1st October he wrote *Sid Hamet's Rod*, a lampoon on Lord Godolphin. On the 4th he was introduced to Harley, and by Harley he was presented to St. John, and between him and these two ministers a friendship, begun in interest but ended in genuine feeling, immediately commenced. Almost at once he became a close adviser, and was admitted to the meetings of the ministry. On the 10th November, 1710, appeared Swift's first number of *The Examiner*, in which, till the 14th of June, 1711, a space of seven months, "he bore the battle upon his single shield"—a battle in which he found opposed to him all the friends he had made on his previous visits to London—Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, Burnet. But he was more than a match for them all, and one after another he planted his rankling shafts in the bosoms of Wharton, Somers, Marlborough, Sunderland, and Godolphin. Against Wharton he poured out the very vials of his wrath in his *Short Character of the Earl of Wharton*. In the midst of the turmoil he did not forget the mission on which he had left Ireland, and at last, owing to the influence he acquired over the ministers, he brought it to a successful issue just at the moment the bishops, with wonderful stupidity, recalled his commission on the pretext of putting it in the hands of the Duke of Ormond. In the latter part of November, 1711, a few days before the meeting of parliament, appeared his treatise on *The Conduct of the Allies*, of which, in the space of a week, four editions were swallowed by the public. To this treatise is attributed the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht. It was a masterly piece of political workmanship, drawn up with great care and skill, and carried public opinion with it in a wave. The Whigs denounced it violently, and even Walpole and Aislabie urged that Swift should be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords. However, he took no notice of the little storm, and continued his work for his friends by drawing up *The Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation*, and *An Address of Thanks to the Queen*. In July, 1711, he wrote his *Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, which was published in May, 1712. In 1712 also appeared the *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*, and his *Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his Third Volume of the History of the Reformation*, a bitter reply to the bishop's pamphlet. Meanwhile, as occasion offered, he busied himself in good offices for his friends, even for those who, for political reasons, had become his enemies. "Congreve, Rowe, and Philips experienced in their turn the benefits of his intercession," says Sir Walter Scott, "and it appears he was really anxious to be of service to Steele." He smoothed Parnell's way for him, and caused him to receive "that prompt attention which is most flattering to the modesty of merit." Pope had his warmest support while at work over Homer, and Gay was made known to Bolingbroke through him. Berkeley also "owed to Swift those introductions which placed him in the way to promotion." Dr. King, an antagonist, he caused to be made gazetteer, and later on, Prior, when in distress, received from him effectual assistance and advice.

Meanwhile his desire for a life of ease began to assert itself, and Swift called upon his ministerial friends to redeem the promises of "doing something for him" which they had so often made, as a compensation for his services as a writer for the press, &c., which they found invaluable. The policy of the Tory party was to bring about a peace and draw with them the popular feeling. In this Swift's pen effected what no other means in their power was sufficient to produce. In his writings he pointed out the attempts of the Dutch to get the better of England in all their treaties, and also represented the financial loss of the country in consequence of a war which would have been ended but for the ambition

of Marlborough, to whom alone its prolongation would be an advantage. A bishopric was the least he expected and deserved, and there is no doubt that, on a vacancy occurring in the see of Hereford, Bolingbroke struggled hard that he should have it. But an angry woman stood in the way. The Duchess of Somerset had been ridiculed by Swift in his *Windsor Prophecy* some time before, and she now used all a clever woman's skill to keep him down. Joined to her was Archbishop Sharpe of York, who did not scruple to describe *The Tale of a Tub* as "a satire on religion in general, and the writer as little better than an infidel." The result was that the queen would not even see Swift, a piece of woman's folly which he generously repaid by never once allowing his pen to say a single bitter word of her. Finally it was arranged that Dr. Sterne should be promoted from the deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin to the bishopric of Dromore, and Swift was prevailed upon to become a dean. Early in June, 1713, he departed for Ireland, feeling more like a person going into exile than one returning to his native land.

In a letter to Stella he says, "At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." In a fortnight's time, however, he was recalled to England to reconcile Harley and Bolingbroke, between whom a feud had broken out, and upon whose cordial co-operation and confidence the success of their government entirely depended. Swift brought about an interview, and a temporary reconciliation was effected. But perfect confidence between the two was impossible, and the feud broke out again, bringing in its train ruin and disaster.

Scarcely had Swift found himself in London again when he too became a party to a bitter feud between himself and Steele, in which Steele shows to much advantage. Swift conducted himself with fierceness and cruelty, and showed all his wit; Steele wrote well and manfully, and conducted himself with considerable generosity. It was the unappeasable Achilles and the more humane Hector over again, though the Hector in this case was not dragged at the chariot-wheels of his rival. Steele in his *Crisis* admired the wisdom of the union and praised the Scottish nation. Swift took the opposite side, and as he "disliked the Scots and had quarrelled with Argyll," he spoke of the Scots in *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, an answer to *The Crisis*, as "a poor fierce northern people." The Scotch lords took the gibes flung at them very ill, and through their influence three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the author of the pamphlet. Morphew the bookseller and Barber the printer were both arrested. However, by the management of the ministry the storm was played with till it had blown itself out, and Swift, at one moment in great danger, soon found himself of greater importance than ever.

By this time matters between Oxford and Bolingbroke had reached such a height that Swift had once more to try to reconcile them. The attempt failed, and he retired, telling them that "all was gone," and that he "would go to Oxford on Monday, since he found it was impossible to be of any use." On the Monday he set out for Oxford, and at the house of Mr. Gery, Upper Letcomb, Berkshire, he composed his *Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs.* This he sent to Barber, Barber showed it to Bolingbroke, Bolingbroke at once added to it such things as made it very hurtful to Oxford, and Swift hearing of this demanded its return. After some delay the MS. was returned to its author. A little later, and before anything could be done to heal the breach in the Tory ranks, Queen Anne died. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled the country; Oxford, Wyndham, Prior, and others were imprisoned; and Swift, finding that the spirit of the Tories was utterly broken, retired into Ireland, where he was very badly received and insulted at first.

Very soon, however, Swift began to make himself at home in his new sphere. He obtained lodgings for Stella and Mrs. Dingley in a house on Ormond's Quay. He himself took possession of the deanery-house, where twice a week he entertained such people as the Grattans, Rev. Mr. Jackson, George Rochefort, Peter Ludlow, Dr. Walonsley, Dr. Helsham, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Stopford, and Dr. Delany. However, before long a bird of ill omen appeared in Dublin in the shape of Miss Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa," whose acquaintance Swift had made while in London, and who seemed to think, though without any foundation for the thought, that he was likely to marry her. Her appearance roused the jealousy of Stella and made Swift fear for his reputation. He spoke to her harshly of her conduct, but she replied with tears, and fearing that decisive measures might lead to some tragic ending, he began a system of temporizing between the two foolish women, and entered upon that course of misery which ended in his

madness. However, in the year 1716, as some say, he consented to a marriage with Stella on condition that it was kept a perfect secret, and that their old course of life was continued. That it ever took place we can hardly believe, and certain it is, more evidence than that at present existing is required to establish the fact. Anyhow, after this time Swift seems to have redoubled his efforts to make Vanessa forget her wretched passion. But she grew only the more headstrong, and in 1717 she retired like a mourning hermit to her house and property at Celbridge. Here she was occasionally visited by Swift, and to her while here he addressed his finest poem *Cadenus and Vanessa*. In 1720 Vanessa's sister died, and left alone in the world she made a last effort to secure Swift by writing to Stella to know what relations existed between the two. Stella in a rage declared herself the wife of the dean, and sent him Vanessa's letter. Swift's rage was terrific. Mounting a horse he rode at once to the residence of Vanessa, and with a face full of the bitterest anger and contempt flung her letter on the table before her. Then he dashed out of the house and rode madly back to Dublin. In a few weeks the news reached him that the passionate woman was dead of a broken heart, having before dying revoked a will made in his favour, and made another by which she left all she possessed to Dr. Berkeley and Mr. Marshall, afterwards a judge in the Irish Court of Common Pleas.

From 1716 to 1720 there is good reason to believe Swift was engaged in reading up for and in planning and writing portions of his *Gulliver's Travels*. In 1720 his indignation at the treatment of Ireland vented itself in *A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, &c.*, utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England. This made him at once very popular, and roused the anger of the authorities to such a pitch that the printer was prosecuted. In 1723, after much intrigue, one Wood procured a patent to coin £180,000 in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have made enormous gain at the cost of the people. To prevent the carrying out of the evil scheme Swift in 1724 wrote the *Drapier Letters*, and at once became a power great as that of O'Connell in after days. After a tremendous stir and a bold attempt by the government to overcome him by prosecuting the printer, Swift carried the day. The government yielded, and Wood's patent was surrendered for a yearly grant of £3000 for twelve years.

In 1726 Swift visited England, where he was gladly received by all his old friends, but in the autumn of that year he hurried back to Ireland on hearing of the illness of Stella. However, he left behind him in London the MS. of *Gulliver's Travels*, and in November the work appeared. The public went wild over it. "It was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder." "Perhaps," says Scott, "no work ever exhibited such general attractions for all classes." At Voltaire's suggestion it was translated into French. By March, 1727, Stella had so much recovered that Swift returned to England, where he was again well received; and in the same month appeared the three volumes of *Miscellanies* in which his name appears with that of Pope, to whom he gave the total profits of this as well as the copyright of *Gulliver*. After a time he was attacked with a heavy illness, and hearing that Stella was once more unwell he left England for the last time in October, 1727. In January, 1727–28, Stella died, and from that day forward a cloud seemed to have fallen upon him. He grew morose and passionate, "intolerable to his friends, unendurable to himself." In 1736, while engaged writing a poem called *The Legion Club*, he was seized with a very long-continued fit, and he never after attempted any work of importance. Before that, between 1730 and 1735, he wrote his *Rhapsody on Poetry* and *Verses on his Own Death*. From 1737 to 1739 he busied himself in preparing for publication his *History of the Peace of Utrecht*, which, however, he withheld from the press; and in doing the same duty by *Directions to Servants*, which appeared after his death. In the summer of 1740, on the 26th July, in a pathetic note to his cousin Mrs. Whiteway, the last words that he was to write passed from his pen. Soon after this his mind failed him completely, and in the next year he broke out into violent lunacy. In 1742 reason returned for a few days, but only to mock the hopes of his friends, and on the 19th of October, 1745, he passed away so quietly that those who watched him scarce knew the moment of his departure.

To make any lengthened comment here on Swift's works would be almost an impertinence. We can scarcely do better than follow the example of Sir Walter Scott, who closes his *Memoirs of Swift* with the following quotation from "the learned and candid Granger:"

"Swift was blessed in a higher degree than

any of his contemporaries with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us; in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. . . . His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. . . . His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."]

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

(FROM "THE TALE OF A TUB.")

Although I have been hitherto as cautious as I could upon all occasions most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word CRITIC, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did; and upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For

these reasons, I suppose, it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic: which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those Stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.[1]

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is a discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be further put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection from the silence of authors will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns: whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country; these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.[2] Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that those ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured from some passages in their works to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters the moderns. Now, in the commonplaces of both these[3] I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind was with abundance of caution, adventuring no further than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the

[1] The brazen-clawed, beaked, and winged birds of Lake Stymphalus in Arcadia, which fed on human flesh, and whose destruction was one of the labours of Hercules.—*D. Laing Purves.*

[2] See Wotton of Ancient and Modern Learning.—*Swift.*

[3] *i.e.* The satire and panegyric.—*D. Laing Purves.*

silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story according to their affections or their wit. For first, Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing that when an Ass had browsed upon one of them it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia there were asses with horns; upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding that, whereas all other asses wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ass. From which it is conjectured, by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical; so Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

> Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
> Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.[1]
> Lib. vi. 787.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words. Among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues; these serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice, whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics not distinguished in species from the former but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in

[1] "Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees whose blossoms with their odour kill."
— *Hawkesworth.*

time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement, of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both; that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's commonplace-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons nearly of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood; for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For as, to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been, and must be for ever, the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included [in] or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.[1]

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c. We enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory: look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit anything our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, 'tis plain they give immortality to none but themselves. 'Tis Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

'Tis unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, nor to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

'Tis pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: *future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity;* whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian name.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker sides set up false lights, and make a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment

[1] These thoughts are perhaps more characteristic of the author than anything else he has left behind him.

of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning-coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Invention is the talent of youth and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or no.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to *shine* in company, but it is in most men's power to be *agreeable*. The reason therefore why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law in a free country is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon; in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God hath left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *curis acuunt mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince more than once choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age[1] owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way: for want of a *block* he will stumble at a *straw*.

Dignity, high station, or great riches are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have *long hands;* I wish they had as *long ears*.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an *ass*, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion must needs be fools; and therefore we read that of all animals, God refused the *first-born* of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying of a city, discovered by the braying of an ass: the cackling of geese saved the Capitol, and Catiline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history for evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals is an imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a *lucky name* foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was *excellently observed*, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be *mistaken*.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

POLITICAL PROJECTORS.

(FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.")

In the school of political projectors, in the academy of Lagado, I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other

[1] Harley is referred to here.

wild, impossible chimeras that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed me in the old observation, "that there is nothing so extraordinary and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several heads of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed that senates and great counsels are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions; with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy eructations; with canine appetite and crudeness of digestion; besides many others needless to mention. The doctor therefore proposed, "that, upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and, at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulse of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business in those countries where senators have any share in the legislative power, beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open, curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old, rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, "that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity and the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both the ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee-day repeat the same operation till the business were done or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed "that every senator in the great council of the nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us "that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation as well as regularity of thinking so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the differences of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that "it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money

without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly, and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated after the fairest manner by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary, "to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves, the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and nature of the favours they have received, for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath and giving security that he would vote for the court whether he won or not; after which the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. . . . The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing "he would be glad to receive farther information."

I told him, "that in the kingdom of Tribnia, by the natives called Langden, where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state and their deputies. The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot, then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters; for instance, they can discover a close-stool to signify a privy-council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high-priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court-lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

"When this method fails they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus, N shall signify a plot; B, a regiment of horse; L, a fleet at sea; or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should see in a letter to a friend, 'Our brother, Tom, has just got the piles,' a skilful decipherer would discover that the same letters which compose that sentence may be analyzed into the following words, 'Resist—a plot is brought home —The tour.' And this is the anagrammatic method."

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

FACTION.[1]

Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter, called Faction; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in its birth out of envy to the mother, whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty, who doted on this daughter to such a degree, that by her good-will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up she became so termagant and froward that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone, and her mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed first in Greece, was expelled by degrees through all the cities by her daughter's ill conduct, fled afterwards to Italy, and being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but, being driven out everywhere, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself, so that at this time she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess, sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother and the rest of her children. She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company, valuing nobody but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought fit to take up, and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and allow them to have neither honour, wit, beauty, learning, honesty, nor common sense. She intruded into all companies at the most unseasonable times; mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffee-house and bookseller's shop; and by her perpetual talking filled all places with disturbance and confusion: she buzzed about the merchant in the exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shopkeeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends as they spoke.

[1] This and the following extract are from various papers on Religion, Morals, &c.

A MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK.[2]

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, SURELY MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head. But now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man, but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth? And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of

[2] In ridicule of *Boyle's Meditations.*

nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn out to the stumps like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

A VINDICATION.

(FROM A PAMPHLET PUBLISHED IN 1709.)

[Towards the end of 1707 Swift published *Predictions for 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff*, in mockery of the almanac-makers, in which he asserted that Partridge, the most celebrated of them, would die on a particular day and hour. Partridge took the matter seriously, and this is Swift's reply to his expostulation.]

Mr. Partridge hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner in that which is called his almanac for the present year. Such usage is very undecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man fool and villain, and impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world whether in my last year's predictions I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best, a tacit confession of a weak cause. My concern is not so much for my own reputation as that of the republic of letters, which Mr. Partridge hath endeavoured to wound through my sides.

. . . . . .

With my utmost endeavours I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies. The first was of a Frenchman who was pleased to publish to the world that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Biquerstaffe. . . .

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge, to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanac he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts that he "is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die." This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute I am sensible the eyes not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is thus: Above a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacs for this year, merely to find what he said against me; at every line they read they would lift up their eyes and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "They were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this." Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed; so that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanac or allowing himself to be no man alive. But now if an uninformed carcass walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcass any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death," &c.

Secondly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Thirdly, I will plainly prove him to be dead out of his own almanac for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "He is not only now alive, but was also alive upon the very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on." By this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, there lies the sophistry of this argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that

29th of March, but that he *is now alive, and was so on that day.* I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death in a letter to a lord; and whether he has since revived I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fourthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them; and this is an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact; and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above-mentioned writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death in a letter to a lord, who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it), assured me I computed to something under half an hour, which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude that men should raise a clamour about it. I shall only say it would not be amiss if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputations as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death, which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered, that he still continues to write almanacs. But this is no more than what is common to all that profession; Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacs, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now the natural reason of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of other authors to live after their deaths, almanac-makers are alone excluded, because their dissertations treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after their death.

I should not have given the public or myself the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think those are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart when I saw my labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by common hawkers, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? To which I only answered coldly, "that the event would show." But it is the talent of our age and nation to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's almanac, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge has practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not in the least contradict my veracity. But I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died at farthest within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner as the above-mentioned author, in his letter to a lord, hath maliciously suggested, with design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake.

PROMETHEUS.

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALF-PENCE.

I.

When first the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chimick art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species;
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.

So to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opiuion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for sodder well enough:
So, by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So, by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above;
So strong, that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend:
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and iuto money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass
(Venus was brib'd to let it pass).
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship rais'd,
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd:
Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

III.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasius to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.
Ye pow'rs of Grub Street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable.
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus?—Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him,
I mean his majesty, *God bless him!*
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
(Which links the subject to the king),
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Altho' the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures we have crows.

WISHES AND REALITIES.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

I ofteu wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to iucrease my store,
But should be perfectly content
Could I but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to towu,
'Tis for the service of the crowu.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er cousider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Deau, go change your gown
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour iu a pouud,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round.
Chequer'd with ribbous blue and green,
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,

But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone"—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request"—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew"—
And Mr. Dean, one word from you—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's a-clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête:*
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court,
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"——I protest
'Tis one to me.——"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double where there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd:
A large concordance (bound long since),
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The polyglot—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next,
Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife:
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays, if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So, poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose

To celebrate your birth in prose;
Yet merry folks who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better;
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth,
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen;
No poet every sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose,
But I'll be still your friend in prose;
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray;
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,
And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit.
Thus you may still be young to me
While I can better hear than see:
Oh ne'er may fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight.

IN SICKNESS.[1]

'Tis true, then why should I repine,
To see my life so fast decline?
But, why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick:
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

A set of phrases learned by rote,
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
His learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;

[1] Written soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the queen's death, October, 1714.

Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit;
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath:
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
In party furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding,
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, boys! God save the king!

LAWYERS.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conscience always free,
Provided he has got his fee:
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted:
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for saving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, and sense is rackt;
To prove it I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three,
And all for poor ten moidores' fee.
Of paper how is he profuse!
With periods long, in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six;
Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden!
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge!
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night:
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down,
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.[1]

SAMUEL BOYSE.

Born 1708 — Died 1749.

[Samuel Boyse is a glaring instance of how readily a man of genius may be a fool in conduct, and how the grossest manners and most unpardonable vices may co-exist with the most wonderful talent. He is also a proof, if proof were needed, that Bohemianism is a weakness and not a strength, and that those who follow it because men of genius have been Bohemians, are about as wise as if they desired to be in-

[1] Famous for the exploits of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish Robin Hood.

oculated with some foul disease because some great poet or writer had one time suffered from it. Boyse's life is indeed among the saddest in all our long list of many-sided and many-fated authors.

Boyse was born in Dublin in the year 1708. He was the son of a well-known Dissenting minister of that day, one of whose sermons was ordered to be burned by the Irish parliament in 1711. He received the rudiments of his education at a private school, and at eighteen was sent to the University of Glasgow, where, before completing his first year of study, he married a tradesman's daughter. The marriage was an unhappy one; vice and extravagance wedded to vice and extravagance. However, though vexed at his marriage, the foolish father of the foolish poet continued for a while to support him, but this at last ceasing, Boyse moved to Edinburgh, where his genius and talents soon procured him many friends. Among these was the Countess of Eglinton, to whom in 1731 he addressed his first volume of poems. About this time also appeared his elegy on Lady Stormount, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, which is still spoken of as a graceful poem, and with which Lord Stormount was so much pleased that he presented Boyse with a handsome donation.

The success of these publications, as well as the favour of those able to further him, might well have been used by Boyse as a first step towards fame and greatness. But his nature was low and grovelling, and so soon as he became possessed of a pound or two it was spent in vulgar but costly luxuries and dissipation. He soon fell into such a state of wretchedness and contempt that he determined to leave Edinburgh and try his fortune in the great metropolis. This decision he made known to the Duchess of Gordon, who, still believing in his abilities, gave him a letter of recommendation to Pope, and obtained him another to Lord-chancellor King. However, on coming to London he was too indolent to make use of the recommendations, and in a short time he had fallen so low that he had no clothes to appear in. Cibber says that he had neither shirt nor coat nor any kind of apparel; "the sheets in which he lay were gone to the pawnbroker's; he was obliged to be confined to bed with no other covering than a blanket; and he had little support but what is got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. His mode of studying and writing was curious: he sat up in bed, with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and, placing the paper on his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could."

In 1742 he got thrown into a sponging-house, but by some means obtained his liberty before long. About this time he wrote several poems, "but these, though excellent of their kind, were lost to the world by being introduced with no advantage." He had also constantly recourse to the meanest tricks to procure donations or so-called loans. Sometimes he would cause his wife to appear in tears and declare that he was on the point of death, and when relieved by some one his benefactor would probably be astonished by meeting the dying man next day in the street. In 1743 he published a successful ode on the Battle of Dettingen, entitled *Albion's Triumph*. In 1745 he was at Reading, engaged on a hack work "An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from the Commencement of the War with Spain in 1739, to the Insurrection in Scotland in 1745." This appeared in 1747, and, according to one of his biographers, "is said not to be destitute of merit."

While at Reading his wife died, and on his return to London Boyse for a time acted a little more decently than usual. Reform, however, was now almost too late: his health was ruined, and he could only drag on a miserable career until, in May, 1749, after a lingering illness, he died in a low lodging in Shoe Lane, and was buried by the parish authorities of St. Bride's.

In the two volumes of Boyse's works which have been published many poems deserve to rank very high. *The Home of Content* is a poem which might have been written by Akenside at his very best; but *The Glory of the Deity* is a noble poem, which Akenside even at his best could never have written. Harvey, no very great critic, by the way, speaks of it as "a beautiful and instructive poem;" and Fielding, a much more weighty authority, gives a quotation from it which he calls "a noble one, and taken from a poem long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do not always survive the bad." However, the poem had not fallen into such oblivion as Fielding imagined, for by 1752 a third edition of it had appeared. The chief beauties of Boyse's poetry are, strange to say, sublimity, elegance, and pathos; their chief defect a certain looseness of construction in places, caused by rapidity of production and utter want of revision. His poems were each flung upon the world to serve some momentary purpose, and when

this was effected he thought and cared no more about them. In addition to the two volumes published, it is said there are enough equally good to fill four more such. Who will look after them and give them to the world?]

HOPE'S FAREWELL.

"O Life, vain joy, which mortals court,'
The prey of death and fortune's sport,
Tell me, when so unkind to me,
Oh why should I be fond of thee?

"When from the silent womb of space,
Struggling I broke to thy embrace,
My tears prophetic seem'd to tell
You meant not, Life, to use me well.

"The joys you gave my youth to taste
Were but like children's toys at best,
Which passion grasped with eager play,
But reason, frowning, threw away!

"Yet, fond enchantress, still thy wile
Had power my senses to beguile,
Cheated, although the fraud I knew,
And pleased because it still was new.

"In vain I heard, in vain I read,
Of thousands by thy love betray'd!
I listened to thy magic call,
And held thee dear in spite of all.

"Led by thy captivating hand
Through wanton pleasure's fairy land,
I cried, unskill'd in future harms,
O Life, how lovely are thy charms!

"But on the front of riper years
Advanced a train of sullen cares,
While giddy Fortune turned her head,
And Pleasure's golden prospects fled.

"'Twas then, of all recourse bereaved,
Too late I found myself deceived,
And wish'd, fond Life, with vain regret,
That thou and I had never met."

But Life, who treats with high disdain
The worn-out slaves that drag her chain,
Regardless all my griefs survey'd,
And triumphed in the ills she made.

Abandoned thus to Fortune's rage,
Soon I was spied by trembling Age,
Who bid me calm my anxious breast,
For he would lead me soon to rest.

When Hope, a nymph of heav'nly race,
Addressed in smiles her cheerful face,
Soft interposed with friendly air,
To save me from the arms of Care.

"And what, unhappy, tempts thee so?"
She cried, "and whither wouldst thou go?
'Tis but a mark of weakness shown
To fly from life to ills unknown.

"Go ask the wretch in torture this,
Why courts he life if not a bliss?
Nor quits the partner Nature gave
For the cold horrors of the grave."

Short I replied—"False nymph, forbear
With syren tales to soothe my ear;
Forbear thy arts, too often tried,
Nor longer thou shalt be my guide.

"Ten tedious years!—a space too long—
Still hast thou led, and led me wrong;
At least thy vain attendance cease,
And leave me here to die in peace."

To which she answered with a sigh,
"Thou hast thy wish! if I comply
Death soon will ease thee, left alone,
For Life is lost when Hope is gone."

THE HOME OF CONTENT.

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night
Intent our course aerial we pursued,
Till, as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An island we perceived that stemm'd the flood.
No hills nor trees adorn'd the level soil
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found;
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle,
With here and there a spot of tillage ground
By which the humble village stood desery'd,
Where never entered arts, or luxury, or pride!

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went,
Where undisturbed the feathered nations lay!
Till, lighting on the plain with soft descent,
We saw a reverend form advance our way.
And now approaching with an easy pace,
The venerable sage before us stands:
White were his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
At once delights his aspect and commands.
I felt all care suspended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred goddess knew.

Of homespun russet was the garb he wore,
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin;
Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore,

To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin.
An easy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hospitable cottage led;
Ere yet instructed, I my error found,
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind Patience whispered me our host was called
Content.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl and wooden
dish,
Sweet was the quilt composed his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl or sun-dried fish,
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
No storms, no accidents could make him poor,
He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
A bachelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair.

Long time with Patience fair discourse he held
(Oft had the goddess been his welcome guest),
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good sire familiarly address'd.
Thus were we happily conversant set,
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,
And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—Why?
Nor needed answer: on the seaweed spray—
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
I could of Lycidas each feature trace,
Young Lycidas, the learned and the good.
"O Heaven!" cried I, "what sorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return;
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
How will he weep when in the ocean grave
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save."

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive speech:
"Best in submission piety is seen,
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth thy friend bewails should want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd;
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more
Yet never wafted wave to Faroe's guiltless shore!"

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear;
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honours are bestow'd,
Content, with sober speech, his purpose thus avow'd:

"What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross the
main
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain,—
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul.
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast,
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepared thee in the skies.

"Yet take these honours, thy deserv'd reward,
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own,
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown:
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth;
To show that death no terrors can attend
Where piety resides and holy truth.
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the death-awakening
sound."

He ceas'd: attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honoured clay,
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave where never mortal lay.
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old Content awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!
When Patience from my side abruptly broke,
And starting at the loss I suddenly awoke!

THE GLORY OF THE DEITY.

But oh, adventurous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne, with dread surprise,
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe or words express;
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray.
See on his throne the gaudy Persian placed
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East,
While mingling gems the borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;

Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field;
Obscur'd behold the fainter lily lies
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey, confounded and undone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee the glorious Author of his frame.
Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate,
How great thy glory, and thy bliss how great.
To view from thy exalted throne above
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth
To bless the heavens or beautify the earth,
While systems roll obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew!
Then raise the song, the general anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend concertive round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature, whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day,—
Consenting raise the harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds, that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majes'ic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpl'd streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep;
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear,
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine.—
While by his works the Almighty is confess'd
Supremely glorious and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life, from whom this humble frame
Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly muse whose artless lay
Has dared thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through nature's beauteous fields
Has she adored thy wisdom bright revealed;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful reverence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

TO A CANDLE.

Thou glimmering taper! by whose feeble ray
In thoughtful solitude the night I waste;
How dost thou warn me by thy swift decay,
That equal to oblivion both we haste?
The vital oil, that should our strength supply,
Consuming wastes, and bids us learn to die.

Touch'd by mine hand, thy swift-reviving light
With new-gain'd force again is taught to glow;
So, rising from surrounding troubles bright,
My conscious soul begins herself to know:
And from the ills of life emerging forth,
Learns the just standard of her native worth.

But see in mists thy fading lustre veil'd,
Around thy head the dusky vapours play;
So, by opposing fortune's clouds concealed,
In vain to force a passage I essay:
While round me, gathering thick, they daily spread,
And living, I am numbered with the dead.

But now thy flame diminished quick subsides,
Too sure a presage that thy date is run;
Alike I feel my life's decreasing tides,
Soon will like thine my transient blaze be gone.
Instructive emblem!—how our fates agree!
I haste to darkness, and resemble thee.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Honest friend! say all you can,
In life still holds the golden rule:
That riches make a fool a man,
And poverty a man—a fool!

JUSTICE, WHY BLIND?

Says Will to Mat—"What cause can be assign'd
Why sacred Themis still is pictured blind?"
"Because," says Will, "when towering vice prevails
She may excuse the error of her scales;
For most who know this present age agree,
Whate'er she thinks,—she does not care to see!"

SIR HANS SLOANE.

Born 1660 — Died 1752.

[Sir Hans Sloane, ever memorable as the actual founder of the British Museum, was born at Killyleagh in the county of Down, on the 16th of April, 1660. His father was collector of taxes for the county, and as such was able to give his son a good education, in the process of which the bent of his genius towards the study of natural history disclosed itself. At sixteen, owing to intense application, he was attacked with a spitting of blood, and for almost three years his life was despaired of. At the end of this time he recovered, and choosing physic for his profession at once plunged into the study of chemistry and botany. To acquire these thoroughly he removed to London, where for four years he attended all the public lectures on chemistry, anatomy, and botany. During this time also he made the acquaintance of Boyle and Ray, to both of whom he gave help, and from them received advice and assistance.

At the end of his four years in London he went to Paris, where he attended the hospitals, and heard the lectures of Tournefort and Duberney. From Tournefort he received letters of introduction to the chancellor of the University of Montpellier; by him he was introduced to M. Magnol, an eminent botanist, who accompanied him in many botanical excursions. After spending a whole year in making collections around Montpellier he made a journey through Languedoc with the same object in view; and in 1684 returned to London, where he intended to settle and follow his profession of physic. In 1685 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1687 a Fellow of the College of Physicians. From this time his London practice was very lucrative, and a fortunate speculation in a quantity of cinchona which he imported helped to build up his fortune.

Before long, however, the prospects of making new discoveries in natural history induced him to go out to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, then governor of that island. Although he remained only some fifteen months in Jamaica, yet when he returned to England he brought with him a surprising collection of plants as well as a rich collection of animal specimens. In 1693 he was appointed secretary to the Royal Society, and as his first work in his new position revived the publication of the Society's *Transactions*, which had been interrupted. These he continued to edit till 1712, and in the volumes for this period will be found many papers from his pen. In 1694 he was chosen physician to Christ's Hospital, the money from which appointment he devoted entirely to the relief of poor patients in the hospital. In 1695 he married, and in 1697 published his *Catalogue of the Native Plants of Jamaica*. In 1701 his rich collections were made still richer by a bequest from a friend, Mr. William Courten, who had spent the greater part of his fortune and lifetime in getting together the museum which he left to Sloane. At this time his position not only as a scientific man but also as a physician was very high. He was constantly consulted by Queen Anne, and attended her during her last illness. On the accession of George I. he was created a baronet, and made physician-general; and in 1727 he was appointed physician to George II. In the same year also, on the death of Newton, he was appointed president of the Royal Society; and in 1733, owing to growing years and labours, he resigned the presidentship of the Royal College of Physicians, to which he had been elected in 1719. In 1740, at the age of eighty, he resigned the presidentship of the Royal Society and retired to Chelsea, where he had established a botanic garden. Here he continued to receive the visits of learned men, native and foreign, and, says his biographer, "admittance was never refused to the poor, who came to consult him concerning their health." After an illness of only three days, he died on the 11th of January, 1752, in his ninety-second year.

In the will left by Sir Hans Sloane he bequeathed a sum of money to every hospital in London; he gave the Company of the Apothecaries the freehold of the botanical garden at Chelsea, where a marble statue was afterwards erected to his memory; and to the nation he devised his museum, worth at least £80,000, on the condition that £20,000 should be paid to his family. The coins in the collection were worth as bullion some £7000, and indeed "the intrinsic value of the gold and silver medals, the ores and precious stones, that were

found in it" was alone equal to the £20,000. Besides these rich specimens and the natural history collections, the museum also contained a library of more than 50,000 volumes, 3566 of which were manuscripts, and a large number very rare and curious. The government of course accepted the offer contained in the will, and the museum was removed to Montagu House, Bloomsbury. It there formed the nucleus of one of our noblest institutions, the British Museum, which was opened in 1759 to the general public.

In addition to his *Catalogue of Jamaica Plants*, Sir Hans Sloane wrote *The Natural History of Jamaica*, which appeared in two volumes folio in 1707 and 1725. He also wrote a considerable number of papers, many of which, as we have said, appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*. The larger work has been highly commended, not only at the time of its appearance, but frequently since then, notably by Dr. Friend in his *History of Physic*.[1]]

THE LIGHT OF THE SEA.[2]

I had very often heard of, but never observed before, the sparkling light of sea-water, which appears thus. In a dark night (the darker the better will you observe it) if you look attentively on the surface of the sea you shall see now and then a little sparkling light, sometimes broader and at other time narrower, which presently vanishes. If you row in the same you see it very plain where the oars touch the water. On a part of the sea where the wave breaks or curls you see it much plainer, and by the ship side or bow, where the water is more broken, you see it most of all. Sometimes you shall see as it were a spark of fire leap up into the air as if a flint and steel were struck together, which nevertheless vanishes very soon, though sometimes I have seen a sparkle left by the water on the entering ladder of a ship's side which has continued there shining for some half a minute's time, like the icy noctiluca or phosphorus, the light of this being as to colour, &c., like that of the other; the seamen told me that they were more ordinarily to be seen in southerly winds than any other, how true I know not, but I am sure the more the sea is broken or white, the more you see of them. I endeavoured with a swab several times dipped into the water to pull some of those sparkles up, but could not, for they would not stick to it, wherefore I had a bucket of water drawn, and by moving it up and down with my hand, saw some of them appear now and then on its surface, but once had the good luck to move it in such a manner that one of those sparkles hit on the bucket rope, and sticking there gave me the opportunity of squatting it with my thumb, and making it by that means give a larger light, which it did for some small time, and then went out. I did not observe that it had any actual heat on touch. Nicolas Papin, who wrote a treatise in French about this, giving it the title of *Mer Lumineuse ou Traité de la Lumière de la Mer*, tells us that agitation without froth produces it even at bottom; how true I cannot tell.

THE COCO TREE.

Pyrara de la Val, who lived several years in the Maldive Islands, and by his own experience knew more of this tree than any writer I know of, tells that there it is called Roul, in Malabar Tengua, in Guzaratte Narquilly, by the Portuguese Palermo and fruit Cocos; it grows only in the torrid zone, tho' there not everywhere; more in the Maldives than in any other part; they are forced to cut them down to make room for houses, which they suffer them not near, because the winds sometimes blow them down on their houses and kill the inhabitants in them. Rats eat holes in them when green for meat and drink, whereby they dry and fall, often killing those about them, because of the height, with their weight, so that in the desert isles the ground is covered with them, but not so where the isles are inhabited, because when so dried they make good fuel. Ants make their tracks at their feet, and carry the earth from them, whence they fall. They grow twenty toises high. The under half of the tree is good for building and shipping. The under part, three foot high where 'tis thickest, makes a trough for honey or water. Cocos are sometimes in a bunch; a bunch comes every month; it loves moist and sandy ground, and does not come well within land; if no water be in it and it be too dry it will not grow. The whole fruit must be planted, otherwise it corrupts; when water shakes on striking on it or not it is a sign of its being ripe or not. The middle rib

[1] For an amusing description of Sir Hans, written by Mrs. Pilkington when disappointed of receiving his patronage, see page 211.

[2] This and the three following extracts are from *The Natural History of Jamaica*.

cleaves and makes laths and palisades; the leaves serve for thatch; with stiles they write on them as paper. They are used for sails, mats, hats, panniers, and parasols, and everything usually in Europe made of osier or willow; little baskets, brooms, and coffers are made of the middle ribs of it. Javelins are made of the middle ribs tied together and lacquered. They make pins of them likewise, and steep the bark of the fruit or husk somewhat green peel'd from the nuts to make ropes or oakum. It is to lie three weeks in the sea-water covered with sand, then the inhabitants beat it as hemp or flax with wooden mallets, make match of it when the fruit is ripe, which is not soaked and beat but spun with all its substance, when they boil it with ashes and use it for match all over the Indies, except where cocos are scarce, where they use cotton. Pots, spoons, and cups are made of the shell, and forge coal. The kernel is eat as bread with other victuals, and grated and pressed; it gives milk, as sugared milk or almond milk, and with honey or sugar is drank fasting, and is their only purging medicine. This milk boiled thickens and turns into oil fit for fricasees, &c., for lamps, and for curing ulcers. The author was cured with it; it is also good for the itch. From a yellow oil it grows a white butter, being kept three months to be used as oil. The marc or dry part of the kernel, pressed with honey or sugar, is used to make preserves; when very young husk and all is eat like an apple, but this is only one kind, which is not good when ripe. They make quarts or measures of the spathes and conserves of the flowers. The membrane between the leaves is good to make sacks and also sieves to strain things through. The Indians cut the flowering footstalk a foot high, and get a sort of wine, a quart a day for six months; they boil it with some clear white stones found in the sea, and make it into honey or sugar, and with other stones it is made whiter; they make good arrack and good vinegar of it. The drawing this liquor spoils the fruit of the tree. The tender top, three foot in length, is good to eat. The ripe fruit, left in moist places or in the ground three weeks or a month, the sprout or germen is good meat and very tender. They dry the kernel to send it to Arabia, by dividing the nut in two and exposing it to the sun to dry, and use for sauces, pottage, and oil, which oil is better and keeps longer than that drawn from the fresh fruit; a black colour is given by the sawings of the wood, its own sugar, and water, left for some days in the sun. Infinite numbers of ships of a hundred or a hundred-and-twenty tons are made of it, without the help of any iron or other wood but what comes from this tree. The natives make drums of this tree, hollowed and covered with large ray skins, and furbish their arms with the wood. The inhabitants write on the leaves with a bodkin; they are as white as paper. The natives eat one half ripe and drink the water of it at the beginning of a meal, saying it is wholesome and laxative.

THE COTTON TREE.

When this tree first grows up it has a very round stem, green, and almost covered over with short prickles, being very thick where they stick to the stalk, sometimes shaped like a cock's-comb and blunt. The leaves are then small and of a very deep green colour. After some few years the trunk, when it is come to its due growth, is large to a wonder, even to that degree as to be fit to be hollowed into the figure of a boat or made into a canoe, able to carry many tons on the water. The wood is white and very soft, the bark is gray, smooth, without any prickles or sulci, and the trunk rises usually to about sixty foot high, being towards its top bellied, or larger than it is at bottom. This, as several other trees, at its coming out of the earth has several spurs, that is, on every hand very broad plain roots supporting the tree (like buttresses to old buildings), running themselves on and into the surface of the earth; the larger the tree the larger are these buttresses towards the roots, so that sometimes they are made into large tables. The branches towards the top are spread on every hand all round, making with its leaves a very fine shade. About the beginning of January its leaves wither and fall off, and there come at the ends of the twigs several tufts or bunches of flowers, every one of which stands on an inch-long green round footstalk. It is made up of five three quarters of an inch long purplish brown satined petala, enclosing as many stamina with purple and yellow heads; on the outside of them is a green five-pointed capsula, within which is a round green knob, which as soon as the flower is opened thrusts it and its stamina (being all joined at the bottom) off together, so that being under the tree in a hot day one would wonder to see what numbers fall every minute. After the flowers

follows an oblong, round, pointed membranaceous pod or capsula, almost as big as one's fist, made up of several pieces, containing a great deal of very soft or silken gray down, and in it some almost round brown seeds near as large as peas, much of the shape of cotton seeds. When the fruit is ripe the wind carries the down away, filling whole fields with it. The leaves come after the fruit is ripe; they are figured like those of the horse-chestnut, there being seven or nine very long green smooth sections standing always on the same common long footstalks.

ON THE RETURN VOYAGE.

Though I foresaw the difficulties, yet I had an intention to try and bring with me from Jamaica some uncommon creatures alive, such as a large yellow snake seven foot long, a guana or great lizard, a crocodile, &c. I had the snake tamed by an Indian, whom it would follow as a dog would his master, and after it was delivered to me, I kept it in a large earthen jar, such as are for keeping the best water for commanders of ships during their voyages, covering its mouth with two boards, and laying weights upon them. I had it fed every day by the guts and garbage of fowl, &c., put into the jar from the kitchen. Thus it lived for some time, when, being weary of its confinement, it shoved asunder the two boards on the mouth of the jar, and got up to the top of a large house wherein lay footmen and other domestics of her grace the Duchess of Albemarle, who, being afraid to lie down in such company, shot my snake dead. It seemed before this disaster to be very well pleased with its situation, being in a part of the house which was filled with rats, which are the most pleasing food for these sort of serpents. 'Tis upon this account that the European nations inhabiting the countries producing sugar do not molest these creatures, because they destroy the rats which came originally from ships cast away on the coast, and multiply strangely there and do infinite mischief to the sugar canes, not only by eating them, but spoiling the juice of those they gnaw.

The guana used to feed on calabash-pulp, and lived very well aboard of the yacht, till one day when it was running along the gunwale of the vessel a seaman frightened it, and it leaped overboard and was drowned.

The crocodile or alligator I kept in a tub of salt-water towards the forecastle, and fed it with the same sort of food as the snake, but it died on the 14th of May. It had five toes joined with a web. The armour he was defended with, or large thick scales, were quadrangular over the upper part of his body and sides. The ribs were cartilaginous, and towards the abdomen were crooked, and made one with another the figure of lozenges.

. . . . . .

May 29th, 1689.—We had fifty-five fathoms of water, and soon saw Scilly; the dangerous rocks called the Bishop and his Clerks, the Landsend, Lizard, and in the morning came in towards Plymouth, to get intelligence whether there was peace or war, and with whom, lest going up the Channel we might be taken as prizes. This we the rather did because some days before we had seen boards, chests, &c., floating on the sea, which were guessed to have been thrown overboard to clear ships for a fight, and which was concluded afterwards to have been really from that between the English and French in Bantry Bay.

When we came within some leagues of Plymouth I was sent in an armed long-boat to get certain knowledge of the situation of public affairs, and to give a speedy account of it to the fleet, who were to stand off of that port till they were assured of their safety or danger. We had a sight first of a boat which was fishing some leagues from the land, whose master did what he could to fly from us; but coming up with him, asking what news and where the king was, he asked what king we meant, for that King William was well at Whitehall, and King James in France, that there was war with France, and that the Channel was full of privateers, who had taken many prizes. He went again to his fishing, and I gave notice to the ships to come into Plymouth, which we did that day, and soon after her Grace the Duchess of Albemarle landed with most of us her plate, jewels, &c., and came up, thanks be to God, with safety by land to London.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

BORN 1660 — DIED 1746.

[Thomas Southerne, whom one of his biographers calls "the great founder of our modern school of dramatic production," was born at Oxmanstown near Dublin, in, according to Cibber, the year 1660. He was educated for a short time at the university in that city, and in his eighteenth year quitted Ireland and went to Oxford. From Oxford he removed to Middle Temple, London, where, instead of law, he studied poetry, and devoted himself to the Muses. Soon after this he made the acquaintance of Dryden, and in 1682, when in his twenty-third year, his first play, *The Persian Prince, or Loyal Brothers*, appeared, with a prologue by the mighty John. It was highly successful, and so pleased the Duke of York, that on his accession to the throne he gave Southerne a commission as captain under himself. On James's abdication the poet retired to his studies, and commenced anew a successful career of play-writing. Before this, however, he had in 1684 produced *The Disappointment*, which was, like his first play, a great success. His first work now to appear was *The Rambling Lady, or Sir Anthony Love*, produced in 1690, and favoured by the public like the others. In 1692 appeared *The Wives' Excuse*, generally reckoned a better play than any of the three previous ones, yet it was badly received. On this Southerne immediately printed the play with a copy of commendatory verses by Dryden prefixed to it. In these verses Dryden attributes the failure of the play to the bad taste of the audience and not to any defect in Southerne's work; and Southerne in his remarks stated that Dryden, in speaking of it, had said that "the public had been kind to *Sir Anthony Love* and were only required to be just to this."

However, Southerne was not to be disheartened, but rather learned a lesson by the comparative failure of *The Wives' Excuse*, and in 1693 appeared *The Maid's Last Prayer*. In 1694 he produced his *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, a play which to this day keeps the stage, and which, with his *Oroonoko*, must be ranked among the first-class plays in our language. *Oroonoko* appeared in 1696, and is said by some to be the very best of his plays. The editor of Cumberland's *British Theatre* says that "as a poem it is nearly all that criticism can desire," and he points out several passages in it which he considers "eminently beautiful." In 1700 his *Siege of Capua* was produced, and in 1713 a complete edition of his then works appeared in two volumes, including *The Spartan Dame*, which was not acted till 1719. Finally, in 1726 appeared the last of his plays, *Money is the Mistress*, and an edition of his works, including this last play, was published some time after in three vols. 12mo.

As we have indicated, Southerne's career as a dramatist was a successful one. In his preface to *The Spartan Dame* he acknowledges having received £150 for it from the booksellers, a price then thought very extraordinary. To Dryden he once owned that he had made £700 altogether by one of his plays, but it must be confessed he had a business faculty for pushing his wares that Dryden did not possess, and might have thought it beneath him to exercise. Pope speaks of him in his kindly *Epistle* in 1742 as

> —— "Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
> The price of prologues and of plays."

Southerne's position as a writer is a pretty safe one, notwithstanding the fact that he is little heard of just now. In his own time and afterwards he was ranked very highly by competent critics. Dryden thought him "such another poet as Otway;" Gray "thought highly of his pathetic powers;" a writer in the *General Biographical Dictionary* says of *Oroonoko* that "besides the tender and delicate strokes of passion in this play there are many shining and manly sentiments; and some have gone so far beyond the truth as to say, that the most celebrated even of Shakspere's plays cannot furnish so many striking thoughts and such a glow of animated poetry." The editor of Cumberland's *Theatre*, whom we have already quoted, says, in speaking of this same play, "To his style belong many of the pathetic graces of the old age—he employs the most obvious thoughts and clothes them in the simplest language: his approaches to the heart are by truth and nature—hence, the impression he makes is powerful and lasting." In his "Remarks" on *Isabella* the same writer

THOMAS SOUTHERNE

AFTER THE PICTURE BY JAMES W. [illegible]

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH

says that "the language is marked with a lovely pathos, a touching simplicity, characteristic of this author. There are no extravagant flights, nothing of hyperbole or bombast; there is the dignity of tragedy with the truth and fervour of passion."

Southerne lived several years after the production of his last play. Oldys says of him that "he lived near Covent Garden and used often to frequent the evening prayers there, always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks; but latterly it seems he resided at Westminster." Indeed, he lived there the last ten years of his life, and "attended the abbey service very constantly; being, as it is said, particularly fond of church music." On the 26th of May, 1746, he died at the patriarchal age of eighty-five.]

EXTRACT FROM "OROONOKO."

[The story of this tragedy is, unhappily, true. In the reign of Charles the Second an African prince was stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and sold into slavery. The celebrated dramatic writer Mrs. Behn, who at that time resided with her family at Surinam, of which her father was lieuteuant-geueral, was intimately acquainted with Oroonoko and his Imoinda. On her returu to England she published their memoirs.]

Enter Oroonoko *and* Blandford.

Oroo. You know my story, and you say you are
A friend to my misfortunes. That's a name
Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.
Blandford (a planter friendly to Oroonoko). I'll
study to deserve to be your friend.
When once our noble governor arrives,
With him you will not need my interest;
He is too generous not to feel your wrongs.
But be assur'd I will employ my pow'r,
And find the means to send you home again.
Oroo. I thank you, sir. My honest, wretched
friends! [*Sighing.*
Their chains are heavy; they have hardly found
So kind a master. May I ask you, sir,
What is become of them? Perhaps I should not.
You will forgive a stranger.
Bland. I'll iuquire;
And use my best endeavours, where they are,
To have 'em gently us'd.
Oroo. Once more I thank you.
You offer every cordial that can keep
My hopes alive, to wait a better day.
What friendly care can do, you have apply'd:
But oh! I have a grief admits no cure.
Bland. You do not know, sir—
Oroo. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time?
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?
Bland. That is not to be done,
Oroo. No, there is nothing to be done for me.
[*Kneels, and kisses the earth.*
Thou God ador'd! thou ever-glorious Sun!
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam
Of thy all-seeing pow'r to light me to her:
Or, if thy sister goddess has preferr'd
Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,
Oh, tell me where she shines, that I may stand
Whole nights, and gaze upon her.
Bland. I am rude, aud interrupt you.
Oroo. I am troublesome:
But pray give me your pardon. My swoln heart
Bursts out its passage, and I must complain
(Oh! can you think of nothing dearer to me;
Dearer than liberty, my country, friends,
Much dearer than my life?) that I have lost
The tend'rest, best belov'd, aud loving wife.
Bland. Alas! I pity you.
Oroo. Do pity me:
Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
I would be pity'd here.
Bland. I dare not ask
More than you please to tell me; but if you
Think it convenient to let me know
Your story, I dare promise you to bear
A part in your distress, if not assist you.
Oroo. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted
such,
Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit,
Still as the night, and let me talk whole days
Of my Imoinda. Oh! I'll tell thee all,
From first to last; and pray observe me well.
Bland. I will most heedfully.
Oroo. There was a stranger in my father's court,
Valu'd and houour'd much: he was a white,
The first I ever saw of your complexion.
He chang'd his God for ours, and so grew great;
Of many virtues, aud so fam'd in arms,
He still commanded all my father's wars:
I was bred under him. One fatal day,
The armies joining, he before me stepp'd,
Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart
Level'd at me—he dy'd within my arms.
I've tir'd you already.
Bland. Pray go on.
Oroo. He left an only daughter, whom he
brought
An infant to Angola. When I came
Back to the court, a happy conqueror,
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this sad virgin for a father's loss,

Lost for my safety. I presented her
With all the slaves of battle, to atone
Her father's ghost. But, when I saw her face,
And heard her speak, I offer'd up myself
To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd;
I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred pow'r,
That hath subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue,
Inclin'd her heart, and all our talk was love.

Bland. Then you were happy.

Oroo. Oh! I was too happy.
I marry'd her; and, though my country's custom
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her.
Oh, my Imoinda! But it could not last.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears.
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes but for his amorous use.
He raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but, grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
In mad revenge (which I could never learn)
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more.

Bland. Most barbarous of fathers! the sad tale
Has struck me dumb with wonder.

Oroo. I have done.
I'll trouble you no further; now and then,
A sigh will have its way; that shall be all.

[Blandford has been the purchaser of Imoinda. She is called on the plantation Clemene. After hearing the story of Prince Oroonoko he presents the slave Clemene to him. When they recognize each other as husband and wife, she tells her tale, and

OROONOKO *says*]

I do not blame my father for his love;
But when I think on his barbarity,
That could expose you to so many wrongs;
Driving you out to wretched slavery,
Only for being mine; then I confess,
I wish I could forget the name of son,
That I might curse the tyrant.

Imo. I will bless him,
For I have found you here. Heaven only knows
What is reserv'd for us; but if we guess
The future by the past, our fortune must
Be wonderful; it must be in extremes;
Extremely happy, or extremely wretched.

Oroo. 'Tis in our power to make it happy now.

Imo. But not to keep it so.

Enter BLANDFORD *with* ABOAN, *an attendant of the Prince, and stolen with him.*

Bland. My royal lord,
I have a present for you.

Oroo. Aboan!

Aboan. Your lowest slave.

Oroo. My tried and valued friend!
[*To Blandford.*
This worthy man always prevents my wants.
I only wish'd, and he has brought thee to me.
Thou art surpris'd; carry thy duty there,
[*Aboan goes to Imoinda, and falls at her feet.*
While I acknowledge mine. How shall I thank you? [*To Blandford.*

Bland. Believe me honest to your interest,
And I am more than paid. . . .
. . . Pray, in the meantime,
Appear as cheerful as you can among us.
You have some enemies, that represent
You dangerous, and would be glad to find
A reason, in your discontent, to fear.
They watch your looks. But there are honest men
Who are your friends; you are secur'd in them.

Oroo. I thank you for your caution.

Bland. I will leave you;
And be assur'd, I wish your liberty. [*Exit.*

Aboan. He speaks you very fair.

Oroo. He means me fair.

Aboan. If he should not, my lord?

Oroo. If he should not?
I'll not suspect his truth; but if I did,
What shall I get by doubting?

Aboan. You secure
Not to be disappointed: but, besides,
There's this advantage in suspecting him:
When you put off the hopes of other men,
You will rely upon your godlike self;
And then you may be sure of liberty.

Oroo. Be sure of liberty? what dost thou mean,
Advising to rely upon myself?
I think I may be sure on't: we must wait;
'Tis worth a little patience. [*Turning to Imoinda.*

Aboan. Oh, my lord!

Oroo. What dost thou drive at?

Aboan. Sir, another time
You would have found it sooner; but I see
Love has your heart, and takes up all your thoughts.

Oroo. And canst thou blame me?

Aboan. Sir, I must not blame you.
But, as our fortune stands, there is a passion
(Your pardon, royal mistress, I must speak)
That would become you better than your love:
A brave resentment; which, inspir'd by you,
Might kindle and diffuse a gen'rous rage
Among the slaves, to rouse and shake our chains,
And struggle to be free.

. . . . .

Oroo. I'll hear no more on't.

Aboan. I'm sorry for't.

Oroo. Nor shall you think of it.

Aboan. Not think of it?

Oroo. No, I command you not.

Aboan. Remember, sir,
You are a slave yourself, and to command
Is now another's right. Not think of it?

Since the first moment they put on my chains,
I've thought of nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off. Can yours sit easy?
Oroo. I have a sense of my condition,
As painful and as quick as yours can be.
I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
Imoinda! much the tend'rest part of me.
For though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude; they sha' not say
That we deserv'd our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!
Aboan. The innocent!
Oroo. These men are so, whom you would rise against.
If we are slaves, they did not make us slaves,
But bought us in an honest way of trade;
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
They paid our price for us, and we are now
Their property, a part of their estate,
To manage as they please. Mistake me not;
I do not tamely say that we should bear
All they could lay upon us; but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt
(Considering they have us in their pow'r,
And may inflict what grievances they please),
We ought not to complain.
Aboan. My royal lord,
You do not know the heavy grievances,
The toils, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
Then if you saw the bloody cruelties
They execute on ev'ry slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sport,
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow-creatures,
Your heart would bleed for 'em. Oh! could you know
How many wretches lift their hands and eyes
To you for their relief!
Oroo. I pity 'em,
And wish I could with honesty do more.
Aboan. You must do more, and may, with honesty.
Oh, royal sir, remember who you are:
A prince, born for the good of other men;
Whose godlike office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind,
And this I'm sure you think oppression now.
What though you have not felt those miseries,
Never believe you are oblig'd to them;
They have their selfish reasons, may be, now,
For using of you well; but there will come
A time, when you must have your share of 'em.
Oroo. You see how little cause I have to think so:
Favour'd in my own person, in my friends;
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my Imoinda's soft society. [*Embraces her.*
Aboan. And, therefore, would you lie contented down
In the forgetfulness and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?
Oroo. Say'st thou? ah!
Aboan. Princes, the heirs of empire, and the last
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slaves?
Oroo. Imoinda! save me, save me from that thought.
Aboan. I know you are persuaded to believe
The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty;
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous.
Such a complexion, and made bold by pow'r,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lusts.
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?
Oroo. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar;
I find the danger now. My spirits start
At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.
Is there a pow'r on earth to force you from me,
And shall I not resist it, nor strike first,
To keep, to save you, to prevent that curse?
This is your cause; and shall it not prevail?
Oh! you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose; speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Wouldst thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou wouldst have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.
Aboan. Now, my great master, you appear yourself;
And, since we have you join'd in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolv'd.
They have their several parties.
Oroo. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em, I will come forth and show
Myself among 'em. If they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.
Aboan. I have provided those will follow you.
Oroo. With this reserve in our proceedings still,
The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.
Aboan. You command in all.
We shall expect you, sir.
Oroo. You sha' not long.
[*Exeunt Oroonoko, Imoinda, and Aboan.*

[The attempt at securing liberty fails, and results only in Oroonoko being ptured and chained to the ground.]

Enter BLANDFORD *and his Party.*

Bland. O miserable sight! help,
Assist me to free him from his chains.
[*They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.*
Most injured prince! how shall we clear ourselves?
We are not guilty of your injuries,
No way consenting to them; but abhor,
Abominate, and loathe this cruelty.
Oroo. If you would have me think you are not all
Confederates, all accessary to
The base injustice of your governor;
If you would have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me; if you would have me live
To thank and bless you, there is yet a way
To tie me ever to your honest love;
Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,
To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,
I'll sit down with my wrongs, never to rise
Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.
Bland. Be satisfied—you may depend upon us;
We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.
In the meantime
Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive;
And hope a better fortune.
[*Exeunt Blandford and his party.*
Oroo. Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,
When I forgive; but, while I am a man,
In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain.
What shall I do? If I declare myself,
I know him, he will creep behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears;
"Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world."
[*Pausing.*
If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep
With fawning steps to get within his faith,
I could betray him then, as he has me;
But, am I sure by that to right myself?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolved or done.
Honour should be concerned in honour's cause.
Let me but find out
An honest remedy, I have the hand,
A ministering hand, that will apply it home.
. . . . . .
To honour bound! and yet a slave to love!
I am distracted by their rival powers,
And both will be obey'd. O, great revenge!
Thou raiser and restorer of fallen fame!
Let me not be unworthy of thy aid,
For stopping in thy course: I still am thine,
But can't forget I am Imoinda's too.
She calls me from my wrongs to rescue her.
No man condemn me who has never felt
A woman's power, or tried the force of love:
Love, love will be
My first ambition, and my fame the next.

Enter ABOAN, *bloody.*

. . . . . .
Aboan. I have no name
That can distinguish me from the vile earth
To which I'm going: a poor abject worm,
That crawl'd a while upon the bustling world,
And now am trampled to my dust again.
Oroo. I see thee gash'd and mangled.
Aboan. Spare my shame,
To tell how they have used me: but believe
The hangman's hand would have been merciful.
Do not you scorn me, sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this infamy.
I do not come for pity, but for pardon.
Oroo. For pardon! wound me not with keener anguish
Than yet I feel, by thinking thou canst need it:
Thou'st spent an honourable life with me;
The earliest servant of my rising fame.
Aboan. And would attend it with my latest care:
My life was yours, and so shall be my death.
You must not live; alas! you must not live:
Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live;
To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,
Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death,
Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.
This was the duty that I had to pay.
'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharg'd.
Oroo. What shall I do for thee?
Aboan. My body tires,
And wo' not bear me off to liberty:
I shall again be taken, made a slave.
A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.
I have not strength to go and find out death.
You must direct him to me.
Oroo. Here he is. [*Gives him a dagger.*
The only present I can make thee now:
I would bestow the honest means of death.
Aboan. I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
A being after this, I shall be yours
In the next world, your faithful slave again.
This is to try. (*Stabs himself.*) I had a living sense
Of all your royal favours, but this last
Strikes through my heart. I wo' not say farewell,
For you must follow me. [*Dies.*
Oroo. In life and death,

The guardian of my honour. Follow thee!
I should have gone before thee; then, perhaps,
Thy fate had been prevented. All his care
Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage
That worry'd him, only for being mine.
Why, why, ye gods! why am I so accurs'd,
That it must be a reason of your wrath,
A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My friend has found it out, and my wife will soon:
My wife! the very fear's too much for life.
I can't support it. Where's Imoinda? Oh!
[*Going out he meets Imoinda, who runs into his arms.*
Thou bosom softness! Down of all my cares!
I could recline my thoughts upon this breast
To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,
And yet be happy; but it wo' not be.
Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of breath!
If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.
What is it thou wouldst tell me?

Imo. 'Tis in vain to call him villain.

Oroo. Call him governor; is it not so?

Imo. There's not another, sure.

Oroo. Villain's the common name of mankind here,
But his most properly. What? what of him?
I fear to be resolv'd, and must inquire.

. . . . . .

What could preserve thee? What deliver thee?

Imo. That worthy man, you us'd to call your friend—

Oroo. Blandford?

Imo. Came in, and sav'd me from his rage.

Oroo. He was a friend, indeed, to rescue thee!
And, for his sake, I'll think it possible
A Christian may be yet an honest man.

Imo. Oh, did you know what I have struggled through,
To save me yours, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.

Oroo. I have run the race with honour, shall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?

Imo. No.

Oroo. I must look back to thee. [*Tenderly.*

Imo. You sha' not need.
I am always present to your purpose; say,
Which way would you dispose me?
This dagger will instruct you. [*Gives it him.*

Oroo. Ha! this dagger!
Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

. . . . . .

Imo. I'm ready.

Oroo. Oh, where shall I strike?
Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body
That is not dearer to me than my eyes,
My bosom'd heart, and all the life-blood there?
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,
Dig out these eyes, though I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee; but to murder thee?
The joy, and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense,
My wife! forbid it, nature.

Imo. 'Tis your wife,
Who on her knees conjures you. Oh! in time
Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us.
You may be hurry'd to a shameful death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile governor;
Then I may cry aloud. When you are gone,
Where shall I find a friend again to save me?

Oroo. It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!
Thy resolution has recover'd mine:
And now prepare thee.

Imo. Thus, with open arms,
I welcome you and death.
[*He drops the dagger as he looks on her, and throws himself on the ground.*

Oroo. I cannot bear it.
Oh, let me dash against the rock of fate,
Dig up this earth, and tear her bowels out,
To make a grave, deep as the centre down,
To swallow wide and bury us together!
It wo' not be. Oh! then some pitying god
(If there be one a friend to innocence)
Find yet a way to lay her beauties down
Gently in death, and save me from her blood.

Imo. Oh, rise, 'tis more than death to see you thus.
I'll ease your love, and do the deed myself—
[*She takes up the dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.*

Oroo. Oh! hold, I charge thee, hold!

Imo. Though I must own
It would be nobler for us both from you.

Oroo. Oh! for a whirlwind's wing to hurry us
To yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood;
That in embraces lock'd we might plunge in,
And perish thus in one another's arms.
[*Shouts heard.*

. . . . . .

Imo. Nay, then, I must assist you.
And since it is the common cause of both,
'Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.
Thus, thus 'tis finish'd, and I bless my fate,
[*Stabs herself.*
That, where I liv'd, I die in these lov'd arms.
[*Dies.*

Oroo. She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.
Soft, lay her down. Oh, we will part no more.
[*Throws himself by her.*
But let me pay the tribute of my grief,
A few sad tears to thy lov'd memory,
And then I follow—
[*Weeps over her. Shouts heard.*
But I stay too long. [*A noise again.*
The noise comes nearer. Hold! before I go,
There's something would be done. It shall be so,
And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee. [*Rises.*

Enter BLANDFORD *and his Party, and the* LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR *and his Party. Swords drawn.*

Gov. You strive in vain to save him, he shall die.
Bland. Not while we can defend him with our lives.
Gov. Where is he.
Oroo. Here's the wretch whom you would have.
Put up your swords, and let not civil broils
Engage you in the cursed cause of one
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.
Bland. 'Tis his wife!
[*They gather about the body.*
Alas! there was no other remedy.
Gov. Who did the bloody deed?
Oroo. The deed was mine;
Bloody I know it is, and I expect
Your laws shall tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice—but I hold the sword—
For you—and for myself.
[*Stabs the governor and himself, then throws himself by Imoinda's body.*
Oroo. 'Tis as it should be now; I have sent his ghost
To be a witness of that happiness
In the next world, which he denied us here.
[*Dies.*
Bland. I hope there is a place of happiness
In the next world for such exalted virtue.
Pagan or unbeliever, yet he lived
To all he knew; and, if he went astray,
There's mercy still above to set him right.
But Christians, guided by the heavenly ray,
Have no excuse if they mistake their way.

MATTHEW CONCANEN.

DIED 1749.

[The date of the birth of Matthew Concanen we have been unable to discover, but certain it is he was born in Ireland and there bred to the law. While a young man he and a friend named Stirling started for London to seek their fortunes. Arrived in London he found that his skill as a writer could best be turned to account by dealing with politics, and he accordingly at once became an advocate and defender of government and its policy. For some time he wrote for the *British Journal*, the *London Journal*, and the *Speculatist*, in which he abused not only Bolingbroke but Pope. The consequence was that Concanen received a place in the *Dunciad*, which is sure to keep his memory green should his works fail to do so. In a pamphlet called *A Supplement to the Profound*, he attacked Pope fiercely, and somewhat unfairly, making imputations of a dishonouring kind, for which his grounds seem to have been the merest rumour and gossip of the poet's enemies. "His wit and literary abilities, however," says one biographer, "recommended him to the Duke of Newcastle, through whose interest he obtained the post of attorney-general of the island of Jamaica, which office he filled with the utmost integrity and honour, and to the perfect satisfaction of the inhabitants, for nearly seventeen years." Having acquired a considerable fortune he longed to return home, and sailing from Jamaica he reached London, where he intended staying a short time before settling permanently in Ireland. "But," says the same biographer, "the difference of climate between that metropolis and the place he had so long been accustomed to, had such an effect on his constitution that he fell into a galloping consumption, of which he died on January 22, 1749, a few weeks after his arrival in London."

Apart from his political writings, Concanen's chief works are a play called *Wexford Wells*, and several fugitive songs and ballads. The songs were at one time in considerable vogue, and many of them are still worthy of preservation. A number of them will be found in *The Musical Miscellany*, 6 vols. 1729. In *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands*, 1724, the greater number are by Concanen, who was also engaged in transferring Broome's *Jovial Crew* into a ballad opera, in which form it kept the stage for a long time.]

THE ADVICE.

The lass that would know how to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from me:
His courage to quail, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasions agree, agree;
As the time and occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, though small be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the beau;
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the use of that pretty word—No!
By the use of that pretty word—No!

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
And, No, be her answer to all;
And, No, be her answer to all.

But when Master Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go;
A house, and a coach, and a jointure in land—
She's an idiot if then she says, No!
She's an idiot if then she says, No!

Whene'er she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whose courtship proclaims him a man;
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
Then let her say No, if she can;
Then let her say No, if she can.[1]

A LOVE SONG.

I love thee, by Heaven, I cannot say more;
Then set not my passion a cooling;
If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er;
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all protesting and arguing;
Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en be alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;
Prythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a Chancery-suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool;
Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

[1] This song will be found set to music in the *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i. 1729.

OCTOBER ALE.

(A SONG FROM "WEXFORD WELLS.")

How void of ease
He spends his days
Who wastes his time in thinking?
How like a beast,
That ne'er can taste
The pleasures of good drinking?
May curses light upon the sot
That ever kennels sober,
Or rises e'er without a pot
Of lovely brown October.

Let others raise
Their voice to praise
The Rhenish or the Sherry,
The sparkling white
Champaign so bright,
The Claret or Canary.
'Tis true they'd thaw the freezing blood,
And hinder our being sober;
But what for that was e'er so good
As lovely brown October?

What knaves are they
Who cross the sea
To bring such stuff among us?
How blind are we,
Who will not see
How grievously they wrong us?
They spoil the products of the land,
And of her coin disrobe her;
And yet their dregs can never stand
Against our brave October.

My jolly boys,
Let us rejoice,
And cast away all sorrow;
Let's never think,
While thus we drink,
What may fall out to-morrow.
Let's waste our wealth, enjoy content,
And never more live sober:
By Jove, the coin is rightly spent.
That's melted in October.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

As through the woods Panthea stray'd,
And sought in vain her wand'ring sheep,
Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
She found the god of love asleep.

His quiver underneath his head,
His bow unbent beside him lay,

His golden arrows round him spread,
Toss'd by the winds in wanton play.

With terror struck the nymph recedes,
And softly on her tiptoes trod;
Malice at length to fear succeeds,
And she returns and robs the god.

As to purloin his bow she tries,—
Of all his scatter'd shafts possess'd—
The beaming lustre of her eyes
Play'd on his face, and broke his rest.

Cupid awaking, scarce descry'd,
'Twixt slumber and surprise, the maid,
And rubb'd his drowsy lids, and cry'd,
Who thought the sun could pierce this shade?

At length, recovered from his fright,
Thus his mistaken thoughts express'd,
"Art thou return'd, my soft delight?
Approach, my Psyche, to my breast."

The frighted virgin scarcely view'd,
Sprung from his sight with eager haste,
No trembling hare by hounds pursued,
Or fear'd so much, or fled so fast.

Seeking a shaft to stop her flight,
He found himself of all bereft;
His loss soon set his knowledge right,
And show'd the plunderer by the theft.

"Panthea, stop!" aloud he cries,
"Why wouldst thou, fair one, fly from me?
Restore my arrows, thy own eyes
Have darts, as sharp, enough for thee."

Unmov'd by this, her pace she mends,
Regardless of his pain or care,
Th' entreating god no more attends
Than it had been some lover's prayer.

Cupid, provok'd, for vengeance tries—
"My leaden shafts these are not lost;
Within my pow'r the method lies,
And thou shalt find it to thy cost.

"Enjoy thy plunder, use my darts,
Thy crime shall be thy punishment;
At random wound despairing hearts,
Nor, for the pangs you give, relent.

"Beauty was made to be enjoy'd,
I'll mar the end for which 'twas giv'n,
Fill up with pride thy reasons void,
And useless make that gift of Heav'n.

"Still cruelty shall taint thy breast,
And all thy smiling hopes destroy;
In all my mother's beauty drest,
Be thou a stranger to her joy.

"Since all the shafts thy glances throw
Shall still be poison'd with disdain,
Nor shalt thou e'er the pleasure know
Of loving and being lov'd again.

"Secure in scorn thy charms shall lie,
Bloom unenjoyed, untasted, fade,
Till thou at last repenting die,
An old, ill-natur'd, envious maid."

He said.—And from his quiver drew
A leaden, hate-procuring dart,
And brac'd his bow, from whence it flew
Unerring to the fair one's heart.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

MOCK-HEROIC.

The warlike leaders now their stations change,
And round the field their gallant forces range,
Big with their hopes, and fearless of the prize,
Lusk's champions their dishearten'd foe despise.
Unhappy mortals! whose unthinking mind
Swells with the present, to the future blind;
Pleas'd without reason, vain without success;
Small joys exalt you, and small griefs depress.
Sudden these hopes shall be for ever crost,
And all your honours with the prize be lost.
First Paddy struck the ball, John stopt its course,
And sent it backward with redoubl'd force;
Dick met, and meeting smote the light machine,
Reptile it ran, and skimm'd along the green,
'Till Terence stopp'd—with gentle strokes he trolls
(Th' obedient ball in short excursions rolls),
Then swiftly runs and drives it o'er the plain:
Follow the rest, and chase the flying swain.
So have I seen upon a frosty day
(By fowlers frighted, or in quest of prey),
Skim through the air, whole coveys of curlew,
One only leading, and the rest pursue.
Paddy, whose fleeter pace outstript the rest,
Came up, and caught the champion by the vest:
Between his legs, an artful crook he twin'd,
And almost fell'd him ere he look'd behind.
Norah with horror saw the destin'd wile,
Grew pale, and blush'd, and trembled for a while;
But when she saw him grasp the warrior's hand,
And face to face the grappling rivals stand,
What diff'ring pangs her anxious bosom tear,
Now flush'd with hope, now chill'd with sudden fear?
Paddy, to see the champion disengaged,

For so well-form'd a trip, with fury rag'd,
Bounds to pursue the ball; but Terence stopt,
Athwart him flung his leg, and down he dropt.
So some tall pine which many years has stood,
The pride of trees, and mistress of the wood;
Braves for a while the strokes, and seems to foil
The piercing axe, and mock the peasant's toil;
'Till lopp'd at length by one fell dexterous wound,
It falls and spreads its ruins all around.

. . . . . .

While others claim their well-contended prize,
Terence alone to his dear Norah flies,
Clasps the lov'd fair one in his eager arms,
And thus with softest elocution warms:—
"Joy of my life, and pleasure of my youth,
Behold this mark, this witness of my truth!
No prize but you was worth such hard pursuit,
And for no other would your swain dispute;
For you all hardships I could learn to bear,
For you, with joy, I'll leap the stools next year.
Then quickly yield, nor kill me with delay,
For love and life are fleeter than the day."
Silent she stood. The pressing, lovely swain
Gaz'd on her eyes, and read her meaning plain;
He saw the passion which she could not speak
Pant on her breast, and flush upon her cheek.
Thence takes the hint, pursues his first intent,
And from her silence argues her consent;
Leads to the nuptial bow'r the willing maid,
No jointure settled, and no portion paid;
No glowing jewels from her bosom glare,
Shine on her hands, or glitter in her hair;
No robes of white her native charms adorn,
Nor gaudy silks are by the virgin worn;
But sweetly artless, innocently gay,
Her sparkling eyes a cheerful light display;
The crimson blushes on her cheeks outvie
The golden streaks that paint the western sky.
What monarch's envy might not Terence move,
So crown'd with conquest, and so blest with love?

BISHOP BERKELEY.

Born 1684 — Died 1753.

[George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Desert Castle, Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, on the 12th of March, 1684. His family is said to have been originally a branch of that of which the earls of Berkeley were heads; but at any rate it had been settled in Ireland for at least a couple of generations before the birth of the great philosopher. While young he was sent to school at Kilkenny, where he obtained the rudiments of his education. At fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, under Dr. Histon. Afterwards he was placed under Dr. Hall, and in 1707 he was chosen a fellow of the university. In that year appeared his first work, *Arithmetic absque Algebra aut Euclid demonstrata*, in which he attempted to demonstrate arithmetic without the help of either Euclid or algebra. The work had been written some years before, and is chiefly interesting as showing how early in life he had begun to free himself from the shackles of generally-received opinions.

In 1709 appeared his *Theory of Vision*, a work that at once placed him among the philosophers. It is marked by great sagacity and clearness of view and statement, and was, as Reid says in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, the first attempt to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the conclusions we have been accustomed to draw from them. Of course objectors to it were found, and in 1733 the author published a vindication.

In 1710, while philosophers were yet busy over the *Theory of Vision*, appeared *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, a work that startled them all as if out of a sleep. In it he attempted to show "that the usually received notion of the existence of matter is false; that sensible material objects, as they are called, are not external to the mind, but exist in it, and are nothing more than impressions made upon it by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules called laws of nature, from which, in the ordinary course of his government, he never deviates; and that the steady adherence of the Supreme Spirit to these rules is what constitutes the reality of things to his creatures." In 1713 he went over to London, and published a defence and extension of his theory under the title of *Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous*, which drew upon him the attention of Steele and Swift. Both the original work and its defence were written in opposition to scepticism and atheism, yet Hume says of them that they "form the best lessons of scepticism which are to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted."

In a short time Berkeley became well known, not only to Steele and Swift, but to Pope and others of the same company. By Swift he was introduced to the Earl of Peterborough, by whom he was carried into Italy as secretary and chaplain when that nobleman became ambassador to Sicily and the Italian states. In 1714 he returned to England in company with Lord Peterborough, and, seeing no prospect of preferment, consented to accompany the son of the Bishop of Clogher on a tour through Europe. For over four years he continued his travels, arriving again in London in the year 1721, in the midst of the miseries caused by the South Sea Scheme. Turning his mind to a study of the events immediately before him, he wrote and published in the same year *An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, which may be found among his *Miscellaneous Tracts*. Soon after his return to England he was introduced by Pope to Lord Burlington, who recommended him to the Duke of Grafton. The duke, being Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, appointed him one of his chaplains, and took him over to Ireland before the end of the year. About this time also he had the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity conferred on him, and in the following year he received an unexpected increase of fortune by the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, to whom he had been introduced by Swift. In May, 1724, he at last received the promotion he deserved by being appointed to the deanery of Derry, worth £1100 per annum.

In 1725 Berkeley published his *Proposal for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity*, the scheme of which seems to have occupied his thoughts for several years. He was so persuaded of the wisdom of his plan, and so enthusiastic in seeing it carried out, that he offered to resign his preferment and devote the remainder of his life to teaching the American youth on a payment of £100 a year. In this he was overruled, but he proceeded so far as to obtain a charter for a college in Bermuda, and the promise of £10,000 from the ministry for the purchase of lands, &c. Furthermore, in September, 1728, a month after his marriage with the daughter of John Forster, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, he actually set sail for Rhode Island. After residing at Newport for a couple of years he saw that his scheme had failed, chiefly through the coolness and hollow-heartedness of the ministry, and, sick at his failure, he returned again to Ireland.

In 1732 appeared one of the most masterly of Berkeley's works, *The Minute Philosopher*, in which he shows that he still found time for philosophic thought, and that philosophy was still his master passion. In the following year, 1733, he was made Bishop of Cloyne, from which post he was afterwards offered preferment to Clogher, but declined it.

In 1735 appeared his discourse called *The Analyst*, addressed as to an infidel mathematician, and his defence of it under the title of *A Defence of Freethinking in Mathematics*. In the same year also appeared *The Querist*, to most modern readers a quaint production; and in 1744 the celebrated and curious work, "*Siris*, a Chain of Philosophical Inquiries and Reflections concerning the Virtues of Tar Water." His motive for producing this work was a benevolent one. Finding great benefit himself from the use of tar water in an attack of nervous colic, by the publication of its virtues he desired to benefit others, and he declared that the work cost him more time and pains than any other he had ever been engaged in. A second edition of it, with additions and corrections, appeared in 1747, and this was followed in 1752 by *Further Thoughts on Tar Water*.

In July of this year Berkeley, with his wife and family, moved to Oxford, drawn thither by the facilities it possessed for study. Before leaving Cloyne he provided that out of the £1000, which was all his see produced him, £200 per annum should, during his life, be distributed among the poor householders of Cloyne, Youghal, and Aghadoe. He would readily have given up the bishopric for a canonry at Oxford, but this was not permitted. Soon after his arrival at Oxford he collected together and published, in one volume 8vo, all his smaller pieces. This was his last work as an author, for on Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, while in the midst of his family listening to a sermon being read to him by his wife, he was seized with palsy of the heart and expired almost instantly. He was buried at Christ Church, Oxford, where there is a monument over him, with an inscription by the then dean, Dr. Markham.

To enter upon a discussion of Berkeley's theories here would be beyond our purpose. It is sufficient to say that we believe he is seen at his best where he exposes the fallacies and sophistries of others, as in *The Minute Philosopher*. The appearance of his *Principles of Human Knowledge* was an era in the history of philosophy; but there is no work more

difficult to explain to the popular understanding, and none over which greater mistakes have been made even by learned men. At the present moment Berkeley seems to be recovering a great deal of his early fame; misunderstandings are being cleared away, and the true bearings of his arguments more correctly appreciated. Within the last few years two splendid editions of his works have been issued, the latest being that in four volumes 8vo, edited, with life, by Professor A. C. Fraser. The same editor has also issued a small volume of selections for students, which, to those who cannot afford time to study the whole of Berkeley's works, will give a very fair idea of their style and arguments.

Berkeley's private life was one of the most simple and lovable it is possible to conceive. If any man ever deserved Pope's warm eulogium he did—

· "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."]

THE LIFE OF THE WORLD.

(FROM "SIRIS.")

It was an opinion of remote antiquity that the world was an animal. If we may trust the Hermaic writings, the Egyptians thought all things did partake of life. This opinion was also so general and current among the Greeks that Plutarch asserts all others held the world to be an animal and governed by providence except Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus. And although an animal containing all bodies within itself could not be touched or sensibly affected from without, yet it is plain they attributed to it an inward sense and feeling, as well as appetites and aversions, and that from all the various tones, actions, and passions of the universe, they suppose one symphony, one animal act and life to result.

Jamblichus declares the world to be one animal, in which the parts, however distant each from other, are nevertheless related and connected by one common nature. And he teacheth what is also a received notion of the Pythagoreans and Platonics, that there is no chasm in nature, but a chain or scale of beings rising by gentle uninterrupted gradations from the lowest to the highest, each nature being informed and perfected by the participation of a higher. As air becomes igneous, so the purest fire becomes animal, and the animal soul becomes intellectual; which is to be understood not of the change of one nature into another, but of the connection of different natures, each lower nature being, according to those philosophers, as it were, a receptacle or subject for the next above it to reside and act in.

It is also the doctrine of Platonic philosophers that intellect is the very life of living things, the first principle and exemplar of all, from whence by different degrees are derived the inferior classes of life: first the rational, then the sensitive, after that the vegetal, but so as in the rational there is still somewhat intellectual, again in the sensitive there is somewhat rational, and in the vegetal somewhat sensitive, and lastly, in mixed bodies, as metals and minerals, somewhat of vegetation. By which means the whole is thought to be more perfectly connected. Which doctrine implies that all the faculties, instincts, and motions of inferior beings, in their several respective subordinations, are derived from, and depend upon, mind and intellect.

Both Stoics and Platonics held the world to be alive, though sometimes it be mentioned as a sentient animal, sometimes as a plant or vegetable. But in this, notwithstanding what hath been surmised by some learned men, there seems to be no atheism. For so long as the world is supposed to be quickened by elementary fire or spirit, which is itself animated by soul and directed by understanding, it follows that all parts thereof originally depend upon, and may be reduced unto, the same indivisible stem or principle, to wit, a Supreme Mind—which is the concurrent doctrine of Pythagoreans, Platonics, and Stoics.

There is, according to those philosophers, a life infused throughout all things—an intellectual and artificial fire—an inward principle, animal spirit, or natural life, producing and forming within, as art does without, regulating, moderating, and reconciling the various motions, qualities, and parts of this mundane system. By virtue of this life the great masses are held together in their orderly courses, as well as the minutest particles governed in their natural motions, according to the several laws of attraction, gravity, electricity, magnetism, and the rest. It is this gives instinct, teaches the spider her web, and the bee her honey. This it is that directs the roots of plants to draw forth juices from the earth, and the leaves and corticle vessels to separate and attract such particles of air and elementary fire as suit their respective natures.

Nature seems to be not otherwise distinguished from the anima mundi than as life is from soul, and, upon the principles of the oldest philosophers, may not improperly or incongruously be styled the life of the world. Some Platonics, indeed, regard life as the act of nature, in like manner as intellection is of the mind or intellect. As the first intellect acts by understanding, so nature, according to them, acts or generates. But life is the act of the soul, and seems to be very nature itself, which is not the principle, but the result of another and higher principle, being a life resulting from soul as cogitation from intellect.

If nature be the life of the world, animated by one soul, compacted into one frame, and directed or governed in all parts by one mind: this system cannot be accused of atheism, though perhaps it may of mistake or impropriety. And yet, as one presiding mind gives unity to the infinite aggregate of things, by a mutual communion of actions and passions, and an adjustment of parts, causing all to concur in one view to one and the same end—the ultimate and supreme good of the whole, it would seem reasonable to say with Ocellus Lucanus, the Pythagorean, that as life holds together the bodies of animals, the cause whereof is the soul, and as a city is held together by concord, the cause whereof is law, even so the world is held together by harmony, the cause whereof is God. And in this sense the world or universe may be considered either as one animal or one city.

This much the schools of Plato and Pythagoras seem agreed in, to wit, that the soul of the world, whether having a distinct mind of its own or directed by a superior mind, doth embrace all its parts, connect them by an invisible and indissoluble chain, and preserve them ever well adjusted and in good order.

ON AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, wherefrom the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

OF ARITHMETIC.

(FROM "THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.")

Arithmetic has been thought to have for its object abstract ideas of numbers; of which to understand the properties and mutual habitudes is supposed no mean part of speculative knowledge. The opinion of the pure and intellectual nature of numbers in abstract has made them in esteem with those philosophers who seem to have affected an uncommon fineness and elevation of thought. It hath set a price on the most trifling numerical speculations, which in practice are of no use, but serve only for amusement; and hath heretofore so far infected the minds of some, that they have dreamed of mighty mysteries involved in numbers, and attempted the explication of natural things by them. But if we narrowly inquire into our own thoughts, and consider what has been premised, we may perhaps entertain a low opinion of those high flights and abstractions, and look on all inquiries about numbers only as so many *difficiles nugæ*, so far as they are not subservient to practice, and promote the benefit of life.

Unity in abstract we have before considered, from which, and what has been said in the introduction, it plainly follows there is not any such idea. But number being defined a "collection of units," we may conclude that, if there be no such thing as unity or unit in abstract, there are no ideas of number in abstract denoted by the numeral names or figures. The theories, therefore, in arithmetic, if they are abstracted from the names and figures, as likewise from all use and

practice, as well as from the particular things numbered, can be supposed to have nothing at all for their object; hence we may see how entirely the science of numbers is subordinate to practice, and how jejune and trifling it becomes when considered as a matter of mere speculation.

However, since there may be some who, deluded by the specious show of discovering abstracted verities, waste their time in arithmetical theorems and problems which have not any use, it will not be amiss if we more fully consider and expose the vanity of that pretence; and this will plainly appear by taking a view of arithmetic in its infancy, and observing what it was that originally put men on the study of that science, and to what scope they directed it. It is natural to think that at first men, for ease of memory and help of computation, made use of counters, or in writing of single strokes, points, or the like, each whereof was made to signify an unit, *i.e.* some one thing of whatever kind they had occasion to reckon. Afterwards they found out the more compendious ways of making one character stand in place of several strokes or points. And lastly the notation of the Arabians or Indians came into use, wherein, by the repetition of a few characters or figures, and varying the signification of each figure according to the place it obtains, all numbers may be most aptly expressed; which seems to have been done in imitation of language, so that an exact analogy is observed betwixt the notation by figures and names, the nine simple figures answering the nine first numeral names and places in the former, corresponding to denominations in the latter. And agreeably to those conditions of the simple and local value of figures, were contrived methods of finding, from the given figures or marks of the parts, what figures and how placed are proper to denote the whole, or *vice versâ*. And having found the sought figures, the same rule or analogy being observed throughout, it is easy to read them into words; and so the number becomes perfectly known. For then the number of any particular things is said to be known when we know the name or figures (with their due arrangement) that according to the standing analogy belong to them. For these signs being known we can, by the operation of arithmetic, know the signs of any part of the particular sums signified by them; and, thus computing in signs (because of the connection established betwixt them and the distinct multitudes of things whereof one is taken for an unit), we may be able rightly to sum up, divide, and proportion the things themselves that we intend to number.

In arithmetic, therefore, we regard not the things but the signs, which nevertheless are not regarded for their own sake, but because they direct us how to act with relation to things, and dispose rightly of them. Now, agreeably to what we have observed of words in general, it happens here likewise that abstract ideas are thought to be signified by numeral names or characters, while they do not suggest ideas of particular things to our minds. I shall not at present enter into a more particular dissertation on this subject, but only observe that it is evident from what has been said those things which pass for abstract truths and theorems concerning numbers, are in reality conversant about no object distinct from particular numerable things, except only names and characters, which originally came to be considered on no other account but their being signs, or capable to represent aptly whatever particular things men had need to compute. Whence it follows that to study them for their own sake would be just as wise and to as good purpose as if a man, neglecting the true use or original intention and subserviency of language, would spend his time in impertinent criticisms upon words, or reasonings and controversies purely verbal.

LAETITIA PILKINGTON.

Born 1712 — Died 1750.

[Laetitia Pilkington, daughter of Dr. Van Lewen of Dublin, was born there in the year 1712. Very early in life she displayed a taste for poetry and reading generally, and while yet very young showed her precocity by the production of verses anything but contemptible. After rejecting many admirers she married the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, a person who had some claim to the title of author, having published a volume of miscellanies

under the care of Dean Swift. There is no doubt the reverend gentleman was rather a miserable sort of a fellow, for before they were long married, and before he had any cause, he began to be jealous of his wife. This, it seems, was not only a jealousy of her person, which perhaps might be excused, but chiefly an envious jealousy of her poetry, which he could not equal. While one of these fits was on him, in 1732, he went into England as chaplain to Mr. Barber, Lord-mayor of London, leaving behind him a young, and lovely, and disenchanted wife who had scarcely completed her twentieth year. In his case absence made his heart grow fonder, and after a time he wrote her a letter full of kindness, in which he praised her verses as marked by elegance and beauty. He informed her that he had shown some of them to Pope, who was very anxious to see her, and that he himself heartily wished her in London. Obedient to his wish she went to London, and was so well received that the jealousy returned upon him strongly. However, they soon came back to Ireland, where in a few days the most degrading rumours concerning her were afloat. The husband who had sworn to love and to cherish her, and who was a minister of the gospel of charity, was strongly suspected of being the origin of these scandals. Soon after this, either by accident or design, her father was stabbed, and Pilkington, learning that there was now no expectation of a fortune through her, openly charged her with inchastity. By this time it almost seems as if the charge, which was at first a gross insult, had become a truth. A gentleman was discovered in her room one morning about two o'clock, engaged with her, as she declared, in reading an enthralling book. At such a time this rather unsatisfactory story was not likely to satisfy the reverend husband, so he flung her off, and shortly afterwards she went to London.

In London, by the help of Colley Cibber, she made known her story, and many friends and great people came to her assistance. However, before long she was thrown into the Marshalsea; but Cibber, again acting as a friend, solicited subscriptions for her and had her released. Once free and finding herself possessed of five guineas, she determined to be no longer a beggar, but to employ her little capital in some business. Accordingly she took a small shop in St. James's Street, and stocked it with pamphlets and such like. Here she continued some time, and here she produced some of her best work, until, by the "liberality of her friends, and the bounty of her subscribers, she was set above want, and the autumn of her days were like to be spent in peace."[1] In this better state of affairs she moved to Dublin; but the quiet autumn which she fondly looked forward to she was not destined to see. She died on the 29th of August, 1750, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Mrs. Pilkington's principal works are *The Roman Father*, a tragedy of considerable power; *The Turkish Court; or, London Apprentice*, a comedy; and her *Memoirs*, "which are written with great sprightliness and wit," and through which "are scattered many beautiful little pieces written in the true spirit of poetry." "Considered as a writer," says the work from which we have already quoted, "she holds no mean rank," a dictum which possibly many would agree in were her works more readily available than they are at present.]

MRS. PILKINGTON'S PATRONS.

(FROM "MEMOIRS.")

[Mrs. Pilkington was advised to apply to a Mr. Meade, who had sixty thousand pounds left him to distribute in charity, and as she was in great poverty she wrote him asking assistance. He promised to assist her, but apparently forgot his promise. She wrote him a poem, and the result was Dr. Meade asked her to call upon him at his house. Her visit there she thus describes.]

Now were my hopes high raised, high as the spring-tide, to which the ebb quickly succeeds, as it did with me; I fancied, vainly fancied, at least ten guineas in my pocket, and had, like the man with his basket of glasses, turned them into trade, and purchased in my mind an easy subsistence for life; but I was a little mistaken in the matter, as the sequel will show. I dressed myself very neatly, and waited on the doctor; when I knocked at his door a footman with his mouth very full and a bone in his hand opened it, and in an Irish accent demanded my business. I told him I wanted to speak to the doctor.

"By my shoul," said he, "my masther will not be spoke to by nobody."

"Well then, friend, if you please to let him

---

[1] *New and General Biographical Dictionary*, 15 vols. London, 1798.

know Mrs. Meade[1] is here, I believe he will speak to me."

"Mishtress Maide," replied he, "arrah, are you wantin charity, an' takes up my masther's name to claim kin with him; well, stay there, I'll tell him."

So he went into a back parlour, but was quite confounded when the doctor instantly came out and gave him a severe reprimand for letting me stand in the hall; and I am very certain had I thought it worth my while to acquaint the doctor with his insolence he would have been discharged. A proper caution to livery-wearing fellows to speak with civility to everybody.

The doctor showed me into a handsome street parlour, adorned with several curiosities, of which here needs no account. He asked me for Sir John Meade, whom, because he remembered, he expected I should, though he died two years before I was born. When I told him so he seemed displeased. And really I remember that good Mr. Cibber, in his pleasant way, scolded me once for not remembering King Charles the Second, though my father was born in the reign of King William.

As my answers to the doctor with relation to the whole family of the Meades were sufficient to convince him I was not an impostor, he asked me how he could serve me. I told him I had some poems to publish, but for want of a little money to pay for the printing of them I could not proceed."

"Poems," returned he; "why, did you ever know any person get money by poetry?"

"Yes, sir, several; Mr. Pope in particular."

"Oh Lud, Lud," said he, grinning horribly, and squinting hideously, "what vanity thou hast! Can you write like him?"

I was quite abashed, and really knew not what to say for some moments, for my reader may easily perceive I could not but be sensible I had made a foolish speech, unaware to myself; however, upon recollection I assured him I did not presume to put myself in any degree of comparison with so justly an admired writer, but that perhaps on account of my sex I might find a little favour.

"Well," said he, "there are a couple of guineas for you."

This, though far short of my expectations, was a little present relief, and as the gentleman was under no obligation to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted them, and yet

> "Proud was the Muse I served, unbred to wait
> A willing stranger at a great man's gate!"

And here, gentle reader, give me leave to trespass a moment on your patience to make one remark, which is, that, amongst all the persons who are celebrated for being charitable, I never met one really so; and the most humane and beneficent are those whose characters have been attacked for their humanity, so that at last they have even been ashamed of well-doing.

I remember Dr. Swift told me he saw a beggar attack a bishop, who charitably, from his abundance, spared him a halfpenny, and said, God bless you; presently after he attacked Brigadier Groves, who threw half-a-crown to him with an oath. "Which," said he, "do you think the beggar prayed for at night?"

But as I have mentioned Dr. Meade, who was so much in love with Mr. Pope for saying,

> "And books for Meade, and rarities for Sloane,"

I think I must give them also a sketch of Sir Hans, to whom the doctor advised me to apply as an encourager of arts. I travelled down to Chelsea to wait upon him; it snowed violently, insomuch that I, who had only a chintz gown on, was wet to the skin. The porter, memorandum, better bred than his master, to whom I had sent up a compliment, which as he did not deserve I shall not do him the honour to insert, invited me into his lodge, where, after about two hours' attendance, I was at length permitted to enter to his supreme majesty; but sure the Holy Father himself in all his pontifical robes never was half so proud. I was conducted by an escort through six or seven rooms, one of which was entirely wainscotted, if I may so term it, with china; but like the idol to whom a stately temple was consecrated, in which a traveller, attracted by its outward magnificence, thought to find an adorably deity, and on search found a ridiculous monkey; so I saw an old fellow, whom I am very well convinced never saw me, for he did not even vouchsafe to turn his eyes off a paper he was writing to see who came in, till at last a beggar-woman entered with a sore-eyed child, the inside of whose eyelids he very charitably tore out with a beard of corn, under which cruel operation the girl fainted, but he said that was good for her. It may be so, for by two-headed Janus nature has framed strange doctors in her time. . . .

[1] This was Mrs. Pilkington's *nom de plume*.

Of this latter sort was Sir Hans. Though I had sent him up a letter, which lay before him, he asked me what I wanted! If I had bad eyes he said he would brush them up for charity; but as they happened to be tolerably good, I excused myself by telling him I had brought him that letter; and indeed I was quick-sighted enough to find out that his honour (as the beggar-woman called him) was a conceited, ridiculous, imperious old fool. He then considered my letter over, and finding by the contents Dr. Meade had recommended me to him, said, "Poor creature! I suppose you want charity. There is half-a-crown for you."

I could hardly resist a strong inclination I had to quoit it, as Falstaff says, into his face like a threepenny shovel-groat; and was only constrained by the consideration that I had never a shilling in my pocket, and that, little as it was, I could eat for it.

I have here done with the great Sir Hans Sloane. . . .

However, as I was obliged to live by my wits, which indeed were almost at an end, I formed a scheme to write a panegyric on P——p Lord H——k, then newly created Lord High-chancellor of England. I did not address him in the manner I had done a great many of the nobility, that is with my own poem, which I sent all round, like the bishop's pastoral letter; it was as Swift says—

> In another reign
> Change but the name 'twill do again.

I wrote a fine new one for himself, which was really paying him a higher compliment than he deserved, as my readers may perceive hereafter. I had completed the poem, and sent it to him; he desired me to come to him on Sunday, that being his only leisure time.

Accordingly, I waited on him at eight o'clock on Sunday morning; the house had rather the appearance of desolation and poverty than that of the lord-chancellor of Britain. He had complaisance enough to send his mace-bearer to keep me company till such time as a pair of folding doors flew open, and my lord appeared in his robes ready to go to church; he bowed down to the ground to me, and asked me if I would drink a dish of chocolate with him? which you may not doubt I accepted of; and was surprised to find myself, though sunk in the most abject poverty, sitting with so great a man.

So, for my labour I got a dish of chocolate, which I now return with the utmost humility to his lordship again.[1]

EXPOSTULATION.

O God, since all thy ways are just,
Why does thy heavy hand
So sore afflict the wretched dust
Thou didst to life command?

Thou speak'st the word, the senseless clay
Was quickened with thy breath,
Cheerless to view the beams of day,
And seek the shades of death.

Through every scene of life distressed,
As daughter, mother, wife,
When wilt thou close my eyes in rest,
And take my weary life?

To thee past, present, and to come
Are evermore the same;
Thou knew'st of all my woes the sum
E'er I my thoughts could frame.

'Twas thou gav'st passion to my soul,
And reason also gave:
Why didst thou not make reason rule,
And passion be its slave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine,
That thus I dare presume
At thy correction to repine,
Or murmur at my doom.

Lord, give me penitence sincere
For ev'ry error past,
And though my trials are severe,
O give me peace at last!

CONTENTMENT.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

---

[1] The word chocolate was used by Mr. Foote, the comedian, for satire.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine,
And pleased when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign.

WRITTEN ON HER DEATH-BED.

My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting rod;
Nor will I murmur or complain
Though ev'ry limb be fill'd with pain,
Though my weak tongue its aid denies,
And daylight wounds my wretched eyes.

JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK.

Born 1707 — Died 1762.

[John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, was the only son of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and was born on the 2d of January, 1707. At the age of seven he was placed in the charge of Fenton the poet, with whom he remained until he was thirteen years of age. Then he was sent to Westminster School, after passing through which he entered Christ Church, Oxford. At the age of twenty-one he married Lady Harriet Hamilton, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney. Soon afterwards the two earls fell out, and Boyle, siding with his wife's father, exasperated his own parent so much, that he made a will in which he bequeathed his valuable library to the university. A reconciliation, however, took place later on, and the old earl was about to alter his will when he was stopped by death.

In 1732 Boyle took his seat in the House of Peers, where he distinguished himself by his opposition to Walpole. In the same year he went to live in Ireland, and there became acquainted with Swift. There also his wife died, and in 1733 he returned to England and took up his abode at an old family seat near Marston in Somersetshire. Here he amused himself in building, gardening, planting, and getting into shape his edition of the dramatic works of his grandfather Roger Boyle, and collecting and arranging his *State Letters*.

In 1738 he went to live in a house in Duke Street, Westminster, and in June of the same year he married Margaret Hamilton, an Irish lady, "in whom the loss of his former countess was repaired." In 1739 he produced his edition of Roger Boyle's dramatic works in two vols. 8vo, and in 1742 his *State Letters*. In 1746 he went to reside with his father-in-law at Caledon in Ireland, and there passed four happy years. In 1751 appeared his translation of Pliny's *Letters*, with observations on each letter, and an essay on Pliny's life. This ran through several editions in a few years. Its success, no doubt, caused him to hurry the preparation of his *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, which was also very successful. In December, 1753, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Cork, and in September, 1754, he and his family entered upon a tour to Italy. In Florence he resided nearly a year, during which he busied himself in collecting materials for a history of Tuscany. This he intended to write in the form of a series of letters, but he lived to write only twelve, which appeared after his death. In 1758 he lost his second wife, and in 1759 his eldest son. These events affected him deeply and hurried him towards his end, which happened on the 16th November, 1762, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

In addition to the works already mentioned Boyle wrote *Letters from Italy*, which were published in 1774, and *Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth*, 1759. He also contributed several papers to *The World* and *Connoisseur*. The work by which he is best known, *Remarks on the Life of Swift*, is his worst from a literary point of view. It is weak, loose, and blundering in point of style, full of errors of taste and of fact, and marked all through by proofs that the author was "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." His translation of Pliny is not without merit, and his history of Tuscany,

had he lived to finish it as begun, would have given him legitimate claims to a fair position among successful historians. His contributions to *The World* and *The Connoisseur* are read by those who still cling to that class of literature, and some of them are not without humour of a kind which no doubt was approved of in their time.]

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.[1]

I have sometimes doubted whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage which they are generally esteemed to be; and I am almost inclined to think that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession is the most soothing prospect that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride; the exaltation that we feel upon such a review takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets, may spring from ourselves as have descended from our ancestors. We read in Virgil that Anchises, to inspire his son with the properest incitement to virtue, shows him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is foredoomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakspere to proceed less from the consciousness of guilt than from the disappointed pride that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should perhaps have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French novel which I lately met with put a stop to all vain glories that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

"A nobleman of an ancient house of very high rank and great fortune," says the novelist, "died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. He had not been long there before he met with his coachman Thomas, who, like his noble master, was gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, surprised to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the canaille of hell, started and cried out in a tone of admiration, 'Is it possible that I see my late master among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! Your lordship! whose generosity was so great; whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table and within your gates, and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens by building temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of water that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?'—'Ah! Thomas,' replied his lordship with his usual condescension, 'I have been sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to enrich and purchase titles, honours, and estates for that ungrateful rascal my only son. But, prithee, Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee hither?' 'Alas! my noble lord,' replied Thomas, 'I was sent hither for begetting that son.'"

MRS. MUZZY ON DUELLING.[2]

Dim-sighted as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompense for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family which, till now, has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq.; and I am the granddaughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin Hall, in South Wales. I was educated with my two elder sisters under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three granddaughters to his bedside, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps, not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence

[1] From *The Connoisseur*, January 8, 1756.

[2] From Number 47 of *The World*, November 22, 1753.

to truth. He told us he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old when he was introduced at the court of Charles the Second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrow-grass, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies,that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expense that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies, he drank with the gentlemen, he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a duel. He was so extremely unfortunate as never to have had even the happiness of a rencounter. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shown himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was nearly two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the privy chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour rose in blushes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daisy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moorfields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St. Paul's struck seven just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen MacDuffy, standing at the iron gate, and beholding such a number of armed men in the midst of the fields, immediately roared out, "Fire, murder, swords, daggers, bloodshed!" Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers, they lost all presence of mind, they forgot their prisoners, and hastened most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords their fears increased, and at once they stood open-mouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom to madmen and light to the blind are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out, "Liberty and property, my boys! down with the Rump! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my Cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock out their brains."

The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and, with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balusters of the staircase, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be routed, dispersed, and even wounded by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only superior in strength but in numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two friends were soon overpowered, and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as

proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Pocklington the tailor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a year was discovered chin deep and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Daisy himself was found in a milk-cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the queen's drawing-room and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time six combatants, three on a side, might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four, two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend that his principal had in the world, and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath that they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

. . . . . .

As my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in King Charles's court, his only son Ralph, my honoured father, was no less conspicious for his valour towards the latter end of King William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin Hall about a year and a half before the Revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that Judge Somebody, I forget his name, had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or have cut off one of his cheeks with a broadsword. In the same strain he often wished Father Peters a Life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. . . . My grandmother, Lady Pumpkin, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers to "prosperity to the church and state," without fighting duels or breaking heads in defence of the British constitution. Indeed, he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once shot through the leg, and carrying the marks of seven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by single combats, in defence of nominal liberty and real loyalty during King Charles the Second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales in the second parliament of King William. This drew him every winter to London, and he never took his leave of Sir Josiah without receiving a strict command to do some brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin Hall before the hero. Of his several exploits give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the Foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pumpkin Hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern my father jocularly in discourse said, "Ah, Major! Major! you still love to ride the fore-horse," alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aside and demanding satisfaction. My father asked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the

major was soon disarmed. "Now, Jack," says my father, "pray tell me what we fought for?" "Ah! Ralph," replied the major, "why did you reproach me with having been a postilion? It is true I was one, but by what means did you know it? why would you hint it to the company by saying that I still loved to ride the fore-horse?" My father protested his ignorance of the fact, and consequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as strongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he discovered his origin, or blindly followed the folly of his own suspicions.

One of my father's tavern companions, Captain Shadow, who was very young, very giddy, and almost as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a supposed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father in the playhouse. They were to fight in Hyde Park; but as the captain was drawing his sword with the fiercest indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might possibly be undesigned, or if otherwise, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adversary and made up the affair.

I wish this had been the last of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer who had taken the wall of him; and in that duel he received a wound, which after throwing him several months into a languishing miserable condition, at last proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illness with amazing fortitude; but often expressed an abhorrence of these polite and honourable murders; and wished that he might have lived some years longer only to have shown that he durst not fight.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.[1]

I leave you, Mr. Fitz-Adams, to make your moral reflections on these several stories, but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only duel in which my poor dear husband, Mr. Solomon Muzzy, was engaged, if a man may be said to be engaged who is scarce ever awake.

Mr. Muzzy was very fat and extremely lethargic. To be sure he had courage sufficient for a major-general, but he was not only unwieldy, but so lethargically stupid, that he fell asleep even in musical assemblies, and snored in the playhouse as bad, poor man, as he used to snore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather, who was become by age very tart and peevish, he resolved to challenge his own cousin-german by the mother's side, Brigadier Truncheon, of Soho Square. It seems the person challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. Truncheon, a deep-sighted man, chose Primrose Hill for the field of battle, and swords for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent a discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose Hill. Truncheon's scheme took effect. Mr. Muzzy was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack his cousin Truncheon with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. Muzzy pursued; but not having his adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he first dozed as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropped by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. Truncheon, base man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner as to make it supposed that Mr. Muzzy had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? they were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money properly applied no further inquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was, the blood trickling from him in great abundance, might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had he not been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog first began to lick his blood, and then tearing his clothes, fell upon the wounded part as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received, and indeed it was impossible to have slept while he was losing whole collops of the fattest and most pulpy part of his flesh; so that he

[1] From "The Muzzy Anecdotes" in *The World*, April 18, 1754.

was brought home to me much more wounded by the teeth of the mastiff than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

This, sir, is the real fact as it happened, although I well know the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

Born 1691 — Died 1754.

[John MacDonnell, one of the most eminent of our later Irish bards, was born near Charleville, in the county of Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his *History of Ireland* speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and also that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a *History of Ireland*," which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the *History of Ireland*, was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754, and was interred in the churchyard of Ballyslough, near Charleville.

Hardiman, in speaking of MacDonnell, gives him a very high place as a genius and a poet. Indeed, he ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But fortunately for his genius and fame Pope was born on the right side of the Channel." Furthermore, he tells us that the following description of a hero is in the original Irish no way inferior to any passage in the *Iliad:*—

To crush the strong—the resolute to quell—
Daun sweeps the battlefield, a deadly spell
Begirt with hosts, a terrible array,
Blood paints his track, and havock strews his way—
The lion's courage and the lightning's speed
His might combines: from each adventurous deed
With haughtier swell dilates the conqueror's soul,
Like volum'd thunders deep'ning as they roll:
Bards from his prowess learn a loftier song,
And glory lights him through the ranks along.

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards."]

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.[1]

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride;
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honours give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—

---

[1] This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the *Anthologia Hibernica* the visit is thus described:—"The queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Grauu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance.

Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honour'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

CLARAGH'S LAMENT.

(FROM HARDIMAN'S "IRISH MINSTRELSY.")

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed, and my thoughts are sad;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

Chorus.—My heart it danced when he was near,
My hero! my Cæsar! my Chevalier!
But while he wanders o'er the sea
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew
For the lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
The harp forgets its thrilling tone;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone.

The sun refused to lend his light,
And clouds obscured the face of day;
The tiger's whelps preyed day and night,
For the lion of the forest was far away.

The gallant, graceful, young Chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine
Like dewdrops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
Like beams on youthful Phœbus' brow,
Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Like Engus is he in his youthful days,
Or Mac Cein, whose deeds all Erin knows,
Mac Dary's chiefs, of deathless praise,
Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Like Connall the besieger, pride of his race,
Or Fergus, son of a glorious sire,
Or blameless Connor, son of courteous Nais,
The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove,
Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
Since far—far away is the youth of our love.

The name of my darling none must declare,
Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore;
But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer!
And waft the hero to my arms once more.

Chorus.—My heart—it danced when he was near,
Ah! now my woe is the young Chevalier;
'Tis a pang that solace ne'er can know,
That he should be banish'd by a rightless foe.

OLD ERIN IN THE SEA.

(TRANSLATED BY W. B. GUINEE, OF BUTTEVANT.)

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms
From charitable hands?
Feeble and lone she maketh moan—
A stricken one is she,
That deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the sea!

How art thou lost, how hardly crost,
Land of the reverend head!
And, dismal Fate, how harsh thy hate
That gives her lack of bread!
Though broad her fields, and rich their yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the sea!

'Tis but the ban of ruthless man
That works thy wretchedness;
What Nature bears with thee she shares,
And genial seasons bless.
The very waves that kiss the caves
Clap their huge hands for glee,
That they should guard so fair a sward
As Erin by the sea!

Her vales are green, her gales serene,
Hard granite ribs her coast,
God's fairest smile is on the isle,
Alas! and bootless boast;
No land more curst hath Ocean nurst
Since first a wave had he;
No land whose grief had less relief
Than Erin in the sea!

Can this be she whose history
  Is in the mist of years,
Whose kings of old wore crowns of gold,
  And led ten thousand spears?
Not so I wis; no land like this
  Could know such bravery,
Or change is wrought, or lore is nought
  For Erin in the sea!

Ah! truly change most sad and strange—
  Her kings have passed away;
Her sons, the same in outward frame,
  Full false and tame are they—
Each hating each, alone they teach,
  And but in this agree:
To work thy pains, and bind thy chains,
  Old Erin in the sea!

Where are the men, by tower and glen,
  Who held thee safe of yore?
Full oft that gave their foes a grave
  On thine insulted shore.
Galglach and Kerne, full sure and stern,
  They did good fight for thee;
Alas! they sleep, and thou must weep,
  Old Erin in the sea!

Soft may they rest within her breast,
  That for their country died;
And where they lie may peace be nigh,
  And lasting love abide!
Ye grace them well; for them that fell
  And her that nourished ye,
For them ye bled, she holds ye dead—
  Old Erin of the sea!

And in your place a wretched race
  Upon the soil have grown,
Unfearing shame, and in the name
  Like to their sires alone.
They shun the claim of patriot fame,
  And cringe the servile knee
To kiss the yoke their fathers broke
  In Erin in the sea!

Would they unite in valorous fight
  For her that gave them breath,
As they for her—the conqueror,
  Whose direful touch is death,
No more the blight of traitorous might
  On sacred right should be,
But peace, delight, and strength bedight
  Old Erin in the sea!

Pillage and pest her vales infest,
  Strange tongues her name revile;
Where prayed her saints, false doctrine taints,
  And godless rites defile.
Be they reviled, be they defiled,
  More dear are they to me—
The verdant plains, the holy fanes,
  Of Erin in the sea!

Thine is the page, all rimed with age,
  In mighty deeds sublime—
The proud records of willing swords,
  And storied lays of time;
An empire thou, while she that now,
  By Heaven's harsh decree,
Holds thee disgraced, was wild and waste,
  Old Erin in the sea!

Would this were all! Not thine the fall
  By force and battle rush,
Not men more brave hold thee for slave,
  Nor stouter hearts that crush;
But vengeful ire of son with sire,
  Thy children's perfidy—
Theirs is the strife that slays thy life,
  Old Erin in the sea!

Ye bards of song, ye warriors strong!
  Of high heroic deeds,—
All dust are ye, by mount and lea,
  While she, your mother, bleeds.
And cold the blood, by fort and flood,
  That ran in veins as free
As she was then, when ye were men,
  Old Erin in the sea!

CLARAGH'S DREAM.

(TRANSLATED BY J. C. MANGAN.)

I lay in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
  That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain—
  Dark fantasies chased each other,
When lo! a figure—who might it be?
  A tall, fair figure stood near me!
Who might it be? An unreal Banshee?
  Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have rolled since then, yet now
  My memory thrillingly lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
  Her pale translucent fingers;—
Her eyes, that mirrored a wonder world,
  Her mien, of unearthly wildness;
And her waving raven tresses that curled
  To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, Spirit?" I asked me-thought;
  "Thou art not one of the banished?"
Alas, for me! she answered nought,
  But rose aloft and vanished;
And a radiance, like to a glory, beamed
  In the light she left behind her;
Long time I wept, and at last me-dreamed
  I left my shieling to find her.

And first I turned to the thund'rous north,
To Gruagach's mansion kingly;
Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
To Inver-lough, and the shingly
And shining strand of the fishful Erne,
And thence to Croghan the golden,
Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
So many a marvel olden!

I saw the Mourna's billows flow—
I passed the walls of Shenady,
And stood in the hero-thronged Ardroe,
Embossed amid greenwoods shady;
And visited that proud pile that stands
Above the Boyne's broad waters,
Where Engus dwells with his warrior bands
And the fairest of Ulster's daughters;

To the halls of Mac-Lir, to Creevroe's height,
To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly hied. I went west and east—
I travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted in field and at feast—
"Thy way lies onward and forward!"

At last I reached, I wist not how,
The royal towers of Ival,
Which under the cliff's gigantic brow
Still rise without a rival.

And here were Thomond's chieftains all,
With armour, and swords, and lances,
And here sweet music filled the hall,
And damsels charmed with dances.

And here, at length, on a silvery throne
Half seated, half reclining,
With forehead white as the marble stone,
And garments so starrily shining,
And features beyond the poet's pen—
The sweetest, saddest features—
Appeared before me once again
That fairest of living creatures!

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said with a sigh.
"And hear my mournful story;
The guardian spirit of Erin am I,
But dimmed is mine ancient glory.
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
No longer victory's garland;
And my child, my son, my beloved heir,
Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
The bands of slumber were broken,
And palace, and hero, and river, and shore,
Had vanished and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will
And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow, therefore, hangs over me still,
Despite of the teachings of reason!

CHARLES MOLLOY.

Born 1706 — Died 1767.

[Charles Molloy was born in Dublin in the year 1706, his father and mother being both descendants of good families. He was educated at Trinity College, of which he ultimately became a fellow. Soon after passing out of his teens he moved to England and entered himself at the Middle Temple. There, before long, he began to mix in literary matters, and contributed largely to a periodical paper entitled *Fog's Journal*. He also became a play-writer, and in 1715 produced *The Perplexed Couple*, which, as a first attempt, was fairly successful. This was followed in 1718 by *The Coquet*, and this again in 1720 by *Half-pay Officers*.

After this he became sole editor, and almost sole author, of the well-known periodical paper called *Common Sense*, the only other writers of importance being Dr. King, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Lyttleton. His papers "give testimony of strong abilities, great depth of understanding, and clearness of reasoning." About this time large offers were made to him to write in defence of Sir Robert Walpole, which he refused; but when Walpole's opponents came into office in 1742, he was entirely neglected and overlooked, and were it not that he had married a rich wife, he might have starved so far as those whom he had benefited were concerned. As it was, however, he could afford to laugh at their ingratitude and treat their patriotic mouthings with contempt. For many years after this he lived without taking any active part in either literary or political matters. His death took place on the 16th July, 1767.

This author must not be confounded with his namesake Charles Molloy, who was also born in Ireland, and was a lawyer of the Inner Temple. He wrote a standard Latin work, *De Jure Maritimo et Navali*, or a Treatise on

Maritime Law. He was born in 1640, and died in 1690, sixteen years before our author and dramatist was born.]

MISER AND MAID.

(FROM "THE PERPLEXED COUPLE.")

[Leonora, advised by her maid Isabella, manages to disgust by her apparent affectation the miser her father wishes her to marry.]

Leon. My father on a sudden grew cold in his behaviour towards Octavio, and at length forbid me to see him more; in the meantime a business of importance calls Octavio into the country, and now I find my father has been upon a treaty with this usurer, and 'tis that has induced him to forfeit his word and honour.

Isab. A very Jewish reason truly.

Leon. What shall I do to kindle compassion in a breast possessed by avarice, a stranger to all social virtues? I've nothing to oppose to his cruelty but tears, the defenceless arms of innocence oppress'd.

Isab. Defenceless, indeed! besides, madam, they spoil the complexion—but you'll find 'twill do more service to cross the old fellow that he mayn't fall in love too fast.

Leon. I shall think myself happy if I can but create in him an aversion to my person, for I resolve to give myself as many airs to make him hate me, as ever vain coquet did to gain a lover.

Isab. Here they come.

Morecraft (*her father, aside to Leonora*).—Here's my friend, I met him just at the door; now stand upon your guard and gild your face with a smile.

Isab. What have we here? A mummy wrapt up in flannel?

Morec. Come, old boy, this is your wife that is to be; here's flesh and blood for ye, the blood of the Morecrafts. Here's vermilion and roses enough to raise desire in fourscore and ten, a better receipt to restore youth than Medea's kettle.

Sterling. Neighbour, you need not take such pains to set off your ware, I see what the young woman is.

Morec. Attack her briskly, impudently, man. Impudence never fails of success with women; it passes for wit, humour, nay and courage too, in young fellows, and why not in old?

Sterl. What I shall do—I shall do without your help.

Morec. Ha! ha!—Say'st thou so, old Frugality; od, I'm glad to hear you can do without help. I believe you're grown young again; well, since you're so stout upon't, I shall leave you to make the most of your time, for fathers do but spoil company among young lovers.

[*Exit* MORECRAFT *and* ISABELLA.

Sterl. You see, young lady, I come by the encouragement of a father, which I take to be the honestest pretence a man can make to a lady's affections.

Leon. O hideous! what a strange opinion that is, I think it the worst pretence. 'Tis beginning where one should end; 'tis the last thing to be considered.

Sterl. Assuredly, according to all laws, a parent has a right to dispose of his child.

Leon. What, would you confine love to laws? He that comes upon that presumption, and brings no pretensions of his own, is to me no better than a ravisher.

Sterl. Assuredly, a man of good sense and good estate can't want pretensions.

Leon. O abominable! what a mechanic notion is that! What woman of any taste could endure an odious creature that had not one good quality to recommend him but good sense and a good estate!

Sterl. Pray, lady, what qualifications would you expect in a husband?

Leon. A thousand, a thousand, sir. I'll give you a short detail of 'em. Now for the first broadside. (*Aside.*) Why, there's the delicatess d'esprit, the belle air, and a certain jene sais quoi of mien and motion. There's something in it so elegantly genteel, so amorously inspiring, that may be better understood than expressed.

Sterl. I don't understand you, I never heard of such strange things before.

Leon. Then you must give me leave to instruct you.

Sterl. Really, young woman, I'm too old to be taught, and too wise to stoop to such follies.

Leon. I see then how it is, your purpose is to engage my innocent, unwary heart, on purpose to betray it. Unhappy as I am, what has love brought me to! [*Seems to weep.*

Sterl. Poor innocent creature, I see she's fond of me, therefore I'll humour her a little. (*Aside.*) Well, dry your eyes, dry your pretty eyes, and I will hear what you have to say.

Leon. Then you must not speak to me of love or marriage for at least six months, unless it be in the language of your eyes; but when the happy time of declaration comes, do it

with such a dying softness in your eyes and voice as may charm my enamoured senses into a belief of all you say. With dear delight I'll catch the flying accents from those withered lips, and in a kind confusion own the soft anguish of my soul which virgin modesty had hitherto forbid me to declare——. I need not tell you what scenes of happiness must consequently ensue.

Sterl. I thought it had been fairer to be downright and sincere.

Leon. Sincere! O hideous! (*cries out*).—What a thing have you named; no, no, sir, well-bred people are never sincere; 'tis modish to flatter, lie, and deceive. I hate your out-of-fashioned good qualities——. Sincerity's altogether of vulgar extraction.

Sterl. Look ye, young woman, all this is wide of the purpose. I come here to talk of the time and place of our intended marriage, which your father desires may be soon.

Leon. There you're out again; 'tis time enough to talk of that after a hundred adventures in time of courtship. A lover must make his approaches to his mistress as regularly as a general does against a fortified town; for you are to suppose that we women are fortified with pride, dissimulation, artifice, cunning, and so forth. In a word, we should never think of marrying till we begin to hate one another.

Sterl. How's that? Hate one another, say you?

Leon. And another thing, I never will surrender unless I'm taken in form.

Sterl. Then I must tell you once for all that the things you've been speaking of are not for a man of my gravity.

Leon. You may see I like your person by the pains I take to instruct you to win my heart. So, sir, I think we've been long enough together for the first visit. I take my leave, and am your humble servant. [*Exit Leonora.*

Sterl. I, fakins, I don't know what to think; she seems very wild, and that I don't like. I doubt she'll prove an extravagant wife, and that I don't like; I'll go home and consider better on't before I proceed.

Enter MORECRAFT.

Morec. Well, my old Nestor, what and how? Od, you look devilish young to-day and devilish handsome. Od, you've stole the girl's heart, I'm sure—ay, ay, ha, ha! I laugh at your young blockheads; we old fellows are the men for business at last. Now, a young coxcomb would have been sighing and dying and making mouths at his mistress for a month before he'd venture to tell her what he would be at, but an old cock jumps over all ceremony and comes to the point at once;—but tell me what's the result of this visit?

Sterl. The result of this visit your daughter can inform you as well as I.—I'm going away about business.

Morec. Stay, man, tell me what she said; how did she receive your addresses?

Sterl. I did not understand a word she said. First let me ask you what religion your daughter is of?

Morec. Religion! why, the religion of all women, I think; she loves money, liberty, and fine clothes, and goes to church to be admired; but she shall be of any religion to please you; you know the standing argument that makes female converts.

Sterl. You're imposed upon; she talked in an unknown tongue. We'll confer upon this matter the next time we meet.

[*Exit Sterling.*

A CANDID BEAUTY.

(FROM "THE COQUETTE.")

Enter BELLAMY *and* JULIA *to* MADEMOISELLE FANTAST *the coquette, with* LA JUPE *her maid.*

Fan. Have you been paying your levy, sir, to my cousin's toilet, and offering your weighty advice in point of dress?

Bel. I do pretend, madam, to understand something of the art of dress.

Fan. It requires much study and a vast genius. Pray, sir, how do you like my coiffeur? Is it modell'd to your taste?

Bel. The air is gallant and free, but methinks it stands too forward; too much of your face cannot be seen.

Fan. How does the air of my cousin's please you?

Bel. Infinitely! 'Tis the exact model of a beautiful well-dressed head.

Fan. Foolish enough! How dull this creature is! Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question: Were you ever in love?

Bel. Yes, madam.

Fan. Impossible! Who would believe it! Was it in your own country, sir?

Bel. In my travels, madam.

Fan. Pray, sir, describe the nymph that made so great a conquest.

Bel. If you would have a description of her person, I must recollect my ideas and summon all my fancy to my aid. I ought to be inspired to find out images to represent her matchless form. [*Looking at Julia.*

Fan. First as to her complexion.

Bel. A little darker than yours, madam.

Fan. O hideous! then she was too dark.

Bel. Pardon my mistake, I mean a little fairer.

Fan. O hideous! then she was too fair. You might as well have had a passion for a piece of chalk.

Bel. O glorious Vanity! How happy dost thou make thy votaries!

Fan. Your English ladies have good faces.

Bel. So all travellers are pleased to say.

Fan. But though my dress, sir, had the misfortune to fall under your displeasure, I hope you'll have a more extensive complaisance for my face. How do you like my colour? Does this red I wear please you?

Bel. This side appears with a beautiful vermilion; it puts nature out of countenance. But here methinks your pencil has but lazily performed its office.

Fan. Pray let me see. (*Pulls out a glass.*) O frightful! Why, I ha'n't put on half my face to-day. How could you be so barbarous not to tell me on't sooner? La Jupe, fly and bring me my things; I must mend it immediately. [*Exit La Jupe.*

Julia. I think your English ladies use no helps to beauty.

Bel. The better bred do, madam, but 'tis secretly.

Fan. I find they're very apt to be modest where they should not. 'Tis something odd that a woman should be industrious to conceal her own ingenuity. For my part I may say without vanity that I've a change of fine features for every day in the week.

Enter La Jupe *with paint.*

Oh, come! Now, sir, I'll see what you're good for. Exercise your gallantry a little. Here, hold the glass for me, sir, your servant. I'll begin with a touch here—a little there won't be amiss. (*Paints.*) I must move this patch or I shall look like my lady What-do-you-call her, that always charges her magnificent nose with three large patches. Pray, sir, take a patch out of that box and put it me upon this dimple.—There, very well, sir, your servant. Now, I think my face is uniform. But pray, sir, do you handle the pencil and give an additional touch where you think it may want. Let's see, have you any fancy?

Bel. Nothing can mend what you have so well performed. You have a very fine hand, madam.

Fan. Yes, I think I need not blush for what I've done to-day.

Julia. No, and if she should she has taken care it should not be seen.

Fan. If a bashful Englishwoman were to do this, she'd hide herself in her closet, and bar the door as if it were to keep out the enemy, and nobody is in the secret but some chere confidente, though as soon as ever she shows her face 'tis visible by the clumsiness on't that 'tis all of her own making.

SAMUEL MADDEN.

Born 1686 — Died 1765.

[Samuel Madden, D.D., was born in Dublin on the 23d December, 1686. At about the usual age he graduated in the university of that city, and soon after entered into holy orders. How his life passed for some years after this we have little reliable knowledge, beyond the fact that he held a small living in Drummully near Newtownbutler, and in 1723 he took the degree of D.D. In 1729 he visited London, and published his *Themistocles*, a tragedy. In 1731 he published a scheme for promoting learning in the Dublin University by the granting of premiums. This was adopted and carried into practice in 1734, with, as all the world knows, the very happiest results. In 1732 appeared his "*Memoirs of the Twentieth Century*, or Original Letters of State under George the Sixth relating to important events in Great Britain and Europe." It was published anonymously, and was a jeu d'esprit on the current politics. It had a great run for three or four days, when, for some mysterious reason, the unsold copies were delivered up to Dr. Madden, and

by him destroyed. The book is now very scarce. In 1738 he published his pamphlet, *Reflections and Resolutions proper for the Gentlemen of Ireland*, an able treatise, marked by wisdom and solid judgment, as well as force and elegance of style. In it he urged the importance and pleaded for the improvement of the polite and useful arts, suggesting that the Linen Boards and the Dublin Society should have "funds assigned to them to give premiums annually to the three best pictures and the three best statues made here, or to the architects of the three best houses built annually in this kingdom." In the next year he renewed his suggestions in a letter to the Dublin Society, and in this he made a generous offer of £130 per annum as part of the premium fund. His offer was accepted, and his suggestions adopted again with the very best results. In 1743–44 appeared his lengthy poem entitled *Boulter's Monument*, which is said to have been revised by Dr. Johnson. When the second edition of Leland's *Life of Philip of Macedon* was being printed, he contributed to it a poetical epistle of two hundred lines. He died, Dec. 31, 1765, at Manor Waterhouse, in county Fermanagh, highly honoured and deeply lamented.

In addition to his good deeds already mentioned, Dr. Madden had a principal part in the founding of the Dublin Society, the successful duplicate of the Royal Society of England. Dr. Johnson says his "name is one that Ireland ought to honour." Thomas Sheridan, of dictionary fame, speaking of Madden's institution of premiums, says, "whose author, had he never contributed anything further to the good of his country, would have deserved immortal honour, and must have been held in reverence by latest posterity."

Of his literary works critics have said very little, chiefly, we believe, because the deeds of the man as a reformer of the best kind and a true encourager of progress overshadowed his doings as an author. However, there is no doubt these last are worthy of note. *Themistocles*, though stiff in places, has considerable force, and has here and there passages of rhetorical if not poetical beauty. *Boulter's Monument* has many fine lines, a circumstance which possibly suggested the statement that it had been revised by Samuel Johnson. The *Memoirs of the Twentieth Century* is not only curious, but full of clever writing and prophetic touches. Dr. Madden cannot be truly said to be a burning and a shining light among Irish authors, but he deserves a place in that versatile band.]

THE LOST TRIBES FOUND.

(FROM "MEMOIRS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.")

I got to my lodgings about two hours after sunset, much pleased with the magnificent variety of one day's diversions, and was hardly set down on my sofa to repose myself after so agreeable a fatigue, when my old druggerman or interpreter Abraham, a learned Jew, whose conversations often entertain my solitary hours, came to me with a good deal of surprise and amazement in his face. I immediately saw something extraordinary had happened, and inquired of him what was the matter? My lord, says he, I bring you an account, which, if it proves true, will make the enemies of my nation and the despised Jewish people glad to lick the dust off their shoes. Here is Rabbi Solomen just come from Tunis, who is sent to warn our brethren that the ten tribes are discovered in the middle part of Africa, where they retired in the days of their captivity and affliction. He says they have a vast empire there, and are very powerful, having near fifty millions of souls under their kings, who are most observant of the law, and have preserved their language pure and unmixed as well as their rites and ceremonies. The said Rabbi Solomen avers that the great Messiah is risen among them, and hath chosen out an army of five hundred thousand picked men, all as valiant as the Maccabees; that they have left all the strongholds of their empire of Gangara and Seneganda well garrisoned, and are in motion from the frontiers of those kingdoms to cross the deserts of Borno and Guoga, and pass the Nile, seize on Egypt, and then the land of Canaan their inheritance, and build up the fallen glories of Mount Sion and Jerusalem. As I had a map of Africa in my room I immediately searched it for the kingdoms and deserts my good druggerman had settled his friends in, and found so far all was right; but, desiring to know what authorities he or Rabbi Solomen had for this report, he gave me two letters from the synagogue of Tunis, directed to the faithful Jews of Stamboul and its provinces, willing them to be on their guard, and behave like men, for the kingdom was about to be restored to Israel. Along with these he communicated to me, under the solemnest promises of secrecy, the Messiah's manifesto, in which he exhorts his subjects and brethren to prepare to rise, for the restoring both the sword and sceptre into the hands

of the faithful and chosen of Heaven, and commands them to be ready to depart for Jerusalem to the solemn sacrifice so soon as they had certain intelligence from him of his being possessed of Egypt and Grand Cairo. I read them all over (that is, the Turkish translation of the Hebrew) with much admiration; and asking Abraham if he believed these to be genuine letters? he answered me very hastily and angrily, As genuine as the Talmud; and that it was universally known to all the Turks and the merchants in Stamboul that these things were true; and it is certain I had heard for several days of some commotions in the inland parts of Africa of a strange people. I then asked him what the Jews determined to do? Even, says he very eagerly, to obey the commands of their Messiah; and so soon as he hath conquered Egypt, to depart from the four winds under heaven, and be gathered unto the brethren of the dispersion at Jerusalem at the solemn sacrifice. He said this with tears in his eyes, and such emotion of heart that I could not choose but pity him and his deluded people, who are as credulous as malice or love, and will probably, throughout this vast empire, be standing with their ears pricked up, and like birds ready to take wing with all they can carry with them, if the news of this revolution continues.

He had hardly done talking of this new risen Messiah when the Chians from the Grand Signior entered my apartment with I know not how many slaves, loaden with part of the spoils we had taken that day, and which in his master's name he presented me with by his order. Your lordship may believe my thanks were not the only payment I made in return for this prodigious favour; but I must own, it gave me so honest and reasonable a pleasure to receive so extraordinary and public a mark of the sultan's regard for me that I thought it cheaply purchased. I made the Chians sit down by me, and as if some revolution planets were risen on the world, he began to tell me that since the sultan had come to the seraglio the grand vizier had told him two surprising pieces of news. Upon this the Chians related Abraham's story, very much in the same manner I have told it to your lordship; but with this addition, that the new Messiah was the strongest and most beautiful man upon earth.

The other account he gave me was, that according to a belief they ever have entertained in Persia, a great prophet had lately appeared there, who calls himself Mahomet Mahadi, the son of Hossien, second son of Ali, who solemnly avers to the people (who so many ages have been expecting him) that he lay hid all this time in a cave of the mountains of Georgia. He declares he is come from Mahomet, and is deputed and authorized by him to refute all errors and reunite all in one belief, that there may be no more divisions and schisms among faithful Mussulmen and true believers.

He preaches on horseback, and made his first sermon in the city of Maradel, and seized on the horse which for so many centuries has been kept for him there at the public cost ready saddled and bridled.

. . . . . .

The Chians having ended his extraordinary history was pleased to withdraw, and as the good Abraham retired along with him, they left me to my own reflections on the amazing credulity, superstition, and blindness of mankind. If either of these two accounts from Africa or Persia prove true, it is possible those populous territories may be laid waste and destroyed in the flame they may kindle. But the Jews, my lord, are above all other nations foolishly credulous; this Abraham my truchman is really more knowing and judicious than most of his tribe, and yet he reads the Talmud, the Misnah, and all the fabulous mysteries of the Cabbala, with as much veneration as the Pentateuch. He is as much persuaded that our tears were not salt till Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt, and that she was thus changed because that out of malice she would not put down the salt-seller on the table to the angels, as that Sodom was burned. He believes steadfastly that before the decalogue was given to the Israelites, God, desiring it should not be confined to them, went to Mount Seir and offered it to the Idumæans, descendants of Isaac; but when they heard the sixth commandment, Thou shalt not kill, they got up and refused it, for that it had been said to their ancestors, By thy sword thou shalt live. That upon this God offered it to the Ishmaelites, descended from Abraham by Hagar; but when they heard the seventh, Thou shalt not commit adultery, read, they refused their obedience to that command, since they had received a contrary one, namely, Thou shalt increase and multiply; upon which he avers God was forced to offer it to the Jews, who took it without exception.

Nay, I've heard him maintain, that at his leisure hours in the sixth day God created ten

things privately: first, the earth that swallowed up Corah, Dathan, and Abiram; secondly, the whale that swallowed up Jonah; thirdly, the rainbow which he hid in the clouds; fourthly, the ram which was sacrificed for Isaac; fifthly, the rod with which Moses wrought his miracles; sixthly, the manna for the Jews; seventhly, the stone of which the tables of the law were made; eighthly, the devil and his accomplices; ninthly, hammers and pincers which men could never have invented; and tenthly, the head of Balaam's ass. He has been still of opinion (among a thousand other as absurd opinions) that as women cannot be capable of the covenant of circumcision, so they cannot be entitled to happiness in the next life; and that at the day of judgment, which will be on a Friday, Adam must be complete, and therefore will reassume his rib, and so Eve will cease to be, and all women descended from her will be contracted into that rib and be no more, and consequently not judged.

LIFE AND DEATH.

(FROM "THEMISTOCLES.")

Is Life so sweet
With all its pains, that Death's great writ of ease
Should be so dreadful to us, which is but
Kind Nature's alms to Fortune's wretched beggars.
Sure he, who through his life like us hath scorned
When tempted to shake off the human nature,
The awe of virtue, and the love of heaven,
Can never tremble when his honour calls,
And bids him quit this veil of flesh and misery.
All we should fear is, while we act the part
Of men we sink not from the glorious character,
Or by some vile or vicious act disgrace
The noble human being.—If we've feared that,
Then unappall'd our hearts may face Death's terror.

THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

(FROM "BOULTER'S MONUMENT."[1])

Parent of sin! infernal thirst of gold!
For you (accurs'd) how cheaply heaven is sold:
For you above, below, what joys are lost,
And half the eternal scheme of mercy crost.
What social calls of nature are denied?
For you humanity is laid aside;
Their hearts they harden, and their souls they steel,
Forbear to pity, and forget to feel!
For you the native throbbings of the breast
For others' woes are vanished or suppress;
Their noblest passions men depraved subdue,
And all for gold, accursed gold, for you.
Yet what is wealth, oh virtue, weigh'd with thee,
To calming grief or soothing misery?
Oh! what is wealth to shielding the oppress'd,
And making crowds of suffering wretches bless'd;
To rising up in injured worth's defence,
And banishing the sighs of innocence;
To drying up the tears that mourners shed,
To smoothing the diseased and restless bed?
To bidding wasteful dearths no more destroy,
To making widows' hearts to sing for joy;
To easing burdens which my people load,
To helping thousands, and to pleasing God?

MRS. BARBER.

BORN 1712—DIED 1757.

[Mrs. Barber was well known in her own day as a member of the female coterie that gathered round and made an idol of Dean Swift. She was a woman of pleasant manners and considerable talents, but these were wasted to a great extent, as was then the fashion, in unfruitful wit combats, and in the production of ephemeral pettinesses in verse. Her birth took place in 1712, and early in life she married a person in business, a quiet and estimable man, who gave her very much her own way in everything. In 1734 she published a volume of poems under the patronage of Dean Swift and Lord Orrery, which was well received; and in 1755, when she was a widow, produced another volume of *Poems by Eminent Ladies*, the greater part of which is from her own pen.

Mrs. Barber's poems are not of a very high order of merit, but they were, like herself,

[1] This is a poem to the memory of Dr. Hugh Boulter, Lord-archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The author tells us he is worthy of this poetical monument for his great charity. He built several churches, founded eight alms-houses, and during a famine he relieved from seven to eight thousand persons daily.

pleasant and not inelegant. She seems to have rhymed with great ease, and for this very reason no doubt she took little if any trouble to revise her work. Consequently commonplace expressions at times may be found in the midst of her best passages. On the whole, however, her verses possess the merit of naturalness,—a merit often vainly sought in the too refined productions of more pretentious poets. For this reason, and because of the reputation which yet clings to her name, she deserves to be remembered here.

Her death occurred in 1757 in the forty-sixth year of her age.]

APOLOGY FOR THE RICH.

All-bounteous Heav'n, Castalio cries,
With bended knees and lifted eyes,
When shall I have the power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress?
How do our hearts deceive us here!
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.
With this the pious youth is able
To build and plant, and keep a table;
But then the poor he must not treat:
Who asks the wretch, that wants to eat?
Alas! to ease their woes he wishes,
But cannot live without ten dishes:
Tho' six would serve as well, 'tis true;
But one must live as others do.
He now feels wants unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his store.
The good Castalio must provide
Brocade and jewels for his bride;
Her toilet shines with plate embossed,
What sums her lace and linen cost!
The clothes that must his person grace
Shine with embroidery and lace.
The costly pride of Persian looms,
And Guido's paintings, grace his rooms;
His wealth Castalio will not waste,
But must have everything in taste:
He's an economist confest,
But what he buys must be the best;
For common use a set of plate,
Old china when he dines in state;
A coach and six to take the air,
Besides a chariot and a chair.
All these important calls supplied—
Calls of necessity, not pride—
His income's regularly spent,
He scarcely saves to pay his rent.
No man alive would do more good,
Or give more freely if he could.
He grieves whene'er the wretched sue,
But what can poor Castalio do?
Would Heav'n but send ten thousand more,
He'd give—just as he did before.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

An oak with spreading branches crowned
Beheld an ivy on the ground,
Exposed to every trampling beast
That roam'd around the dreary waste.
The tree of Jove in all his state
With pity viewed the ivy's fate,
And kindly told her she should find
Security around his rind:
Nor was that only his intent,
But to bestow some nourishment.
The branches saw, and grieved to see,
Some juices taken from the tree.
"Parent," say they in angry tone,
"Your sap should nourish us alone;
Why should you nurse this stranger plant
With what your sons in time may want?—
May want to raise us high in air,
And make us more distinguished there."
"'Tis well," the parent tree replied;
"Must I, to gratify your pride,
Act only with a narrow view
Of doing good to none but you?
Know, sons, though Jove hath made me great,
I am not safe from storms of fate;
Is it not prudent then, I pray,
To guard against another day?
Whilst I'm alive you crown my head,
This graces me alive and dead."

STELLA AND FLAVIA.

Stella and Flavia every hour
Unnumbered hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confined;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store;
Your charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

LAURENCE STERNE.

BORN 1713 — DIED 1768.

[Although a branch of the family of Sterne had been for several generations settled in Ireland, Laurence Sterne was an Irishman by accident more than anything else. His father was an officer in the English army, and was stationed at Clonmel in Ireland for a short time. There his wife joined him, and a few days after her arrival gave birth to Laurence. About the same time the regiment in which his father served was disbanded, and so soon as the infant was able for the journey his parents took him with them to the family seat at Elvington in Yorkshire. In about ten months time the regiment was re-formed, and, as Sterne himself says, the "household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin." After some years' knocking about, chiefly in Ireland, he was in 1722 sent to a school at Halifax in Yorkshire. Here he continued till 1731, in which year his father died. While he was there an incident occurred which he himself describes thus—"He (the schoolmaster) had the ceiling of the schoolroom new whitewashed; the ladder remained there; I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said before me that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure that I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received."

In the year 1732 a cousin took him in charge and sent him to the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted to Jesus College on the 6th July, 1733. In March, 1735, he matriculated, and in January, 1736, he received the degree of B.A. After this he went to York, where his uncle Dr. Jaques Sterne resided, and by the interest of this relative he was presented with the living of Sutton. At York he made the acquaintance of his wife, whom he married in 1741. After his marriage his uncle also procured him the prebendary of York, "but," says Sterne, "he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers; though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy." However, Sterne soon also acquired by his wife's means the living of Stillington, and "remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places." "I had then very good health," he says. "Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements."

In 1760 he took a house at York, in which he placed his family, while he himself went up to London to publish the first two volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.* The success of these was almost enough to turn his head; and fortune still favouring him he was the same year presented with the curacy of Coxwold, "a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton." Here he resided for some years at Shandy Hall in the village, and here also he finished his *Tristram Shandy* and other works. In 1762 he went to France, the outcome of his journey thither being the *Sentimental Journey*. In 1764 we find him at Montpellier, where his physicians almost poisoned him with "what they call *bouillons refraichissants;* it is a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve. There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one; a female would do me more hurt than good." In the summer of 1767 the *Sentimental Journey* was written at Coxwold, and about the end of the year he went up to London to have it published. By this time the disease with which he had been afflicted for some time, consumption of the lungs, took a firmer hold of him. However, he still kept up his spirits and visited his friends as usual, being no way frightened at the approach of death. He also wrote several letters to his beloved daughter, in a vein which shows the weightier side of his character, and proves him to have been, not a mere jester, but a true philosopher, who frequently, like Figaro, made haste to laugh lest he should be forced to cry. These letters she published in three volumes, with a short autobiography of her father, in 1775. On the 18th March, 1768, after a short struggle his spirit parted from his worn-out body at his lodgings in Bond Street.

Sterne's works were published in the following order:—*The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath Considered*, a sermon, 1747; *The Abuses of Conscience*, a sermon,

1750; *Tristram Shandy*, vols. i. ii. 1759; iii. iv. 1761; v. vi. 1762; vii. viii. 1765; ix. 1767; *Sermons*, vols. i. ii. 1760; iii. iv. v. vi. 1766; and *A Sentimental Journey*, 1768. His other and lesser works appeared after his death. In 1808 his complete works, with life and plates, by Stothard and Thurston, were published.

Sterne's great work *Tristram Shandy* has drawn forth very opposite opinions from good authorities. "If I were requested to name the book of all others which combined wit and humour under their highest appearance of levity with the profoundest wisdom, it would be *Tristram Shandy*," says Leigh Hunt. "At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance," says Horace Walpole: "it is a kind of novel called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, the great humour in which consists in the whole narration going backward. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed." This extraordinary work begins with a relation of the birth of Tristram Shandy and the circumstances connected with it. His father and his uncle Toby are characters in whom "he has managed to oppose with equal felicity and originality," says Hazlitt, "pure intellect and pure good nature." Uncle Toby is a simple-minded Christian gentleman, and his servant Corporal Trim a man both good and honest, but with one fault —he must give advice. The baptism of Tristram is signalized by a blunder of the maid Susannah, by which the child is so named instead of Trismegistus, as his father had intended. Dr. Slop and Yorick are both inimitable creations, and "the story of Le Fevre," says Hazlitt, "is perhaps the finest in the English language;" and for Uncle Toby he says, "of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would think anything amiss?" The Widow Wadman, in her determined siege of Uncle Toby, at length overreaching herself by her curiosity, shows that Sterne had rather a low estimate of human nature in women of the Wadman type.

As to Sterne's position as a writer there have been many acrimonious debates, but even his greatest enemies acknowledge him possessed of both wit and humour, a wonderfully vivid style, and a power of reading and depicting character far beyond that of any writer of his day. As to his satirical powers all are not so well agreed, and the sentimental portions of his works have been frequently spoken of as affectations and hypocrisies. There can be no doubt that his position as a minister has been the cause of much hurt to his fame as an author, many people not liking the combination of preacher with wit and humourist. We are firmly persuaded that had he been a layman his fame would stand much higher to-day than it does, and that many pieces of bitter biography written concerning him would never have appeared. Garrick, who knew him well, wrote the following epitaph for him:—

"Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne?"]

WIDOW WADMAN'S EYE.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, —or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.—Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

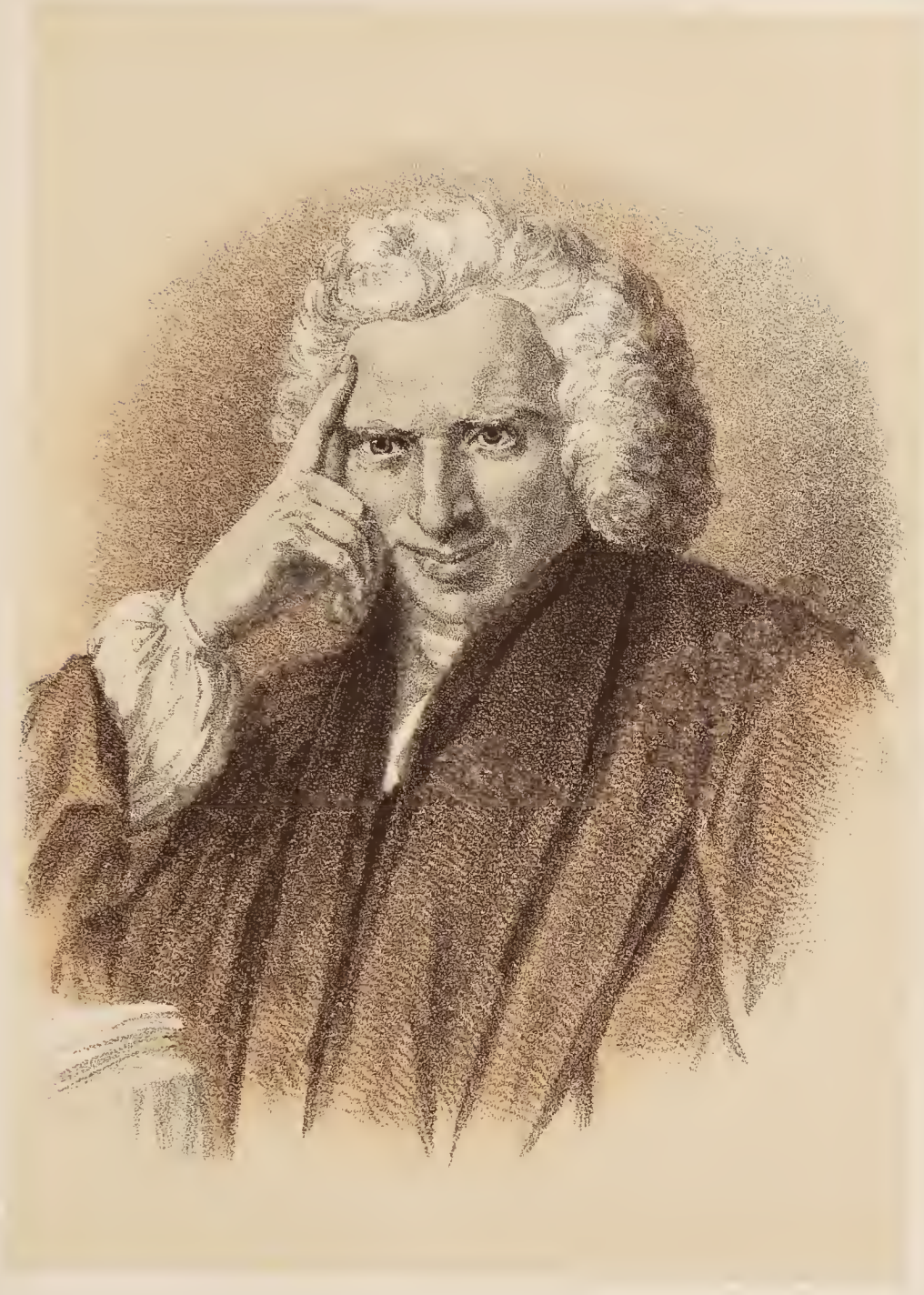
If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes, —and looking again, with twice the good-



LAURENCE STERNE.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN.

nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

. . . . . .

I protest, madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

—It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman.—My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up;—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,—"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

THE BASTILE *v.* LIBERTY.

(FROM "A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.")

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us, the moment I was going to set out.—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for? Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine. I've enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I. Indeed Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius; I know France and Italy better than you. But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expense. I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily; really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I had treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity;—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers—fill up the foss—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity,—"I can't get out," said the starling. God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling; "I can't get out—I can't get out."

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught! and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE STORY OF YORICK.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth—however indisputable in itself;—and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying—It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame, of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether that no one shall be able to stand up and swear "That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that."

This evil has been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendilus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was this record saith not—it only adds that, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakspere, many of whose plays, you know,

are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history to know the certainty of this;—but, if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country —namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she was very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants; —but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenour in the distribution of her favours as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain household understanding, amongst all ranks of people, of which everybody has a share;"—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different: —we are all ups and downs in this matter;— you are a great genius;—or, 'tis fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;— not that there is a total want of intermediate steps;—no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis—in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this,—that, instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaite de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, you may likewise imagine it was with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas:*—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such:— for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger— but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit: —it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, *viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity Yorick, with great imprudence, would say deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain

English, without any periphrasis; and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding —he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action, —without more ado, The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

. . . . . .

The mortgager and mortgagee differ, the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four;—which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking that, as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that, one day or other, he would certainly be reckoned with;—and he would often add—in an accent of sorrowful apprehension — to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but, if close pent-up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:

"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and dost muster up, with them, the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say that, for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

"I cannot suspect it, in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence in these sallies.—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other; —whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, nor integrity of conduct, shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy words belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and

Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with * * * and * * * at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion on Yorick of what was carrying on against him—that, when he thought, good easy man!—full surely, preferment was o'ripening,—they had smote his root,—and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out, with all imaginable gallantry, for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and, though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last—he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again,—he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee? Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head. I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which * * * and * * *, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say, with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and, as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit which (as Shakspere said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, in the parish of ——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the churchyard close

by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

—I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.—The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your honour is good:*—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son;—for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked, —[That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby]—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses thence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never go hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend! —I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

—When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—[And thou might'st have added my purse, too, said my uncle Toby]—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer;—for his heart was full;—so he went up stairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

—When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

—I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life,

and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. —'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world that, if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.—

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.—

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honour was. —Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing; possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned—Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; —but finish the story thou art upon.—'Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me that they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal, the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

. . . . . .

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, —though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that,

notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; aud, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a mau.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house—thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could teud and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, aud mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal.—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he *shall* march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by G—*, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it dowu, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

. . . . . .

The suu looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the haud of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenaut's room, aud, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner au old friend and brother-officer would have done it; and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the uight,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to answer any one of these iuquiries, went on, aud told him of the little plan which he had been coucerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter;—and we'll have an apothecary; and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.—

There was a frankuess in my uncle Toby, not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to his father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel the heart, rallied back,—the film for-

sook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament*, fine as it was—was never broken!—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered;—stopped;—went on,—throbbed,—stopped again; moved, stopped.—Shall I go on?—No.

THE HOUSE OF FEASTING AND THE HOUSE OF MOURNING DESCRIBED.

A SERMON ON ECCLES. VII. 2, 3.

For what purpose, do you imagine, has God made us?—for the social sweets of the well-watered valleys, where he has planted us; or for the dry and dismal desert of a Sierra Morena? Are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them,—belie our own hearts, and say, as our text would have us, that they are better than those of joy? Did the Best of Beings send us into the world for this end,—to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten a life short and vexatious enough already? Do you think, my good Preacher, that He who is infinitely happy can envy us our enjoyments? or that a Being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage? or that He would call him to a severe reckoning, because in this way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard jostlings he is sure to meet with? Consider, I beseech you, what provision and accommodation the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way sorrowing—how many caravanseras of rest—what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it—what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us; some of which he has made so fair, so exquisitely fitted for this end, that they have power over us for a time, to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.

I will not contend at present against this rhetoric; I would choose rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and say we are travellers, and, in the most affecting sense of that idea, that, like travellers, though upon business of the last and nearest concern to us, we may surely be allowed to amuse ourselves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are sent upon; and if we can so order it as not to be led out of the way by the variety of prospects, edifices, and ruins which solicit us, it would be a nonsensical piece of saint-errantry to shut our eyes.

But let us not lose sight of the argument in pursuit of the simile.

Let us remember, various as our excursions are—that we have still set our faces towards Jerusalem,—that we have a place of rest and happiness, towards which we hasten, and that the way to get there is not so much to please our hearts, as to improve them in virtue;—that mirth and feasting are usually no friends to achievements of this kind—but that a season of affliction is in some sort a season of piety—not only because our sufferings are apt to put us in mind of our sins, but that, by the check and interruption which they give to our pursuits, they allow us what the hurry and bustle of the world too often deny us,—and that is a little time for reflection, which is all that most of us want to make us wiser and better men;—that at certain times it is so necessary a man's mind should be turned towards itself that, rather than want occasions, he had better purchase them at the expense of his present happiness.—He had better, as the text expresses it, *go to the house of mourning*, where he will meet with something to subdue his passions, than to the house of feasting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them. That whereas the entertainments and caresses of the one place expose his heart and lay it open to temptations—the sorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally shut them from it. So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way which can only lead him to the accomplishment of his own wishes.

This is the full force of the wise man's declaration.—But to do further justice to his words, I will endeavour to bring the subject still nearer. For which purpose it will be necessary to stop here, and make a transient view of the two places here referred to,—the house of mourning, and the house of feasting. Give me leave therefore, I beseech you, to

recall both of them for a moment to your imaginations, that thence I may appeal to your hearts, how faithfully, and upon what good grounds, the effects and natural operations of each upon our minds are intimated in the text.

And first, let us look into the house of feasting.

And here, to be as fair and candid as possible in the description of this, we will not take it from the worst originals, such as are open merely for the sale of virtue, and so calculated for the end that the disguise each is under not only gives power safely to drive on the bargain, but safely to carry it into execution too.

This we will not suppose to be the case—nor let us even imagine the house of feasting to be such a scene of intemperance and excess as the house of feasting does often exhibit; but let us take it from one as little exceptionable as we can—where there is, or, at least, appears, nothing really criminal—but where everything seems to be kept within the visible bounds of moderation and sobriety.

Imagine then such a house of feasting, where, either by consent or invitation, a number of each sex is drawn together, for no other purpose but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will suppose shall arise from no other pleasures but what custom authorizes, and religion does not absolutely forbid.

Before we enter—let us examine what must be the sentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we shall find, however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one seems to agree in this—that, as he is going to a house dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he should divest himself of whatever was likely to contradict that intention or be inconsistent with it.—That, for this purpose, he had left his cares—his serious thoughts—and his moral reflections behind him, and was come forth from home with only such dispositions and gaiety of heart as suited the occasion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be supposed, since it will amount to no more than a desire in each to render himself an acceptable guest,—let us conceive them entering into the house of feasting, with hearts set loose from grave restraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleasure. It is not necessary, as I premised, to bring intemperance into the scene—or to suppose such an excess in the gratification of the appetites as shall ferment the blood and set the desires in a flame:—let us admit no more of it, therefore, than will gently stir them, and fit them for the impressions which so benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this disposition, thus wrought upon beforehand, and already improved to this purpose,—take notice how mechanically the thoughts and spirits rise—how soon and insensibly they are got above the pitch and first bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded — when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within to betray him, and put him off his defence,—when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions,—when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart,—see how vain! how weak! how empty a thing it is! Look through its several recesses,—those pure mansions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue—sad spectacle! Behold those fair inhabitants now dispossessed—turned out of their sacred dwellings, to make room—for what?—at the best for levity and indiscretion—perhaps for folly—it may be for more impure guests, which possibly, in so general a riot of the mind and senses, may take occasion to enter unsuspected at the same time.

In a scene and disposition thus described—can the most cautious say, Thus far shall my desires go—and no further? or will the coolest and most circumspect say, when pleasure has taken full possession of his heart, that no thought nor purpose shall arise there, which he would have concealed?—In those loose and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command—in spite of reason and reflection, it will forcibly carry him sometimes whither he would not—like the unclean spirit, in the parent's sad description of his child's case, which took him, and oft-times cast him into the fire to destroy him, and wheresoever it taketh him it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll say, is the worst account of what the mind may suffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable

suppositions?—that numbers, by exercise and custom to such encounters, learn gradually to despise and triumph over them;—that the minds of many are not so susceptible of warm impressions, or so badly fortified against them, that pleasure should easily corrupt or soften them;—that it would be hard to suppose, of the great multitudes which daily throng and press into this house of feasting, but that numbers come out of it again with all the innocence with which they entered;—and that if both sexes are included in the computation, what *fair* example shall we see of many of so pure and chaste a turn of mind that the house of feasting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought, or awaken an inclination, which virtue need blush at, or which the most scrupulous conscience might not support. God forbid we should say otherwise. No doubt, numbers of all ages escape unhurt, and get off this dangerous sea without shipwreck. Yet are they not to be reckoned amongst the more fortunate adventurers;—and though one would not absolutely prohibit the attempt, or be so cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, since there are so many, I suppose, who cannot well do otherwise, and whose condition and situation in life unavoidably force them upon it—yet we may be allowed to describe this fair and flattering coast—we may point out the unsuspected dangers of it, and warn the unwary passenger where they lie. We may show him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiser and better it would be (as is implied in the text) to seek occasions rather to improve his little stock of virtue than incautiously expose it to so unequal a chance, where the best he can hope is to return safe with what treasure he carried out—but where, probably, he may be so unfortunate as to lose it all—be lost himself, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the house of feasting; which, by the way, though generally open at other times of the year throughout the world, is supposed, in Christian countries, now everywhere to be universally shut up. And, in truth, I have been more full in my cautions against it, not only as reason requires,—but in reverence to this season [Lent], wherein our Church exacts a more particular forbearance and self-denial in this point, and thereby adds to the restraints upon pleasure and entertainments which this representation of things has suggested against them already.

Here, then, let us turn aside from this gay scene: and suffer me take you with me for a moment to one much fitter for your meditation. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought in merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centred:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them, is now piteously borne down at the last,—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions. Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them—unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed!

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this, it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look.—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work! how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities, to which the life of man is subject! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity—the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of everything in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us further!—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be!—For what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity.

If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more

affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle—a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay to each other.

If this sad occasion, which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits which, in the house of mirth, were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid!—In this gloomy mansion, full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul—see the light and easy heart which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense, and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom, and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning?—not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Consider what has been said, and may God, of his mercy, bless you! Amen.

PHILIP FRANCIS.

Born 1719—Died 1773.

[Philip Francis, so well known as a translator of Horace, was born in Dublin in 1719. His father, the Rev. John Francis, D.D., a man of some ability, was for a time rector of St. Mary's, Dublin, and afterwards Dean of Lismore. In due course young Philip entered and graduated at Trinity College. After this he took holy orders; and in 1750 removed to England, where he set up an academy at Esher in Surrey, in which, among other pupils, he had his son, afterwards Sir Philip, and Gibbon the celebrated historian. After a time, by the influence of Lord Holland, he obtained the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk, and, as a reward for some literary support he had rendered the government, he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Chelsea Hospital. Two years after his arrival in England appeared his first work of any importance, *Eugenia*, a tragedy; and in 1754 this was followed by *Constantine*, a tragedy. Both plays are carefully and correctly written, but are wanting somewhat in the fire of genius. About this time he was a constant visitor at Holland House, and was appointed chaplain to Lady Holland.

In 1743 appeared his great work, which still stands first among translations of Horace. It was received not only with favour but enthusiasm by the whole learned and reading world, and Dr. Johnson in speaking of it said, "The lyrical part of Horace can never be properly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best. I'll take his, five out of six, against them all." Soon after this appeared his translation of Demosthenes, which was also successful, but not to the same extent as Horace. This was his last extant work, for the rest of his life produced nothing except political ephemera in the interest of Henry Fox and his party, which of course are not now recognizable, and we fear not of much value if recognized. He was also one of the editors of the daily *Gazette* in the pay of the

government, and in 1761 he was appointed rector of Chilham in Kent. He suffered severely from palsy for several years before his death, which took place at Bath on the 5th of March, 1773.

The most available edition of Francis's *Horace* is that issued by A. & J. Valpy, in two volumes, in the *Family Classical Library*.]

DEATH OF MAXIMIAN.

(FROM "CONSTANTINE.")

FULVIA *pleading with* CONSTANTINE.

Fulvia. But, sir, my father, speak; oh! look upon me.
Oh! hear these speechless sorrows, hear and pity me.
Constantine. With all the fearful tenderness of love,
With eyes that flow in pity, with a tongue
That falters to pronounce it—can I speak it—
The justice of the world demands his fate.
Fulvia. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, for his sake, the eternal power of mercy,
Who, when thy great heart's quell'd by age or sickness,
Shall hear thy weakness, hear thy cries of pain,
Give me my father's life! This day has joined
My fame to his misfortunes. Should he perish,
Oh! will it not be said that I betrayed him?
And can you, sir, behold me; can you make me
A name of horrid Parricide for ever?
To all succeeding times, unnumbered ages
Shall curse your Fulvia's memory.
Stay, oh stay, [*To Aurelian.*
I see soft pity drop the saving tear.
A little moment more, and Constantine
Becomes a god of mercy.
Constantine. Is there a strength in man that can resist
The power of beauty when it pleads its tears?
Go, my Aurelian, and relieve his terrors;
Soothe his despair, his disappointed rage.
Assure him of his life, nor life alone,
But graced with honours worthy of our friendship,
My Fulvia shall be mistress of his fate.
Fulvia. Angels of mercy, hear the sacred sounds
That bid my father live;
And thou, O Love, in all thy golden records,
For it is thine, preserve this act of wonder,
And on thy purple pinions waft it wide
O'er earth and heaven, the glory of thy reign!

Enter MAXIMIAN *and* AURELIAN.

Maximian. (*Speaking.*) Well, then, the gods have otherwise decreed,
And be it so. Maximian shall appear
(I thank thee, Jove, the trial's worthy of me)
In his own strength, superior to his fortune,
And Cæsar's haughty clemency.
—— Lead on.
Fulvia. My father!
Maximian. How that name comes o'er my heart.
She kneels and weeps! Art thou so wondrous good,
Canst thou forgive me, Fulvia; call me father,
And give me back thy love? Did not my rage
Accuse thy innocence, and blast thy fame?
Fulvia. It was ambitious rage, no more remember'd;
But even ambition shall be satisfied,
Greatness and power, for Constantine hath spoke it;
Duty and love shall wait upon your age,
'Till time with lenient hand shall lay it down
In honourable death, till fame shall crown
Your life and that last hour with equal glory.
Maximian. If life could pass away in the delight
Of fondly gazing on thee; could the idea
Of that full sway which aw'd the western world
Be ever from my memory, could I forget
I was an emperor once, dispensing fame,
Greatness and honours, round me, then, perhaps,
I might forget I lived to be forgiven,
And bowed me to the power that gave me life.
Constantine. It shall not need—
Maximian. Indeed, my lord, it shall not;
Maximian better shall consult his glory.
Your father, sir, deposed me—not by war,
By the fair fortune of the embattled field,
But by his better arts and skill in treaties—
Arts which I boasted not; but yet it joyed
My gloomy soul to think I should repay them
With equal vengeance. Thence my haughty spirit
Stoop'd to the baseness of a midnight murder.
You now would give me life—to crown that gift,
An honourable share of power and greatness.
Now mark a generosity above thee,
Take from this hand the unrival'd throne of power,
The undivided empire of the world.
[*Stabs himself.*
For my last groan gives you the universe.
Constantine. Oh, Fulvia—but I'll not insult thy sorrows
By talking comfort to them. Yet remember
Why we are placed thus high;—not to exempt us
From human woes, but that the world may learn
A nobler fortitude by our example.
To wake the soul to virtue, and impart
A warmer spirit to the languid heart,
The passions were designed; but here behold,
Wild when they rage, by reason uncontrolled,
Less rapid is the storm's destructive sway,
While guilt, remorse, despair, and ruin mark their way.

HORACE'S EPISTLE TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

To Fuscus, who in city sports delights,
A country bard with gentle greetings writes:
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied,
And as a pair of fondly constant doves,
What one dislikes the other disapproves.
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade,
In short, I live and reign whenc'er I fly
The joys you vaunt with rapture to the sky.
And like a slave from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to nature's laws obedience yield;
Would you a house for health or pleasure build,
Where is there such a situation found
As where the country spreads its blessings round?
Where is the intemperate winter less severe?
Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
The Dog-star's fury or the Lion's rage?
Where do less envious cares disturb our rest?
Or are the fields, in nature's colours dress'd,
Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
Than the rich floor with inlaid marble bright?
Is water purer from the bursting lead,
Than gently murmuring down its native bed?
Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
Unnatural woods with awkward art arise:
You praise the house whose situation yields
An open prospect to the distant fields;
For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess, will return again,
Return in silent triumph to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
The man who cannot, with judicious eye,
Discern the fleece that drinks the Tyrian dye
From the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain
A loss so touching, of such heartfelt pain,
As he who can't, with sense of happier kind,
Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.
They who in fortune's smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
For if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
The frail possession we resign with pain.
Then fly from grandeur and the haughty great,
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make that heartfelt bliss your own,
To kings and favourites of kings unknown.
A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
Drove from their common field a vanquished horse,
Who for revenge to man his strength enslaved,
Took up his rider, and the bit received;
But though he conquer'd in the martial strife,
He felt his rider's weight, and champed the bit for life.
So he who poverty with horror views,
Nor frugal Nature's bounty knows to use,
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold),
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.
Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied,
Pinched in the strait, we stumble in the wide.
Cheerful and wise, your present lot enjoy,
And on my head your just rebukes employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf.
Gold is the slave or tyrant of the soul,
Unworthy to command, it better brooks control.
These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd,
Sincerely blessed, but that I want my friend.

HORACE'S ADVICE HOW TO EXCEL AS A POET.

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight,
Read them by day, and study them by night.
"And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear,
Gay were his jests, his numbers charmed the ear;"
Let me not say too lavishly they praised,
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleased;
If you or I with taste are haply blessed,
To know a clownish from a courtly jest;
If skilful to discern, when formed with ease,
The modulated sounds are taught to please.
Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appeared,
And played and sung, with lees of wine besmeared.
Then Eschylus a decent vizard used,
Built a low stage, the flowing robe diffused,
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
And now the ancient comedy appeared,
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard;
But soon its freedom, rising to excess,
The laws were forced its boldness to suppress,
And when no longer licensed to defame,
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.
No path to fame our poets left untried,
Nor small their merit, when, with conscious pride,
They scorned to take from Greece the storied theme,
And dared to sing their own domestic fame;
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
Or sport with humour in the comic vein.
Nor had the mistress of the world appeared,
More famed for conquest than for wit revered.
Did we not hate the necessary toil
Of slow correction and the paiuful file.
Illustrious youths with just contempt receive,
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live,
Where time and full correction don't refine

The finished work, and polish every line,
Because Democritus in raptures cries—
"Poems of genius always bear the prize
From wretched works of art," and thinks that none
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon;
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
They neither shave their heads nor pare their nails,
To dark retreats and solitude they run,
The baths avoid, and public converse shun;
A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain—
If long their beards, incurable their brain.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1729 — Died 1773.

[John Cunningham was the son of a well-known wine merchant of Dublin, and was born in that city in 1729. At a very early age, indeed before he completed his twelfth year, his poetical genius began to be apparent, and he wrote several pieces which appeared in the Dublin papers. These displayed such ability that he was soon a hero in at least his own circle, and they are yet occasionally sung by the lower classes of Dublin and its neighbourhood, though the name of the author is unknown to the singer. At the age of seventeen he produced a farce entitled *Love in a Mist*, which was successful so far as Dublin was concerned, and which Garrick is said to have plagiarized to produce his *Lying Valet*. Before twenty Cunningham became an itinerant player, in which occupation he passed many years of his life. In his wanderings he became closely attached to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had always been well received, and which he learned to speak of as his "Home." Thither he retired after leaving the stage in 1763, and there he issued his volume of poems, "chiefly pastoral," a style of composition in which he excelled, and which he was encouraged to cultivate by Shenstone. The book was successful, and highly praised by competent judges. Johnson says of it, "His poems have peculiar sweetness and elegance; his sentiments are generally natural, and his language simple and appropriate to his subject." After protracted suffering the poet died September 18th, 1773, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Cunningham's poems are much better known than the name of the author. One or other of the three pieces "Morning," "Noon," and "Evening," which form his *Day, a Pastoral*, is to be found in almost every collection of English poetry in which space for pastoral verse is provided. They are indeed as sweet and pure as anything of the kind in our language, and may fitly stand side by side with the very best productions of Shenstone.]

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe),
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the nooutide radiance glows:
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs,
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brightened by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—the furrow'd task is doue,
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnished by the settiug sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky.
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breakiug through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist swiftly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-poised milking-pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

A FABLE.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd—"Bless your good worship wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile!" his antship replied;
"Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete!
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:

Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The reptile, insulted and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
"Stop, friend," says the Butterfly—"don't be surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

Moral.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-morrow.

THE HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair,
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there.

He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue:
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy
(The vixen would vain be his bride),
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be deny'd:

A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green;
Pert Susan was cruelly stung:
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whispered such soft, pretty things in mine ear!
He flattered, he promised, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That, trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire
(Our cottage was distant a mile),
I rose to begone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile:

His arm he threw round me—love laughed in his eye,
He led me the meadows among,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

A PASTORAL.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay:
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
That Corydon might, as he searched for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods, if so killing," he cried, "when she sleeps,
I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onwards my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep,"
He cried, "you're too loud on the spray.
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep;
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,
But, trust me, have still been awake."
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He placed himself close by her side,
And managed the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

When Fame brought the news of Great Britain's
success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat,
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was placed,
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declared there was choice of good cheer,
Yet vow'd to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's for a tun
Of Stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best;
No gods—they all swore,
Regal'd so before,
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear:
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long:
He bow'd, being asked by the musical nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song.
But ere he began
He toss'd off his can—
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear—
Then sang with great merit
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found in our Newcastle beer.

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It braced up his nerves and enlivened his powers;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear
Such a club would you borrow
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts:
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death;
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking
tribes
Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of breath!
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle beer.

AN EPIGRAM.

A member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple grays,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

HENRY JONES.

Born 1721 — Died 1770.

[Henry Jones was born of very poor parents at Bewley, near Drogheda, in the year 1721. After obtaining at a local school a fair knowledge of the "three R's" he was apprenticed to a bricklayer. While serving his time he found means of reading a good deal, and before twenty-one he was acquainted with the most of our earlier authors as well as with translations from the poets of Greece and Rome. Of course such a student was sure to try his hand at versification. His first attempt was local in subject, being addressed to the corporation of Drogheda, and was so clever that doubts arose in many minds if it were

possible for a young bricklayer to produce it. These doubts, however, soon vanished, as he proceeded to create more and better things, and he was frequently invited to the corporation table and treated with civility and attention.

But he had evidently dreams beyond those of a mere local poet, and finding that a number of workmen were required in Dublin for the repair of the parliament house, he journeyed thither. Wiser than in later years he at first trusted to his trade rather than to his pen, but in good time an opportunity offered, and he addressed a set of verses to Lord Chesterfield, then just arrived in Dublin as lord-lieutenant. Lord Chesterfield was pleased with the poem, and, sending for the author, rewarded him liberally and took him under his protection. When his lordship returned to England, Jones followed him at his desire.

On leaving Ireland Jones brought with him several poetical pieces, which he proceeded to revise and polish. He also brought the sketch of a drama to be entitled *The Earl of Essex*, at which he laboured in the leisure Lord Chesterfield's bounty gave him until he felt it was complete. The finished work pleased his patron—no mean critic—very much, and his lordship introduced both work and author to Colley Cibber. Cibber at once became the warm friend of the rustic poet, and introduced him to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Strange to say, on the day the manager received the manuscript of Jones's tragedy Dr. Francis's tragedy *Constantine* was also placed in his hands. Then arose a difficulty as to which should be produced first, but after long argument on both sides the matter was settled in a rough-and-ready way by tossing a shilling. Jones won, and his drama was produced in the January of 1753. It was at once a great success, drawing very full houses for fifteen nights, and producing the author on his benefit over five hundred pounds.

Before this he had published a volume of his poems by subscription, which were also successful, and the world lay now before him half conquered. Alas! his sudden rise seems to have robbed him of his prudence, and he gave way to idleness and dissipation. After a time he began the downward course of borrowing sums of money from his friends, and one day he had the extreme folly to borrow eight guineas from the servant-man of his patron Lord Chesterfield. From that time forward his lordship refused to see him, and his field for borrowing growing narrower and narrower, he was forced to turn to work. So soon, however, as he had made some progress with a new tragedy, *Harold*, he began to raise money upon it, and before it was thoroughly finished it was out of his control and pledged to three or four. Meanwhile he wrote many short pieces of poetry, addressed complimentary verses to some of the players, and wrote at least one prologue. He also began work on a third drama, *The Cave of Idra*, but before this was completed he paid several enforced visits to different sponging-houses. While in these places he generally bought some comfort by finding out the weakness of his keepers, and flattering their wives or daughters with verses full of praise and smartness. Gradually the clouds thickened round him, and it would seem that even were he inclined to work his pressing momentary necessities left him no time to do so. He fell from low to lower, until at last the proprietor of a coffee-house took pity on him, gave him a room in his house, and offered him free board whenever he might require it. Jones accepted the offer, but after a time the life in the coffee-house became irksome to him and he suddenly left it. For two days afterwards he continued in a state of drunkenness, and while in this condition he was run over by a waggon in St. Martin's Lane. Being carried to the parish workhouse, he died after lingering a few days, in April, 1770.

After his death *The Cave of Idra* was produced successfully under the care of his friend Dr. Hifferman; but *Harold*, which by the critics who had seen it was considered his masterpiece, never saw the light. Mr. Reddish, of Drury Lane, had obtained the manuscript of it, together with other things of the author's, but subsequently becoming insane, it is believed he committed it and other valuables to the flames.

If we take into account the fact that Jones received in early life an education enabling him simply to read and write—if we remember that he would never afterwards stoop to study—and if we then read an act of *The Earl of Essex*, we must acknowledge him to have been a real genius. Indeed, a writer of the last century who thought a good deal of himself acknowledges this, but believes that "he was too much praised, just like another rustic genius (one Burns), whom people were praising to the skies only because he had no education!"]

ESSEX AND THE QUEEN.[1]

The QUEEN *on her throne.*

Enter LORD BURLEIGH, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *and others.*

Lord B. The Earl of Essex waits your royal will.

Queen. Let him approach. (*Aside.*) And now, once more support
Thy dignity, my soul; nor yield thy greatness
To strong, usurping passion. But, he comes.

Enter EARL OF ESSEX, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, *and Guards.*

Earl E. Permitted thus to bend, with prostrate heart, [*Kneels.*
Before your sacred majesty, I come
With every grateful sense of royal favour
Deeply engrav'd within my conscious soul.

Queen. I sent my orders for your staff of office.

Earl E. Madam, my envy'd dignities and honours
I first from your own royal hand receiv'd;
And, therefore, justly held it far beneath me
To yield my trophies and exalted power,
So dearly purchased in the field of glory,
To hands unworthy. No, my gracious queen,
I meant to lay them at your royal feet,
Where life itself a willing victim falls,
If you command.

Queen. High swelling words, my lord, but ill supply
The place of deeds and duty's just demand.
In danger's onset, and the day of trial,
Conviction still on acting worth attends;
Whilst mere professions are by doubts encumber'd.

Earl E. My deeds have oft declar'd in danger's front,
How far my duty and my valour lead me.
Allegiance still my thirst of glory fir'd,
And all my bravely gathered, envy'd laurels,
Were purchas'd only to adorn my queen.

Queen. Your guilty scorn of my entrusted power,
When with my mortal foes you tamely dally'd,
By hardy rebels brav'd, you poorly sought
A servile pause, and begg'd a shameful truce.
Should Essex thus so meanly compromise,
And lose the harvest of a plenteous glory,
In idle treaties and suspicious parley!

Earl E. Oh! deadly stroke! My life's the destin'd mark.
The poison'd shaft has sunk my spirits deep!
Is't come to this? Conspire with rebels! Ha!
I've serv'd you, madam, with the utmost peril,
And ever gloried in th' illustrious danger;
Where famine fac'd me with her meagre mien,
And pestilence and death brought up her train.
I've fought your battles, in despite of nature,
Where seasons sicken'd, and the clime was fate.
My power to parley, or to fight, I had
From you; the time and circumstance did call
Aloud for mutual treaty and condition;
For that I stand a guarded felon here—a traitor,
Hemm'd in by villains, and by slaves surrounded.

Queen. Shall added insolence, with crest audacious,
Her front uplift against the face of power?
Think not that injur'd majesty will bear
Such arrogance uncheck'd or unchastis'd.
No public trust becomes the man who treads,
With scornful steps, in honour's sacred path,
And stands at bold defiance with his duty.

Earl E. Away with dignities and hated trust,
With flatt'ring honours, and deceitful pow'r!
Invert th' eternal rules of right and justice;
Let villains thrive, and outcast virtue perish;
Let slaves be rais'd, and cowards have command.
Take, take your gaudy trifles back, those baits
Of vice, and virtue's bane.—'Tis clear, my queen,
My royal mistress, casts me off; nay, joins
With Cecil to destroy my life and fame.

Queen. Presuming wretch! audacious traitor!

Earl E. Traitor!

Queen. Hence from my sight, ungrateful slave, and learn
At distance to revere your queen.

Earl E. Yes; let
Me fly beyond the limits of the world,
And nature's verge, from proud oppression far,
From malice, tyranny, from courts, from you.

Queen. Traitor! villain! [*Strikes him.*

Earl E. Confusion! what, a blow!
Restrain, good heaven! down, down, thou rebel passion,
And judgment take the reins. Madam, 'tis well—
Your soldier falls degraded.
His glory's tarnish'd, and his fame undone.
Oh! bounteous recompense from royal hands!
But you, ye implements, beware, beware,
What honour wrong'd, and honest wrath can act.

Queen. What would th' imperious traitor do? My life
Beyond thy wretched purpose stands secure.
Go, learn at leisure what your deeds deserve,
And tremble at the vengeance you provoke.
[*Exeunt all but Earl E. and Earl S.*

Earl E. Disgrac'd and struck! Damnation! Death were glorious!
Revenge! revenge!

Earl S. Alas! my friend, what would
Thy rage attempt? Consider well the great
Advantage now your rash, ungovern'd temper

[1] This and the next scene are from *The Earl of Essex.*

Affords your foes. The queen, incens'd, will let
Their fury loose.—I dread the dire event.
Earl E. Has honest pride no just resentment left?
Nor injur'd honour feeling? Not revenge!
High heaven shall bear and earth regret my wrongs.
Hot indignation burns within my soul.
I'll do some dreadful thing—I know not what;
Some deed, as horrid as the shame I feel,
Shall startle nature, and alarm the world.
Then hence, like lightning, let me furious fly,
To hurl destruction on my foes on high;
Pull down oppression from its tyrant seat,
Redeem my glory, or embrace my fate. [*Exeunt.*

A CRUEL TRAITRESS.[1]

The Court.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* LORD BURLEIGH.

Queen. Ha! is not Nottingham return'd?
Lord B. No, madam.
Queen. Despatch a speedy messenger to haste her.
So near the brink of fate—unhappy man!

Enter COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

How, now, my Nottingham, what news from Essex?
What says the Earl?
Coun. N. I wish, with all my soul,
Th' ungrateful task had been another's lot.
I dread to tell it—lost, ill-fated man!
Queen. What means this mystery, this strange behaviour?
Pronounce—declare at once; what said the Earl?
Coun. N. Alas, my queen! I fear to say; his mind
Is in the strangest mood, that ever pride
On blackest thoughts begot. He scarce would speak,
And when he did, it was with sullenness,
With hasty tone, and downcast look.
Queen. Amazing!
Not feel the terrors of approaching death!
Nor yet the joyful dawn of promis'd life!
Coun. N. He rather seem'd insensible to both,
And with a cold indifference heard your offer;
Till, warming up by slow degrees, resentment
Began to swell his restless, haughty mind;
And proud disdain provok'd him to exclaim
Aloud against the partial power of fortune,
And faction's rage. I begg'd him to consider
His sad condition, nor repulse with scorn
The only hand that could preserve him.
Queen. Ha!
What! said he nothing of a private import?
No circumstance—no pledge—no ring?
Coun. N. None, madam;
But with contemptuous front disclaim'd at once
Your proffer'd grace; and scorn'd, he said, a life
Upon such terms bestow'd.
Queen. Impossible!
Could Essex treat me thus? You basely wrong him,
And wrest his meaning from the purpos'd point.
Recall betimes the horrid words you've utter'd;
Confess, and own the whole you've said was false.
Coun. N. Madam, by truth and duty both compell'd,
Against the pleadings of my pitying soul
I must declare (Heav'n knows with what reluctance!)
That never pride insulted mercy more.
He ran o'er all the dangers he had pass'd;
His mighty deeds, his service to the state;
Accus'd your majesty of partial leaning
To favourite lords, to whom he falls a sacrifice;
Appeals to justice and to future times,
How much he feels from proud oppression's arm:
Nay, something, too, he darkly hinted at,
Of jealous disappointment and revenge.
Queen. Eternal silence seal thy venom'd lips!
What hast thou utter'd, wretch, to rouse at once
A whirlwind in my soul, which roots up pity
And destroys my peace?
Let him this instant to the block be led.
[*Exit Countess N.*
Upbraid me with my fatal fondness for him!
Ungrateful, barbarous ruffian! Oh, Elizabeth!
Remember now thy long-establish'd fame,
Thy envy'd glory, and thy father's spirit.
Accuse me of injustice, too, and cruelty!
Yes, I'll this instant to the Tower, forget
My regal state, and to his face confront him:
Confound th' audacious villain with my presence,
And add new terrors to th' uplifted axe. [*Exit.*

---

[1] The author here reproduces in dramatic form the well-known story of the ring, which, in the height of his favour, the earl had received from the queen, as a pledge, on the return of which she would pardon any offence he might commit. This ring he is said to have sent by his relative the Countess of Nottingham, but his enemies would not suffer her to deliver it, and thereby the proffered clemency was frustrated.

PATRICK DELANY.

Born 1686 — Died 1768.

[Patrick Delany, D.D., celebrated as a wit and man of learning, fit to sit side by side with Swift and Gay, Pope and Steele, was born of humble parents in the year 1686. His father was at first a domestic in the house of Sir John Rennel, an Irish judge, but afterwards becoming a tenant farmer in a small way, used every effort to have his son educated. In this he succeeded, and had the satisfaction of seeing his beloved Patrick at the proper age enter as a sizar in Trinity College. In due course young Delany took the usual degrees, and was after a time chosen a fellow of the college. Before this he had become acquainted with Swift, who, with a strong recommendation, introduced him to Lord Carteret on that nobleman's arrival in Ireland as lord-lieutenant. Lord Carteret soon became so pleased with the charm of Delany's manner and conversation that he had him almost constantly at the castle. At this time his fellowship and the fees of his pupils brought him in about £1000 a year, but, being of a hot temper, he got into a dispute in which he took the weaker side, and was forced to apologize to the provost of the college. This made his position irksome, and he would gladly have accepted a place with less emolument. In 1725 he was presented to the parish of St. John, and a royal dispensation became necessary to enable him to hold the benefice along with his fellowship. Here the Archbishop of Dublin and Primate Boulter, worked on by his enemies, interfered, and the dispensation was refused. However, in 1727 he resigned his fellowship, and the university presented him with a living in the north. Lord Carteret promoted him to the chancellorship of Christ Church, and in 1730 gave him a prebend in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In 1729, a year before this last event, Delany began a paper called *The Tribune*, which was continued for some twenty numbers. In 1731 he visited London to arrange for the publication of his most important work, *Revelation Examined with Candour*, the first volume of which appeared in 1732. While in London he married Mrs. Tenison, a widow lady of his own country with a large fortune. On his return to Dublin he showed his love for the university by presenting its authorities with a sum of money sufficient to enable them to distribute £20 a year among the needier students. In 1734 appeared the second volume of his *Revelation Examined*, which was so well received that a third edition had to be issued before the end of 1735. In 1738 appeared his most curious work, "*Reflections on Polygamy*, and the Encouragement given to that Practice in the Scriptures of the Old Testament." His next work was *An Historical Account of the Life and Reign of David, King of Israel*, the first volume of which appeared in 1740, and the second and third in 1742.

In 1741 Delany's first wife died, and in 1743 he married Mrs. Pendarves, a very excellent and clever woman. In 1744 he was preferred to the deanery of Down, and the same year published a volume of most readable and valuable sermons on the *Social Duties of Life*. A second edition was called for in 1747, when he added to the original fifteen sermons five more on the *Vices*. In 1748 appeared his pamphlet on the *Divine Original of Tythes*, after the production of which he seems to have rested for a time, as if its dialectic subtleties had been rather much for him. He was drawn from his retirement by the publication of the Earl of Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, a work contemptible in point of style, and in which the great dean was assailed all through as if by one who wished yet feared to strike. He immediately issued a pamphlet, *Critiques on Orrery's Life of Swift*, in defence of his friend, which was highly successful, and in which a better idea of the dean and his works can be obtained than in any work previous to the capital life by Sir Walter Scott. In this year (1754) he published another volume of sermons, chiefly practical. These were considered highly valuable, two of them on the folly, guilt, and absurdity of duelling being frequently quoted and reprinted. In 1757 he began a periodical called *The Humanist*, which ended with the fifteenth number, and in 1761 he published several additional sermons and a tract entitled *An Humble Apology for Christian Orthodoxy*. In 1763, after the long interval of nearly thirty years from the appearance of the first volume of *Revelation Examined with Candour*, he completed and published the third and

final volume of that work. In 1766 he published his last work, *Eighteen Discourses*, many of which were republished in 1791 in a popular work, entitled *Family Lectures*. In 1768 Dr. Delany was at Bath for the benefit of his health, and there, in May of that year, he died, in the eighty-third year of his age.

In private life Dr. Delany was remarkable for the wit, simplicity, hospitality, and generosity of his character. Of his works one critic says that they are "too fanciful and speculative to be useful to the cause of religion. His style also," continues this critic, "was too florid and declamatory, more likely to dazzle than to convince." Another critic says that the third volume of his great work exhibits "numerous instances of the prevalence of imagination over judgment." The same critic, however, in speaking of his *Life of David*, says that "it is an ingenious and learned performance. It is written with spirit; there are some curious and valuable criticisms in it, and many of the remarks in answer to Boyle are well founded." The work on revelation is, however, still studied and esteemed; and even if it were not, Delany deserves to be remembered for Swift's saying that "he was one of the very few within my knowledge on whom an access of fortune hath made no change." His wife, whom he regarded with adoration, survived him twenty years.]

THE DUTIES OF A WIFE.[1]

First, she is to love her husband, and that upon the same principles, and for the very same reason, that he is to love her. First, because they are one flesh; for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. And in truth, they are joined together upon terms of as entire and thorough a communion as if they were one soul and one body. And, secondly, because their interests are in all respects perfectly the same, which is the truest foundation of friendship. The husband's happiness naturally tends to make the wife happy at the same time, and his misery to make her miserable; his riches make her rich; and his poverty makes her poor. It is always their interest to wish and avoid, to desire and to detest the same things; and surely to have the very same interest, the same desires and aversions, to be happy in each other's happiness, and miserable in each other's misery, are the strongest engagements, and the surest foundations of entire friendship and perfect affection, that can possibly be imagined.

Secondly, she is to be faithful to him; and as the reasons of fidelity are the same both in the husband and in the wife, the crime of infidelity is more shameful and scandalous in the woman; because it is committed against the rules of a more reserved and virtuous education, and against the natural decency and modesty of the sex, and, at the same time, is of far worse consequence to the honour of families, because it brings a lasting stain of infamy along with it; and what is worse than all this, it often robs the right heir of his inheritance, and substitutes a spurious offspring into his place—an injury that is the more to be dreaded and avoided, because when once it is committed it is impossible to be repaired.

Thus much, however, may be said in honour of that sex, that this crime is less frequent among them, and rarely committed till the husband's infidelity or ill conduct hath first provoked to it. And this is the true reason why the infidelity of the wife reflects so much scandal and dishonour upon the husband, because (generally speaking) his own vices and ill conduct have brought the evil upon him. And, therefore, the only true way of securing your own reputation in this point, as well as your wife's virtue and the honour of your family, is to behave yourself with so much fidelity and tenderness towards her as may entirely engage her affections, as well as her conscience, to you and you only.

And, indeed, let any man reflect seriously upon the treatment the generality of wives meet with from their husbands, and then think impartially whether they have not too much reason to be provoked at their rudeness and neglect. Before marriage they are adored and preferred before all the world; but soon, very soon after, they are slighted and disregarded, as if they were unworthy of common esteem; and they are slighted for the very same reasons for which they should be respectfully and tenderly treated. They observe at the same time that their husbands can still treat other women with respect and complaisance, and that other men still continue to use them with respect and complaisance, and none but the husband slights and despises them, as if marriage, which is the strongest

[1] This and the following extract are from *Family Lectures*, containing his latest sermons, republished in 1791.

engagement to tenderness and affection, were but a privilege for contempt and rudeness. This is in truth provoking; and I am satisfied the generality of those women who have been so unhappy, and so wicked, as to violate the marriage vow, have been provoked to it by the rudeness and neglect of their husbands, or urged to it in revenge of their prior falsehood.

It is not, indeed, to be imagined that men should treat their wives with the same reserve and formal complaisance after marriage; that the freedom and ease of friendship forbids; but why friendship and freedom should be a reason for ill treatment, I must own I cannot conceive. I am sure they should be reasons of a very different conduct, and I believe there is not a righter rule in life, or of more importance for the preservation of friendship, never to let familiarity exclude respect.

But after all, wives that are so unhappy as to be too much provoked by the ill treatment of their husbands, should always remember that their husbands' guilt doth not justify theirs, and much less will neglect or rudeness in the husband justify infidelity in the wife. There are arts of decency and good behaviour which have inexpressible charms; and if a woman can but have constancy enough to practise these, and to continue in well-doing, they are almost irresistible, and it is scarcely possible to imagine any husband so brutal as not to be at last reclaimed by them. And women would be more solicitous to reclaim their husbands in this manner, by a course of good behaviour, if they considered that in so doing they consulted their own real interest, and the interest of their children, and greatly recommended themselves and their concerns to the favour and protection of Almighty God, and at the same time saved a soul alive. Whereas the contrary behaviour can tend to nothing but the utter ruin of their children, and their own mutual destruction, both of body and soul.

. . . . . .

And here I cannot but reflect with concern upon the unhappy methods which have obtained in the world in relation to the education of women. One of the first things that takes possession of their minds is the hopes of a husband; but how to become a faithful friend, and an agreeable amiable companion in the married state, are lessons rarely taught, and more rarely learned. Superficial and showy accomplishments are indeed inculcated with sufficient care; but how to acquire solid worth and useful knowledge makes for the most part but a small part of parental solicitude. By this means a woman becomes everything to a husband but what she should be—a social friend and a useful assistant. Forgetting that the interest of all men makes that one essential part of the character of a good wife, laid down by Solomon, that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. That is, as she hath acquired habits of prudence and discretion from study and observation, so she hath made it a fixed rule to herself, not to be imperious or presuming upon her knowledge, but rather to make it a reason of constant cheerfulness and good humour, together with a ready, a rational, and an affectionate assistance in every exigency, and on every occasion; in her tongue is the law of kindness. And surely wisdom so seasoned and sweetened is amiable and delightful beyond expression. And therefore this character is crowned by Solomon with that noble encomium, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." That is, many other women may be as virtuous; but virtue thus recommended, virtue that is adorned with all the graces of prudence and good humour, is virtue in its highest and loveliest perfection; thou excellest them all. And again, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." That is, the regard that ariseth from colour and complexion is transient and unsteady; beauty is deceitful; a fair face may cover a deformed mind, and is at best a short and uncertain recommendation; but piety and virtue are sure and lasting perfections, which will always entitle the woman that is blessed with them to eternal veneration and esteem.

But further, a good wife is in many instances to do yet more than this; she is not only to relieve her husband under his household cares by the goodness of her humour and sprightliness of her conversation, but she is likewise to lighten those cares, by dividing them with him and bearing her part in the burden. And therefore the least that is to be expected from a wife is, that whilst the husband is busied abroad, or in affairs that call off his attention from the care of his family, that care be supplied by her, and this constitutes the true character of a good wife, at least that part of it which is of principal and most universal use in life. . . .

The care and good economy of a family is a business of a very distinct nature from that of making a provision for the support of it.

The care of providing for a family for the most part resteth upon the husband, because that is a business of more labour and fatigue than women are ordinarily able to undergo; but then the administration of what is so provided is the woman's province. Thus is the labour of life divided; and if either fail in their proper business, the affairs of the family are in a ruinous way, and upon this is founded that known observation, That a man must ask his wife whether he shall be rich, forasmuch as few men are able to take sufficient care both abroad and at home, and foreign care will be of small use if the domestic be neglected. And therefore it is that Solomon, in the character of a good wife, tells us that the heart of her husband shall safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. That is, she will manage his household affairs with so much prudence and fidelity, that her husband shall need no indirect methods of fraud or oppression to support her luxury or extravagance. Again he tells us that she looketh well to the ways of her own household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Indeed he adds many other circumstances of great industry, such as her rising up by night and plying the spindle and distaff, and providing clothes for her husband and family; but these being circumstances of industry peculiar to a country life, and better adapted to the simpler ages of the world, when trades were not sufficiently settled and distributed into their distinct classes, I think them not necessary to be insisted on in this place.

THE DUTY OF PAYING DEBTS.

In a former discourse upon these words I laid down the duty of paying debts, together with the evils which attend the neglect of it, both as they regard the debtor and as they regard the creditor:—The evils to the debtor of being imposed upon either in the quantity or value of what they take up upon trust, and the great evil of making expense easy, and in consequence of that, ruin insensible and inevitable:—to the creditor the delay of payment in due time draws endless inconveniences and evils after it; loss of time, and trade, and credit, and in consequence of these, it may be, inevitable, and, it may be, extensive and complicated ruin. I now proceed to make some application of what has been said, to all orders and degrees of men that allow themselves in the violation or neglect of this duty. And first, let me ask the thoughtless spendthrift once again, what can be the consequence of his running in debt with all the world but utter ruin, both to himself and others? If the persons you deal with are honest and indigent, how can you answer it to your humanity to bring misery and destruction upon the most pitiable and the most deserving part of the creation? to destroy those by your extravagance which even cruelty and tyranny would be tender of? What is most provoking, and indeed insufferable upon this head, is, that those who allow themselves in this conduct often pass upon the world under the character of good-natured men, and you shall often hear it said of such a one, that he is nobody's enemy but his own. But the real truth is, that every vicious man, whatever he may be in his intentions, is in effect an enemy to the society he lives in, and more particularly a vicious good-nature is one of the cruelest characters in life. It is kind only where it ought not; it is kind to every vice and every villany; it is indulgent to everything but honesty and innocence, and those it is sure to sacrifice wherever it comes.

A good-natured villain will surfeit a sot and gorge a glutton, nay, will glut his horses and his hounds with that food for which the vendors are one day to starve to death in a dungeon; a good-natured monster will be gay in the spoils of widows and orphans.

Good-nature separated from virtue is absolutely the worst quality and character in life; at least, if this be good-nature, to feed a dog, and to murder a man. And, therefore, if you have any pretence to good-nature, pay your debts, and in so doing clothe those poor families that are now in rags for your finery, feed him that is starving for the bread you eat, and redeem him from misery that rots in gaol for the dainties on which you fared deliciously every day. And besides the good you will do to others by those acts of honesty, you will do infinite good to yourselves by them. Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to purchase a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to feed a number of useless horses or infectious harlots. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many fleshly lusts that war against the

spirit and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction both of soul and body.

On the other hand, if the men you deal with and are indebted to are rich and wily, consider they supply your extravagance with no other view but to undo you, as men pour water into a pump to draw more from it. Consider they could not afford to trust you if they did not propose to make excessive gain by you; and if you think at all, think what it is to lose a fortune by folly, to purchase superfluous and pernicious vanities for a short season, at the hazard of wanting necessaries for the tedious remainder of a misspent life. Time, which sweetens all other afflictions, will perpetually sharpen and inflame this; as the gaiety and giddiness of youth go off the wants of age will become more sharp and more inconsolable to the last day of our lives, and severe reflection will double every calamity that befalls you. And therefore the son of Sirach well advises, "Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing, for thou shalt lie in wait for thy own life." And again the same wise man most excellently observes, "That he that buildeth his house with other men's money is like one that gathereth himself stones for the tomb of his burial;" he erects a sure monument not only of his folly but of his ruin; and the consequence is the same from extravagance of every kind, but with this difference, that the ruin derived from wine and women is the most dreadful of all others, as it involves you at once in the double distress of disease and want. Who amongst you can at once bear the united racks of hunger, and infection, and an evil conscience? And yet this is what you must feel, although it be what you cannot bear; the torments of hell anticipated; to be deprived of every blessing and to be immersed in misery.

Thus much for the youthful extravagant. In the next place, let me apply myself to the man of quality that is guilty of this vice, although these are too often the same persons. If ye will not consider what ye owe your creditors and how to pay them, I beseech you calmly to reflect and consider what ye owe to yourselves, to your family, to your country, to your king. Was it for this that ye were distinguished above others of the same rank, only to be more eminent in infamy? Was nobility bestowed upon your ancestors as a reward of virtue, and do ye use it only as a privilege for vice? Is superior worth degenerated into superior villany? If ye had any remains of modesty ye would renounce the titles and the fortunes of your ancestors with the virtues that attained them. Ye would blush to take place of a beggar that had virtue. Will ye yet pretend to be better men than others, when ye have renounced your humanity, when ye are no longer men but monsters? It is not expected of you that you should perform acts of heroism and generosity, that you should reward virtue, and support merit in distress. Alas! these expectations are long since vanished, and seem only the boasts of fabulous antiquity. But methinks it might still be expected of you that you should do common justice, that you should not be worse than the rest of mankind, because you think yourselves better—at least, expect to be called so and treated as such. Surely it might still be expected of you that you should pay your debts and keep your promises; and, in truth, ye would not be void either of dignity or of dependants if ye did even this. Mankind are already too much prejudiced in your favour, and would not fail to pay you sufficient regard and reverence, even if you did them no good, provided you did them no mischief. But if ye expect to be esteemed, not only without generosity but even without justice, ye are indeed unreasonable, and will be sure to be disappointed.

In the next place, let me apply myself to the wealthy and covetous; these are of all others the most inexcusable in not paying their debts; men that have made or improved their own fortune by industry are utterly unpardonable in oppressing the industry of others; the least that might be expected from increase of wealth is to do justice with our abundance. This was the express direction of the prophet Elisha, when he had miraculously increased the widow's oil; he commanded her first to pay her debts out of her abundance. "Go," saith he, "sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." And the reason of this is evident: the money we owe is not ours; it is the property of other men in our keeping, and we have no more right to it than we have to the money in their pockets; and although we should make no return to God for his blessings upon our industry, in alms and acts of goodness, surely the least we can do is to do justice to men. What a dreadful reflection is it to turn the blessings of Providence into a curse to ourselves, and all we have to deal with! Men of this character are in the condition of those malignant insects who fret and make sores wherever they come, and then

feed upon them; they thrive upon the miseries of mankind, which is absolutely the most detestable character upon earth! and is, next to that of a fiend, the very worst and vilest that can be imagined. "Woe unto him," saith the prophet Jeremiah, "that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong!" "Woe unto them," saith Isaiah, "that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" living in that character of cruelty which is best suited to a beast of prey that scatters ruin and desolation all around him. One would think the apostle's precepts were reversed to these men, and that they thought themselves bound in conscience to owe every man everything in the world but love and good-will. And after all, to what purpose is all this oppression and iniquity of avarice? to heap up ill-got riches for a curse upon themselves and their posterity, and leave a memory and a carcass equally odious and offensive behind them. "They are exalted for a little while," as it is finely expressed in the twenty-fourth chapter of Job. "They are exalted for a little while, but are gone and brought low; they are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn." They are permitted by the divine providence to fill up at once the measure of their wealth and their iniquity, and as soon as ever they are ripe for ruin, they are cut off in the fulness of their pride and fortune; and the wealth they have hoarded is like the full ear of corn, which, instead of being gathered into the barn, is trampled under foot and scattered over the face of the earth, and so becomes a prey to rocks and swine and vermin.

In the last place, let me apply myself to traders themselves, and desire them to reflect how they pay their own debts; I am afraid some of them very badly. I have heard of a most wicked practice amongst them of paying their journeymen and underlings in goods; I call this wicked, because, if those goods are rated at the shop price, the journeyman is plainly defrauded, since he hath no allowance for the time and trouble he must take, and the hazard he must run in vending those goods. And whereas he had a right to ready money for his labour, his necessities now oblige him to sell those goods at any price he can get, to the discredit of trade in general, and the real injury of that very person who laid him under a necessity of so doing, who must of necessity suffer by having his goods sold at an under rate. So that this practice is as ill-judged in the shopkeeper, and as weak with regard to his own interest, as it is wicked with regard to his poor underling; and indeed all bad payment to those they have to deal with, especially the poorer sort, is manifestly injurious to men in business; for the clamour of bad pay, and the discredit that necessarily attends it, generally speaking, begins there, and therefore Solomon's precepts ought always to be strictly observed by them of all mankind—"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." Although the men you deal with do not know your wants, nor consider your labour and loss of time in seeking your due, and are consequently regardless of you and your necessities, yet you well know the wants of the poor people you deal with, and the injury you do them in making them lose their time in attending upon you; and therefore you are utterly inexcusable in not relieving them from those hardships, when you can do so barely by doing justice. How can you expect a blessing from God upon your own endeavours when you are guilty of so much cruelty and injustice to others? when you are guilty of so much injustice to the very men by whose labour ye are supported? "A poor man that oppresseth the poor (saith Solomon) is like a sweeping rain, which leaveth no food." Nature hath formed us to compassionate the calamities we endure, and therefore a poor man should as naturally expect aid and consolation from his brethren in the same condition, as the parched and impoverished earth expects relief from the showers of heaven. Consequently, when, instead of being aided, he is oppressed by his brethren, and the little remains of his substance are torn from him; he is then in the condition of the earth, ravaged and ruined by the very means appointed by providence to refresh and make it fruitful, and all its seed, all the means and hopes of a future harvest, swept away with its best mould. A poor man that oppresseth the poor is the cruelest monster in nature; and it is the just judgment of Almighty God, that with what measure you mete it should be measured unto you again. "He that doth wrong," saith the apostle, "shall receive for the wrong which he hath done;" as he hath done it shall be done unto him; his reward shall return upon his own head.

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

BORN 1724 — DIED 1766.

[Frances Sheridan, originally Frances Chamberlayne, was born in the year 1724. Her father was Dr. Philip Chamberlayne, a celebrated and eccentric wit and dignitary of the Irish Church. Among his many rules for the good conduct of life was one which forbade his daughters to learn to write, as such a knowledge could only lead, he declared, to "the multiplication of love-letters." However, the result was as might be expected, for his daughter Frances not only learned that accomplishment, but also became a good Latin and Greek scholar.

Soon after passing out of her teens she produced her first work, a novel entitled *Eugenia and Adelaide*, said to be afterwards adapted to the stage by her daughter, and acted with success. She next tried her hand at sermon-writing, and published a couple out of the many that she produced in MS. This, however, was too slow-going work for her sharp intellect and vivid imagination, and when Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Theatre Royal, was in one of his troubles, she boldly adopted his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his defence. The work was not only clever but well-timed, and necessarily attracted the attention of Mr. Sheridan, who tried if possible to discover the author. This after a time he accomplished only by accident, and a friendship springing up between them, a marriage ensued.

After her marriage Mrs. Sheridan devoted herself chiefly to her pen; but, on account of ill health, the results of her labours were fewer than the world would wish. After lingering for years in a weak state, she died at Blois in the south of France, in the year 1766–7.

Mrs. Sheridan's principal works are *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph, extracted from her own Journal*, which "may be ranked with the first productions of that class in ours, or in any other language;" *Nourjahad*, a romance full of imaginative and picturesque writing; *The Discovery*, a comedy considered by Garrick, who played in it, to be one of the best plays he had ever read; *The Dupe*, another clever comedy; and *The Trip to Bath*, a play never acted nor published, but supposed to have been utilized by her son in his comedy *The Rivals*. In addition she wrote a considerable amount of verse, some of which is yet to be found in Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. A memoir of her life and writings has been written by her grand-daughter Mrs. Lefanu. There can be little doubt that her son Richard Brinsley Sheridan inherited from her a large portion of his wonderful genius.]

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
  Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
  Say whence this turn of mind?—

'Tis Patience—lenient goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
  Thy threatened flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
  And rul'd with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordained me in each several state
  My wayward lot has known,
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
  When sorrow weigh'd me down?—

'Twas Patience—Temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
  Nor yield to passion's power;
Tho', by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
  In one ill-fated hour;

When, robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorned the mournful bier
  Of her I loved so well;
What, when mute sorrow chained my tongue
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
  Forbade the tide to swell?—

'Twas Patience—goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
  That antidote to pain;
Which, flowing from the nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
  Our losses into gain.

When, sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled

(Sleep which even pain beguiles),
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?—

'Twas Patience—Heaven-descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast,
Watched my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide,
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears control?—

'Twas Patience—gentle goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of Heaven,
The sweet domestic ties.

A WONDERFUL LOVER.

(FROM "THE DISCOVERY.")

Scene, LORD MEDWAY'S *Study*. *Enter* SIR ANTHONY BRANVILLE *and* LORD MEDWAY, *meeting*.

Lord Med. Sir Anthony, I am glad to see you; I was really in great pain for you yesterday, when I was obliged to leave you in the magic circle of Mrs. Knightly's charms: I wish you joy of your escape.

Sir A. Bran. My lord, I humbly thank you; 'tis a felicity to me, I acknowledge; for, my lord, there never was such a Syren, such a Circe!—Sylla and Charybdis (of whom we read in fable) were harmless innocents to her!—but Heaven be praised, I am my own man again.—And now, my lord, I am come, agreeably to the intimation I gave you before, to make a most respectful offering of my heart to the truly deserving and fair lady Louisa.

Lord Med. Sir Anthony, I have already told you I shall be proud of your alliance, and my daughter, I make no doubt, is sensible of your worth!—Therefore, Sir Anthony, the shorter we make the wooing—women are slippery things—you understand me.

Sir A. Bran. Your lordship's insinuation, though derogatory to the honour of the fair sex (which I very greatly reverence), has, I am apprehensive, a little too much veracity in it. I have found it so to my cost—for, would you believe it, my lord, this cruel woman (Mrs. Knightly, I mean, begging her pardon for the epithet) is the eighth lady to whom I have made sincere, humble, and passionate love, within the space of these last thirteen years.

Lord Med. You surprise me, Sir Anthony; is it possible that a gentleman of your figure and accomplishments could be rejected by so many?

Sir A. Bran. I do not positively affirm, my lord, that I was rejected by them all; no, my lord, that would have been a severity not to be survived.

Lord Med. How was it then?

Sir A. Bran. Blemishes, my lord, foibles, imperfections in the fair ones, which obliged me (though reluctantly) to withdraw my heart.

Lord Med. Ho, ho! why then the fault was yours, Sir Anthony, not theirs.

Sir A. Bran. I deny that, my lord, with due submission to your better judgment, it was their fault; for the truth is, I never could get any of them to be serious. There is a levity, my lord, a kind of (if I may so call it) instability which runs through the gentler sex (whom, nevertheless, I admire) which I assure you has thus long deterred me from wedlock.

Lord Med. Then, Sir Anthony, I find you have been peculiarly unfortunate in the ladies whom you have addressed.

Sir A. Bran. Supremely so, my lord; for, notwithstanding that they all received my devoirs most indulgently, yet I do not know how it was, in the long run they either absolutely refused making me happy, or else were so extremely unguarded in their conduct, even before my face, that I thought I could not, consistently with honour, confer the title of Lady Branville on any one of them.

Lord Med. Your lot has been a little hard, I must confess. I hope, however, that honour has been reserved by fate for my daughter. She is your ninth mistress, Sir Anthony, and that, you know, is a propitious number.

Sir A. Bran. My lord, I take the liberty of hoping so too; and that she is destined to recompense me for the disappointments and indignities I have received from the rest of womankind.

Lord Med. Why then, Sir Anthony, I suppose I may now present you to her in the character of a lover.

Sir A. Bran. My lord, I pant for that happiness.

Lord Med. I'll call her, Sir Anthony—

Sir A. Bran. As your lordship pleases—but, my lord, this widow Knightly—

Lord Med. Was there ever such a phlegmatic blockhead! (*Aside.*) What of her, Sir Anthony?

Sir A. Bran. I own I loved her better than any of her predecessors in my heart.—Matters indeed had gone farther between us, for, my lord (not to injure a lady's reputation), I must tell you a secret—I have more than once pressed her hand with these lips.

Lord Med. Really!

Sir A. Bran. Fact, upon my veracity; I hope your lordship don't think me vain: and as she had indulged me such lengths, could I be censured for raising my wishes to the possession of this beauty?

Lord Med. By no means, Sir Anthony; but then her ill behaviour to you—

Sir A. Bran. Oh, my lord, it has blotted, and, as I may say, totally erased her image from my breast—

Lord Med. Well, sir, I'll bring my daughter to you, whose image, I hope, will supply hers in your breast. [*Exit.*

Sir A. Bran. I hope this tender fair one will not be too easily won—that would debase the dignity of the passion, and deprive me of many delightful hours of languishment.—There was a time when a lover was allowed the pleasure of importuning his mistress, but our modern beauties will scarce permit a man that satisfaction. Pray Heaven, my intended bride may not be one of those.—If it should prove so, I tremble for the consequences;—but here she comes—the condescending nymph approaches.

Enter Louisa, *led in by* Lord Medway.

Lord Med. Louisa, you are no stranger to Sir Anthony Branville's merit.

Sir A. Bran. Oh, my lord! [*Bowing low.*

Lord Med. That he is a gentleman of family and fortune, of most unblemished honour, and very uncommon endowments.

Sir A. Bran. Oh, my good lord, ordinary, slight accomplishments.

Lord Med. You are therefore to think yourself happy in being his choice preferably to any other lady. And now, Sir Anthony, I'll leave you to pursue your good fortune.

[*Exit Lord Medway.*

Lou. Sir, won't you please to sit?

Sir A. Bran. Miss Medway, madam—having obtained my lord your father's permission, I humbly presume to approach you in the delightful hope, that after having convinced you of the excess of my love—

Lou. I hope, Sir Anthony, you will allow me a reasonable time for this conviction!

Sir A. Bran. Madam, I should hold myself utterly abandoned if I were capable at the first onset (notwithstanding what passes here) of urging a lady on so nice a point.

Lou. I thank you, sir; but I could expect no less from a gentleman whom all the world allows to be the very pattern of decorum.

Sir A. Bran. 'Tis a character that I have always been ambitious of supporting, whatever struggles it may cost me from my natural fervour; for let me tell you, madam, a beautiful object is a dangerous enemy to decorum.

Lou. But your great prudence, Sir Anthony, leaves me no room to suspect—

Sir A. Bran. I am obliged to call it to my aid, I do assure you, madam; for, spite of the suggestions of passion, I by no means approve of those rash and impetuous lovers, who, without regard to the delicacy of the lady, would (having obtained consent), as it were, rush at once into her arms. You'll pardon me, madam, for so grossly expressing my idea.

Lou. Oh, Sir Anthony, I am charmed with your notions, so refined! so generous! and, I must add (though it may appear vain), so correspondent with my own.

Sir A. Bran. Madam, I am transported to hear you say so! I am at this minute in an absolute ecstasy! Will you permit me, dear madam, the ravishing satisfaction of throwing myself at your feet?

Lou. By no means, Sir Anthony; I could not bear to see a gentleman of your dignity in so humble a posture; I will suppose it done, if you please.

Sir A. Bran. I prostrate myself in imagination, I assure you, madam.

Lou. Now, Sir Anthony, as you see my papa is impatient for the honour of being related to you, and that I am bound to an implicit obedience, I am afraid, unless your prudence interposes, that we shall both be hurried into wedlock with a precipitancy very inconsistent with propriety.

Sir A. Bran. I declare, madam, I am of your ladyship's opinion, and am almost apprehensive of the same thing—

Lou. How is this to be avoided, sir?

Sir A. Bran. Be assured, madam, I too well know what is due to virgin modesty, to proceed with that rapidity which my lord (with whom I have not the honour of agreeing in this particular) seemeth to recommend.

Lou. You are very kind, Sir Anthony.

Sir A. Bran. Oh, madam, I should pay but an ill compliment to your transcending merit if I did not think it worth sighing for a considerable time longer, I assure you.

Lou. That's very noble in you, Sir Anthony —So passionate! and yet so nice—if all lovers were but like you!

Sir A. Bran. The world, I will presume to say, would be the better, madam—but then I hope your rigours will not extend too far, my dear lady—a few months or so—longer than that I should be very near tempted to call cruel, I can tell you.

Lou. As my passionate lover seems so well disposed to wait, I may chance to escape him. (*Aside.*) Your extraordinary merit, Sir Anthony, will undoubtedly shorten your time of probation—Meanwhile, as I hinted to you before, that my papa is rather in haste to call you son, I would not have him imagine that I gave any delay to this union. He may call my duty in question, which he expects should keep pace with his own wishes—you apprehend me, sir?

Sir A. Bran. Perfectly, my dear madam, and if I may presume to interpret what you have so charmingly insinuated to my apprehension, you would have me just hint to my lord that you are not quite averse to honouring me with your fair hand.

Lou. That I am ready to do so, if you please, Sir Anthony.

Sir A. Bran. Very good, but at the same time I shall give him to understand that I am not as yet entitled to receive that very great happiness.

Lou. To that purpose, sir, for I would not have this necessary delay appear to be of my choosing.

Sir A. Bran. You little know, madam, the violence I do myself to repress the ardour of my flames; but patience is a prime virtue in a lover, and Scipio himself never practised self-denial with more success than I have done.

Lou. I rely entirely on your discretion, Sir Anthony, to manage this affair with my papa.

Sir A. Bran. Oh, madam, I shall convince my lord that it is from very sublime motives I submit to postpone my felicity.

Lou. I am much obliged to you, Sir Anthony, for this generous proof of your passionate regard to me.

Sir A. Bran. You'll find, madam, I do not love at the ordinary rate—but I must not indulge myself too long on the tender subject. I doubt it is not safe.

Lou. (*Rising.*) Sir, I won't detain you.

Sir A. Bran. I must absolutely tear myself from you, madam, for gazing on so many charms I may grow unmindful of the danger.

Lou. Sir, I will no longer trespass on your time.

Sir A. Bran. I must fly, madam, lest I should be tempted to transgress those rigid bounds I have prescribed to myself.

Lou. Sir, you have my consent to retire.

Sir A. Bran. I am so overpowered with transport, madam, that I hold it necessary to withdraw.—

Lou. 'Tis the best way, sir.

Sir A. Bran. Dear madam, vouchsafe one gracious smile to your adorer.

Lou. Sir Anthony, your humble servant. [*Smiles and curtsies.*

Sir A. Bran. Madam, your most devoted—oh dawning of ecstatic bliss! [*Exit.*

Lou. Ha, ha, ha! I think I may now go, and very safely assure my papa that I am ready to take my adorer whenever he pleases —this is fortunate beyond hopes. [*Exit.*

A ROMANTIC LOVE-MATCH.

(FROM "SIDNEY BIDDULPH.")

We have had a wedding to-day in our neighbourhood. It seems this pair had been fond of each other from their childhood, but the girl's fortune put her above her lover's hopes.

However, as he has for a good while been in a very great business, and has the reputation of being better skilled than any one in the country in his profession, he was in hopes that his character, his mistress's affection for him, and his own constancy would have some little weight with her family. Accordingly he ventured to make his application to the young woman's brother, at whose disposal she was, her father having been dead for some years; but he was rejected with scorn, and forbid the house.

The girl's father, it seems, had been a humorist, and left her the fortune under a severe restriction, for if ever she married without her brother's consent she was to lose it, so that, in that particular instance of disposing of her person, she was never to be her own mistress. In the disposal of her fortune, however, he did not so tie her up, for after the age of one-and-twenty she had the power of bequeathing her fortune by will to whom she pleased.

The brother, who is a very honest man, had no motive but a regard to his sister's interest in refusing poor Mr. Main; a man of a good fortune had proposed for her, whom the brother importuned her to accept of; but she was firm to her first attachment.

The young lover found means to convey a letter to his mistress, in which he told her that as he was in circumstances to support her genteelly, if she would venture to accept of his hand he would never more bestow a thought on her fortune. This proposal the prudent young woman declined on her own part, but advised him to make it to her brother, as she was not then without suspicions that he wished to retain her fortune in the family, and that it was only to save appearances he had proposed a match to her, of which he was sure she would not accept. But in this opinion she injured him. She thought, however, the experiment might be of use, in giving the better colour to her marrying afterwards the man whom she loved.

But it was an ill-judged attempt, and succeeded accordingly; for if the brother should have given his consent he could have no pretence for withholding her portion; or, if he did so by mutual agreement, his motive for denying his consent before must appear too obviously to be a bad one.

The young people not considering this sufficiently, resolved to make the trial; accordingly Mr. Main wrote to the brother a very submissive letter, telling him he would in the most solemn manner relinquish all claim to his sister's fortune, if he would make him happy by consenting to their marriage; without which, he said, the young lady's regard for her brother would not suffer her to take such a step.

This letter had no other effect than that of making the brother extremely angry. He sent a severe message to the young man to acquaint him that he looked upon his proposal as a most injurious affront to his character; but that he was ready to convince him, and everybody else, that he had no designs upon his sister's fortune, as he would not refuse his consent to her marriage with any other man in the country but himself. This was a thunderclap to the poor lover; he comforted himself, however, with the hopes that his mistress's heart would determine her in his favour, notwithstanding the severity of the brother.

There had been, it seems, besides this gentleman not thinking Main a suitable match for his sister, some old family pique between him and Mr. Main's father.

These transactions happened sometime before I came to the country. Just about that juncture the poor girl had the misfortune to receive a hurt in her breast by falling against the sharp corner of a desk from a stool on which she had stood in order to reach down a book that was in a little case over it. This accident threw her into a fit of illness, which put a stop to all correspondence between her and her lover.

In this illness a fever, which was her apparent complaint, was the only thing to which the physician paid attention, and the hurt in her breast was not inquired after; so that by the time she was tolerably recovered from the former, the latter was discovered to be in a very dangerous way, and required the immediate assistance of a surgeon. You may be sure poor Main was not the person pitched upon to attend her, another was called in of less skill, but not so obnoxious to the family.

By this bungler she was tortured for near three months; at the end of which time, through improper treatment, the malady was so far increased that the operator declared the breast must be taken off, as the only possible means of saving the life.

The young gentlewoman's family were all in the greatest affliction, she herself seemed the only composed person amongst them. She appointed the day when she was to undergo this severe trial of her fortitude: it was at the distance of about a week. The surgeon objected to the having it put off so long, but she was peremptory and at last prevailed.

On the evening preceding the appointed day she conjured her brother in the most earnest manner to permit Mr. Main to be present at the operation. The brother was unwilling to comply, as he thought it might very much discompose her, but she was so extremely pressing that he was constrained to yield.

The attending surgeon was consulted on the occasion, who having declared that he had no objection to Mr. Main's being present, that young man was sent to. He had been quite inconsolable at the accounts he received of the dangerous state in which his mistress was, and went with an aching heart to her brother's house in the morning.

He was introduced into her chamber, where he found the whole chirurgical apparatus ready. The young woman herself was in her closet, but came out in a few minutes with a countenance perfectly serene. She seated herself in an elbow-chair, and desired she might be indulged for a quarter of an hour to speak

a few words to her brother before they proceeded to their work. Her brother was immediately called to her, when, taking him by the hand, she requested him to sit down by her.

"You have," said she, "been a father to me since I lost my own; I acknowledge your tenderness and your care of me with gratitude. I believe your refusal of me to Mr. Main was from no other motive but your desire of seeing me matched to a richer man. I therefore freely forgive you that only act in which you ever exercised the authority my father gave you over me. My life, I now apprehend, is in imminent danger, the hazard nearly equal whether I do or do not undergo the operation; but as they tell me there is a chance in my favour on one side, I am determined to submit to it.

"I put it off to this day on account of its being my birthday. I am now one-and-twenty, and as the consequence of what I have to go through may deprive me of the power of doing what I intended, I have spent this morning in making my will. You, brother, have an ample fortune; I have no poor relations; I hope, therefore, I shall stand justified to the world for having made Mr. Main my heir." Saying this she pulled a paper from under her gown, which she put into her brother's hand that he might read it. It was her will, wrote by herself, and regularly signed and witnessed by two servants of the family.

"Sir," said she, turning to the other surgeon, "I am ready for you as soon as my brother is withdrawn."

You may imagine this had various effects on the different persons concerned. The brother, however displeased he might have been at this act of his sister's, had too much humanity to make any animadversions on it at that time. He returned the paper to his sister without speaking, and retired.

Poor Main, who had stood at the back of her chair from his first coming in, had been endeavouring to suppress his tears all the time, but at this proof of his mistress's tenderness and generosity it was no longer in his power to do so, and they burst from him with the utmost violence of passion.

The other surgeon desired him to compose himself, for that they were losing time, and the lady would be too much ruffled.

The heroic young woman, with a smiling countenance, begged of him to dry his eyes. "Perhaps," said she, "I may recover." Then fixing herself firmly in the chair, she pronounced with much composure, "I am ready." Two maid-servants stood, one on each side of her, and the surgeon drew near to do his painful work. He had uncovered her bosom and taken off the dressing when Mr. Main, casting his eyes at her breast, begged he might have leave to examine it before they proceeded. The other surgeon, with some indignation, said his doing so was only an unnecessary delay, and had already laid hold of his knife when Mr. Main, having looked at it, said he was of opinion it might be saved without endangering the lady's life. The other, with a contemptuous smile, told him he was sorry he thought him so ignorant of his profession, and without much ceremony, putting him aside, was about to proceed to the operation, when Mr. Main, laying hold of him, said that he never should do it in his presence, adding with some warmth that he would engage to make a perfect cure of it in a month without the pain or hazard of amputation.

The young lady, who had been an eye-witness of what passed, for she would not suffer her face to be covered, now thought it proper to interpose. She told the unfeeling operator that he might be sure she would embrace any distant hope of saving herself from the pain, the danger, and the loss she must sustain if he pursued the method he intended. She was not, however, so irresolute, she said, as to desire either to avoid or postpone the operation if it should be found necessary; but as there was hope given her of a cure without it, she thought it but reasonable to make the experiment, and should, therefore, refer the decision of her case to a third person of skill in the profession, by whose opinion she would be determined.

The two women-servants, who are always professed enemies to chirurgical operations, readily joined in her sentiments, and saying it was a mortal sin to cut and hack any Christian, they made haste to cover up their young lady again.

The disappointed surgeon hardly forbore rude language to the women, and telling Mr. Main he would make him know what it was to traduce the skill of a practitioner of his standing, marched off in a violent passion, saying to his patient, if she had a mind to kill herself, it was nothing to him.

The modest young man, delighted to find the case of his beloved not so desperate as he had supposed it to be, begged she would permit him to apply some proper dressings to the afflicted part, and conjuring her to call in the aid of the ablest surgeon that could be procured, took his leave.

The brother of the lady being apprised of what had passed, lost no time in sending an express to Bath, and by a very handsome gratuity induced a surgeon of great eminence to set out immediately for his house, who arrived early the next morning. But in the meantime poor Main had like to have paid dear for his superior skill in his profession. The other surgeon had no sooner got home than he sent him a challenge to meet him that evening, in a field at some distance from the town.

They met: Main had the good fortune after wounding to disarm his antagonist, but first received himself a dangerous wound.

This accident was kept from the knowledge of his mistress; but on the arrival of the surgeon from Bath, as he would not take off the dressings but in the presence of the person who put them on, it was thought proper that both Mr. Main and the other man should be sent for.

The latter was not by any means in a condition to attend, but the former, though very ill and feverish, desired that he might be carried to the house. The Bath surgeon having in his and the brother's presence examined the case, declared it as his opinion that the complaint might be removed without amputation, adding that it was owing to wrong management that the grievance had gone so far. He consulted with Main in the presence of the family as to his intended method of treating it for the future; he agreed with him entirely with regard to the propriety of it, and having assured the friends of the girl that he thought him a skilful and ingenious young man, took his leave, being obliged to return directly home.

The testimony of this gentleman, whose skill was undoubted and whose impartiality must be so too, having never seen any of the parties concerned in his life before, wrought so much on the brother of the lady that he did not hesitate to put his sister under the care of her lover.

Poor Main, though scarce able to leave his bed for some time, was nevertheless carried to his patient every day, at the hazard of his life. His skill, his tenderness, and his assiduity, were all exerted in a particular manner on the present occasion, and in less than five weeks he had the pleasure to see his mistress restored to perfect health.

The consequence of this incident was very happy for them both. The brother, exceedingly pleased at his whole behaviour, told him he was an honest generous fellow, and since he was convinced it was his sister's person and not her fortune he was attached to, he would with all his heart bestow both on him; and accordingly Mr. Arnold and I had this day the satisfaction of seeing this worthy young pair united in marriage.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728 — Died 1774.

[Oliver Goldsmith—the poet, dramatist, historian, essayist, and novelist, who has left us models of style in everything he attempted—the author who above all others creeps into the hearts of his readers as a friend—was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at Pallas or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford. His father, with the amiable improvidence which seems to have belonged to the family, married very young, and, as Irving puts it, "starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends." Two years after Oliver's birth, however, a change for the better occurred. The uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith dying, her husband succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and the family removed to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath. There also a farm of about seventy acres was rented, which afterwards brought in about forty pounds a year.

In Lissoy Goldsmith's youth was passed, and from it he drew most of his pictures of rural and domestic life. There can scarcely be a doubt it also furnished the original of "Auburn" in *The Deserted Village*. At six years of age he became pupil to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, an old veteran who had fought in the Spanish wars, and one likely to prove a capital tutor for a poet. From him Goldsmith acquired an extensive knowledge of fairy lore, fable, romance, and adventure, and by him was encouraged in scribbling verses, which he had generally the good sense to commit to flames. Some of them, however, reached Oliver's mother, who,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH

good easy woman, at once concluded that her son was a genius and a poet. In his eighth year an attack of smallpox nearly cost him his life, and left his face cruelly pitted. On his recovery he was sent to the Rev. Mr. Griffin of Elphin, a master the very opposite of poor Byrne, and the worst that could be chosen for wayward, warm-hearted, romantic Goldsmith. At this school his disfigured face and rather ungainly figure soon made him the victim of sneering and depreciation—a fate which to a certain extent followed him all his days. From Elphin Goldsmith was in a short time moved to another school at Athlone, and thence after two years to one at Edgeworthstown, kept by the Rev. Patrick Hughes. In none of these did he display any great ability except in spurts, and, great master of style as he afterwards became, it was at this early period marked by confusion and awkwardness.

On the 11th June, 1745, Goldsmith, then not quite seventeen years of age, entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, his father's means not allowing him any higher position. In 1747 his father died, and he was reduced to the very lowest state of poverty. The gifts which he had from his kind-hearted uncle Contarine were utterly insufficient for his wants, and an exhibition which he won only brought him thirty shillings. To supplement these sums he pawned his books, borrowed small sums from his fellow-students, and wrote street ballads at five shillings apiece. Poor Goldsmith, in addition to his poverty, had to suffer from the caprice, violence, and vulgar brutality of his tutor, one Wilder, who even in class made him, his face and his ways, the constant object of contempt and vituperation. But the spring of 1749 terminated his college life, for on the 27th February of that year he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was released from Wilder's tyranny and scoffs. "As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate," says Dr. Waller, "beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think that the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, for ever,—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected—but honoured and admired: one of the great names that fill all lands, and ennoble their own."[1]

For two years after this Goldsmith passed a lounging life, spending part of his time at his uncle's and part with his elder brother Henry, who was living in the old house at Lissoy. At the end of this time he presented himself before the bishop to be admitted into holy orders, but was instantly rejected, chiefly because he had clothed his nether limbs in a pair of scarlet breeches. After this rebuff he started for America, but met with such a series of mishaps before reaching the coast that he returned home. Next he tried to join the bar, but was inveigled into play in Dublin and lost the whole of the fifty pounds his uncle had provided him with. Notwithstanding this his uncle again took him into favour, and in the autumn of 1752 furnished him with sufficient funds to enter Edinburgh University as a medical student. In Edinburgh he remained till the spring of 1754, when he started for the Continent and arrived at Leyden in May. For a year he continued his studies at Leyden under heavy and galling difficulties, after which he started for a tour through Europe on foot. This occupied him nearly two years, during which he saw much of cities and men, and probably learned more than in any similar period of his life. At Padua, where he remained some months, he received his medical degree.

In February, 1756, he arrived in England, and for nearly three years lived in gloom and misery which we may not penetrate. Goldsmith himself seems always to have shrunk from any full revelations of them. It is said he was by turns a strolling player, an usher in a country school, and a corrector of the press in the printing establishment of Richardson, author of *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is, however, more certain that he served as a chemist's shopman, and that Dr. Milner employed him once or twice as assistant in his school at Peckham. Afterwards he attempted to become a surgeon's mate in the navy, but on examination, 21st December, 1758, was "found not qualified."

Before this, however, that is, in February, 1757, Griffiths, proprietor of *The Monthly Review*, met him at Dr. Milner's table, and, being struck by his shrewdness and width of view, engaged him to write criticisms. For this he was to receive a small salary and board in the house of the publisher. At the end of seven months a quarrel between author and publisher occurred. Griffiths charged Goldsmith with being proud and indolent; Goldsmith declared that he had been half-starved, treated uncivilly, and had his writings mutilated and falsified. However, a complete breach did not take place, and Goldsmith con-

[1] An admirable statue of Goldsmith, by J. H. Foley, R.A., was erected before the gate of Trinity College in 1864.

tinued to supply the publisher with odds and ends of contributions, until in 1759 he was regularly engaged by Smollett to contribute to his new venture, *The British Magazine*. Already, in April of this year, had appeared his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, an essay written with spirit, and full of knowledge and shrewd observation, though far from fulfilling the promise of its title. This year also saw the production of *The Bee*, a short-lived periodical, yet full of lively and clever writing. In 1760 he was employed by Mr. Newbery to contribute to *The Public Ledger*, and on the 12th of January of that year appeared in its pages the first of a series of essays or sketches which were in themselves enough to stamp him as a man of genius and a wise philosopher. These were *The Chinese Letters*, which were continued through the year with great success. They comprise in all one hundred and twenty-three letters, and were afterwards published as *The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London to his Friends in the East*. Never before or since has any satirist exposed more clearly, and with less cynicism and bitterness, the evils of society—evils which are ever present; and seldom has any author excelled his pictures of character displayed in Beau Tibbs and Mrs. Tibbs, and the inimitable humorist the Man in Black. Mr. Forster says of the work "that the occasions were frequent on which the Chinese Citizen so lifted his voice, that only in a later generation could he find his audience; and they were not few in which he has failed to find one yet." Indeed, in this year Goldsmith may be looked upon as having established his fame, and the first result of his easier position which ensued was his removal from the squalid and miserable lodgings in Green Arbour Court to respectable rooms in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

Soon after moving into his new lodgings Goldsmith began to receive his friends, among whom were Murphy, Smart, and Bickerstaffe. On the 31st of May he gave a party, to which Dr. Johnson was invited, and came accompanied by Dr. Percy. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into intimacy and friendship, and exercised an enormous influence both for good and evil on the future career of Goldsmith. During 1761 Goldsmith worked hard, but on temporary jobs for Newbery and ephemeral contributions to the periodicals. During this time he wrote a *Life of Beau Nash*, and revised and remodelled his *Chinese Letters* for appearance as *The Citizen of the World*. In 1762 he was ill for a time, and visited some of the watering-places. In 1763 he wrote a good deal of a fugitive kind, and produced his *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. This work, which has been declared to be "the most finished and elegant summary of English history in the same compass that has been or is likely to be written," was, like most of the author's early works, issued anonymously, and was attributed by different people to Lord Chesterfield, to Lord Orrery, and to Lord Lyttleton. This year also (1763) he made the acquaintance of Boswell, an acquaintanceship which has done more to lessen the proper appreciation of his genius, and to lower his character as a man, than all that has been effected by his bitterest enemies from then till now. About this time, too, his debts, which had always troubled him, let him earn how much he might, became almost unbearable. Before long a crisis occurred, and Johnson, in answer to "a message from poor Goldsmith," went to him and found that "his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion." After some talk Goldsmith drew from his desk a novel, the evergreen *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written in odds and ends of time, and presented it to Johnson. Johnson glanced through the MS. and at once carried it to Francis Newbery, and sold it to him for sixty pounds. With the defective literary appreciation of too many people who deal in literature, Newbery rather doubted the value of his invaluable purchase, and kept it unpublished for nearly two years. The sixty pounds, however, served to get Goldsmith out of his difficulty, and enabled him to give the last final touches to *The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*, which, on being shown to Johnson, he declared to be "a poem to which it would not be easy to find anything equal since the death of Pope." In December, 1764, the poem appeared, and its author at once stood on the top rung of the ladder of fame. This was the first work to which Goldsmith attached his name. Its effect upon the club to which he and Johnson belonged was, it seems, absolutely ludicrous. "They were lost in astonishment that a 'newspaper essayist' and 'bookseller's drudge' should have written such a poem;" perhaps even more astonished to find that the butt on whom they had poured their too often feeble wit was a man of sound good sense—a giant, indeed, who stood intellectually a head and shoulders taller than even their

dictator the mighty Johnson. At this crisis Johnson acted splendidly, and warmly defended his friend in his absence. "I was glad," observed Reynolds at one meeting, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why was you glad?" asked the languid Langton, "you surely had no doubt of this before?" "No," interposed Johnson decisively; "the merit of *The Traveller* is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." Before the end of a year the poem had passed through several editions; but though, in the words of Washington Irving, "it produced a golden harvest to Mr. Newbery, all the remuneration on record doled out by his niggard hand to the author was twenty guineas."

Soon after the success of *The Traveller* Goldsmith moved into chambers in the Temple, as being more genteel than even the Wine Office Court apartments. However, he still had to work hard at all kinds of jobs for Newbery and the other publishers, and it was about this time that he wrote for the former the famous nursery story *Goody Two Shoes*. About this time also he practised a little as a doctor, but the restraints and duties of the profession soon became irksome to him, and he abandoned it after being defeated in a dispute with a chemist as to the proper quantity of medicine to be administered in a certain case. The patient, a lady friend, sided with the chemist, "and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a passion." "I am determined henceforth," said he to Topham Beauclerc, "to leave off prescribing for friends." "Do so, my dear doctor," was the reply; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies."

In 1765 an edition of Goldsmith's essays collected from different periodicals appeared, and for this reprint, owing to his increased reputation, he received as much as for *The Traveller* itself. In February, 1766, *The Vicar of Wakefield* was given to the world, and before the end of August three editions of it had been sold off. In December of same year he received five guineas for "writing a short English grammar." In this year, too, he commenced to work at his comedy *The Good-natured Man*, the time spent over it being the few hours which he could spare now and then from hack work, then as now necessary to keep the pot boiling. In the early part of 1767 the comedy was completed, and negotiations entered into with Garrick as to its production. Garrick, who had an old spite against the author, was anything but enthusiastic in the matter, and having a comedy by Hugh Kelly offered him, at once proceeded to produce it so as to delay *The Good-natured Man*. To further this move he himself touched up Kelly's play and wrote both prologue and epilogue for it. He also arranged with Colman at Covent Garden, into whose hands Goldsmith's play had passed, that it should not be brought forward until after Kelly's had been produced.

At this other crisis in Goldsmith's affairs Johnson again acted well. "He attended the rehearsals; he furnished the prologue according to promise; he pish'd and pshaw'd at any doubts and fears on the part of the author, but gave him sound counsel, and held him up with a steadfast and manly hand." Johnson's prologue, however, was too solemn, and threw a gloom over the audience which was not wholly removed till the fourth act. On the whole the first night's performance was not a success, and Goldsmith left the theatre cruelly disappointed. The play ran for ten nights only; then fitfully appeared at intervals, and despite of its merits never became a stock piece for the stage, though it has ever been a favourite with the reader.

Notwithstanding its comparative failure, *The Good-natured Man* brought in its author £500—£400 from the theatre and £100 from the publisher. Immediately he changed his chambers for more ample ones, the lease of which he purchased for £400. He also spent a good sum upon furniture, curtains, mirrors, and carpets, and this done gave dinners to his friends of note and supper-parties to young folks. This kind of thing soon emptied him of all the proceeds of the play, and forced him again to drudge hard. To assist him in this he removed for the summer to a little cottage out of town on the Edgeware Road. There he worked hard at his *Roman History* until his return to town in October. In May, 1769, the history appeared, and though announced with no pretence was at once a success. Johnson was in raptures with the work, and placed it deservedly far above anything of the same kind then existing. Of course it was only a compilation, and laid no claim to originality of information; but in "its ease, perspicuity, good sense, and delightful simplicity of style" it still remains a model to all historians. Shortly before the appearance of the history he had already arranged for the production of another great work, the *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. Johnson prophesied that he would make this work "as

entertaining as a Persian tale," a prophecy that turned out quite true. The work was to be in eight volumes of 400 pages, and for each volume Goldsmith was to receive one hundred guineas. Long before the work was completed the author had drawn the whole of the payment. On the 26th May, 1770, appeared his *Deserted Village*, one of the sweetest and most pathetical poems of the kind in the English language. By August a fifth edition had appeared, and the poem stormed the hearts of the public, though not of all the critics, more successfully than even *The Traveller* had done. Soon after the appearance of *The Deserted Village* one of his hack jobs, a *Life of Parnell*, appeared, and a little later Goldsmith made an expedition to Paris, which no doubt again emptied his pockets and landed him deeper in debt. After his return to London he wrote *The Haunch of Venison* in return for a present of game sent him by Lord Clare. He also entered into an agreement with Davies to write a short life of Lord Bolingbroke, and to prepare an abridgment of his *History of Rome*. The life appeared in December of the same year, and was marked by Goldsmith's purity of style and freedom from party bias. In August, 1771, his *History of England* was published anonymously, and was, like the *History of Rome*, a complete success. "Never before," declared a critic, "had English history been so usefully, so elegantly, and so agreeably epitomized." During 1772 Goldsmith worked hard at his *Animated Nature*, besides contributing several things to the magazines. In this year also he began to feel a decline in his health, yet more than ever he launched out into a course of social dissipation. He was constantly dining and supping out, and as constantly letting his hard-earned money slip through his fingers in attempts to keep up his social position. "He is a guest with Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's, . . . a lion at Mrs. Vesey's and Mrs. Montagu's." Meanwhile all the money for *Animated Nature* has been received and spent, and £250 which he soon after receives for a *History of Greece* only stops the mouths of his creditors for a while. To worry him all the more the production of his new comedy, finished long before, was unaccountably delayed, and it was only after Johnson interfered that a final arrangement was come to. At length, in March, 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer* appeared, and was successful even beyond the expectations of Johnson and his truest friends. But, notwithstanding its success, the clouds gather thicker and thicker round Goldsmith. He had not the courage to withdraw from the expensive friendships of the Literary Club, and by clinging to them he only plunged himself deeper and deeper into the morass of difficulties. While appearing before his friends like a gentleman of fashion he had to drudge hard in his lodgings, and worst of all, much of the work he did had already been paid for, and could produce him nothing more. While he felt his heart sink and his courage fail, his outward gaiety increased, and even Johnson had no suspicion of the agonies he endured. At last he determined to retire from the gaieties of society, and after making arrangements for the sale of his interest in the Temple Chambers he moved to "country quarters at Hyde, there to devote himself to toil." Before long, however, Goldsmith's health grew so bad that he was forced to return to town. For a short time he seemed to improve, and his poem *Retaliation* had reached a point in the portrait of Reynold, "by flattery unspoiled," when he was stricken down, and his pen wrote no more. Rapidly he grew worse, but his friends were still hoping for his recovery when, on Sunday night the 3d of April, he wakened from a deep sleep and fell into strong convulsions, which continued until he died at five o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April, 1774, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Goldsmith has been lucky and unlucky in his biographers beyond most other authors. For many years writers on his life as well as his readers accepted the estimate of him to be found in Boswell's pages, and even when Prior's biography of him appeared it did little to remove the general impression that the author of *The Traveller* was a kind of inspired idiot. In later years, however, he has been treated with greater justice, and the lives of him by Washington Irving and Mr. Forster have caused him to be spoken of in a different tone. He is still to us "poor Goldsmith;" but while we use the expression now there is in it nothing of contempt or depreciation, but only of love for one who suffered much and was lost too soon—of regret that he who was first among his fellows should have been too often their butt, while through weakness of character, not of intellect, he had not power to seize and hold his true position. In this, however, he was but one of a too numerous band, and there are authors alive to-day to whom might reasonably be applied all that we feel when we say "poor Goldsmith."

Of the many editions of Goldsmith's *Vicar*

of Wakefield one is particularly deserving of notice, published in 1843, with thirty-two illustrations by his eminent countryman William Mulready, R.A. An edition of his *Poetical Works* edited by the Rev. R. H. Newell, B.D., in which the locality of *The Deserted Village* is traced, and the poem illustrated by seven engravings from drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Aitkin, published in 1811, is worthy of admiration. A richly illustrated edition of his *Earth and Animated Nature*, with extensive notes, has been published by the Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow. The editions of Goldsmith's Works are legion; but the appearance of Prior's edition in 1836 threw those published previously into the shade; and Cunningham's edition of 1854, which formed the first issue of Murray's British Classics, in turn eclipsed Prior's. Of the numerous lives of Goldsmith, that by Washington Irving, and Life and Adventures by John Forster, stand first.]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade.
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired,
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sideloug looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence, shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful spots that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall.
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd:
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign.
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour.
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possess'd
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

(FROM "THE TRAVELLER.")

Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small;
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil;
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And Love's and Friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please!

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away,
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land.
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies, also, room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry heart,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five cracked tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

HOPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still! still! on hope relies;
And every pang, that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns, and cheers the way:
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

THE BUDDING ROSE.

Have you e'er seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display?
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek:
I gazed, I sighed, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and drooped with passion weak.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

An Apartment in Young Honeywood's house.

Enter Sir William Honeywood *and* Jarvis.

Sir W. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jar. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman, as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir W. Say, rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jar. I am sure there is no part of it more

dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir W. What signifies his affection to me, or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

Jar. I grant you that he's rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir W. Not mine, sure! My letters to him, during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

Jar. Faith! begging your honour's pardon, this same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. Whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I am always sure he is going to play the fool.

Sir W. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis; his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jar. What it rises from I don't know; but, to be sure, everybody has it that asks it.

Sir W. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jar. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance generosity, and his trusting everybody universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence;—ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir W. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself in real calamity; to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jar. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed—yet, faith, I believe it is impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but, instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hairdresser.

Sir W. We must try him once more, however; and I don't despair of succeeding; as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunity of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction; yet there are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.

[Miss Richland, who is an heiress, and loves young Honeywood, has just been informed that he is in the custody of two bailiffs in his own house, and determines to see for herself. She sets out for his house attended by her maid Garnet.]

Scene—Young Honeywood's House.

Bailiff, Honeywood, Follower.

Bailiff. Look ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeyw. Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, sir?

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he!

Honeyw. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeyw. Then, pray, sir, what is your name?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeyw. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps.

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name —But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeyw. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeyw. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. (*Pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the

affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeyw. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch, and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeyw. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeyw. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg you'll do it for me.

Honeyw. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the Follower.*)

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face: but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeyw. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeyw. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeyw. The white and gold then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell because it was good for nothing.

Honeyw. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue.

[*Exit* Flanigan.

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me. [*Re-enter* Flanigan.] Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeyw. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me, I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss Richland *and her Maid.*

Miss Rich. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honeyw. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

Bailiff (*after a pause*). Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeyw. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam,

have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeyw. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeyw. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeyw. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. D—— the French, the parle vous, and all that belong to them!

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honeyw. Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this.

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five pence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer three-pence halfpenny a pot—

Honeyw. Ah! the vulgar rogues, all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet, I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says; for set in case——

Honeyw. I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time. For set in case—

Honeyw. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know—

Honeyw. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever you could not improve the last observation. For my own part I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honeyw. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law—

Honeyw. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss Rich. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing—

Honeyw. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeyw. That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay; before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

Miss Rich. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Gar. Mean, madam? Why, what should it mean but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers are officers sure enough—sheriff's officers.

Miss Rich. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Gar. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free has not done it this time; he ought at least to have been here before now.

. . . . . .

Sir William Honeywood *alone.*
Enter Jarvis.

Sir W. How now, Jarvis? Where's your master, my nephew?

Jar. At his wit's end, I believe. He is scarce gotten out of one scrape but he's running his head into another.

Sir W. How so?

Jar. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir W. Ever busy to serve others.

Jar. Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir W. Money! How is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

Jar. Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said no to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir W. How?

Jar. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir W. To the land of matrimony? A pleasant journey, Jarvis!

Jar. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir W. Well, it may be shorter and less fatiguing than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*

[Sir William and Jarvis by a well-contrived plot manage to bring all parties together at an inn, where old Croaker's son and his intended wife, whom the nephew thought to assist, are forced to remain because of the bill being protested, and no money to be had. They reproach young Honeywood with trying to betray them. While he attempts to explain, his Uncle and Miss Richland appear. Sir William makes peace for the runaways with the father, old Croaker. Miss Richland and young Honeywood are to be married, and all ends with this advice from Sir William to his nephew.]

Sir W. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without has all the happiness in another's keeping.

Hon. Yes, sir; I now too plainly perceive my errors—my vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any; my meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

MRS. HARDCASTLE.

(FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.")

[Mrs. Hardcastle is anxious for a match between her son the vulgar Tony, and her handsome niece Constance Neville, who meditates elopement with her lover Hastings.]

Enter Tony *and* Miss Neville, *followed by* Mrs. Hardcastle *and* Hastings.

Tony. What do you follow me for, Cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame?

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, Cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. Oh! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hard. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation began there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs. Hard. Yet what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hard. Seriously! then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? and that young gentleman a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod, I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

Miss Nev. Oh! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that

I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon? Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod, you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the *Complete Huswife* ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod, I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you are in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse, or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod, mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

(*Exeunt Mrs. Hard. and Miss Neville.*)

HASTINGS. TONY.

Tony. (*Singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman.

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod, I know every inch about her, and there's not a more bitter, cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes; but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon!

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be, get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

(FROM "THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.")

I am just returned from Westminster, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable

remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can noways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."—"What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"—"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service: but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."—"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume; of one whose wit has gained him immortality!"—"No, sir," replied my guide; "the gentleman who lies here never made verses, and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—"Pray tell me then in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—"Remarkable, sir!" said my companion, "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."—"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here! I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"—"I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, it is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too: so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger,—"that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakspere, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."—"Drayton!" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope,—is he there?"—"It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."—"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?"—"Yes," says my guide, "they hate

him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take npon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribnte reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the ennuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out 'dunce,' and 'scribbler,' to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is reqnired is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies: he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here; and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.—"Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has mnch money he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monnment from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat np all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man, "whether the people of England kept a *show?* whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour?" "As for your qnestions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be snre they may be very right, because I don't nnderstand them: but as for that threepence, I farm it from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; bnt in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly fignres in wax. I was sorry I had paid, bnt I comforted myself by considering it wonld be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blnshing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty snch pieces of absnrdity.—"Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye: in that chair the kings of England were crowned; yon see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely becanse one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain snit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armour," said he, "belonged to General Monk."—"Very surprising, that a general should wear armour!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?"—"That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—"A very small recompense, truly," said I.—"Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money."—"What! more money! Still more money!"—"Every gentleman gives

something, sir."—"I'll give thee nothing," returned I: "the guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE INDIAN TALE.

(FROM "THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.")

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the stomach, and all the thoroughbred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a 'squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all. Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him false; let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then, "*sic argumentor*,"—but not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing; their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat

upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, further down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize, but both hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here; this is a very odd fish to be sure; I never saw anything in my life look so queer; what eyes! what terrible claws! what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tanglang, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

The diver in the meantime stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know."—"Horrid," cries the prude, "would the girl be poisoned. I tell you it is a tanglang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children!" cries she, "what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."—"If that be all," says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I will hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but, with all their gilding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till at last, the genius of the place, in pity of their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

THE VICAR'S HOME.

(FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had

hinted to us the day before that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment, for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her on the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: "if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried the squire: "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."—"I hope, too," returned the other, "you will grant that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that too," cried Moses, "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round him with his usual importance. "Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—"What," replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"O, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of

the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I: "but if the governor invites the enemy there he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

(FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day, and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter: "heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry

single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a penny-worth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about; I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I

have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

A CITY NIGHT PIECE.

(FROM "THE BEE.")

Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten: an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality!—Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transcience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily

mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, who has been "talking of virtue till the time of bed," and now steals out, to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight—vices more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected! may the morning rise upon his shame! Yet I wish to no purpose: villany, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

HUGH KELLY.

BORN 1739 — DIED 1777.

[When a new series of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" comes to be written, the name of Hugh Kelly ought not to be omitted from it. He is as good an instance as any that can be found of a person raising himself by his own efforts from a position of ignorance and poverty to one of education and comparative affluence, all the while living in the midst of temptations which wreck so many of those who meet them. His birth took place in the year 1739, either in Killarney or Dublin, the latter being the most likely place, as very soon after we find his father, who had fallen from a better estate, in the position of a tavern-keeper in that city. Here as the boy grew up he was constantly meeting with theatrical folk who frequented the house, and from them obtained a taste for the stage. What his tastes might be, however, was of little moment to his father, who took him early from school and bound him apprentice to a stay-maker, an apprenticeship which he faithfully fulfilled, though he still continued to cultivate and extend his acquaintance with the players.

Shortly after the completion of his service the flatteries of the players, for whom he had written one or two things, induced him to leave Dublin and venture upon the troubled sea of London life. Arrived in London he very wisely continued to work at his trade, but this beginning to fail him, he engaged himself as a copying-clerk to an attorney. While working at the lawyer's desk he wrote occasional articles and paragraphs for the newspapers. This enabled him after a time to give up legal copying and to engage as a paragraph writer on one of the daily papers, in which position he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his employer. Gradually, as his style improved, he took to higher work, and obtained engagements on *The Ladies'*

Museum and *The Court Magazine*, besides writing several pamphlets for the publisher Pottinger. About this time, being only two-and-twenty, he married, "merely for love," and found that he had done wisely. Spurred on by his new responsibilities he continued to extend his labours, and while he read and studied busily to improve himself, he wrote a series of essays for *Owen's Weekly Chronicle*, afterwards reprinted as *The Babbler*. He also produced about this time, *Louisa Mildmay, or the History of a Magdalen*, a novel which had a very considerable success, and is "in general prettily and pathetically told."

In 1767 his notoriety, if not his fame, was considerably increased by the publication of his theatrical poem *Thespis*, the satire of which gave great offence to many. But the power it displayed attracted the attention of Garrick, and led to the production, a year later, of Kelly's first comedy, *False Delicacy*, at Drury Lane. This play had more than the usual success, and was declared with pardonable exaggeration by his friends to be "the best first comedy ever written." It also—and this the author thought more important—produced him a profit of about £700, and was translated into several languages.

In 1769 he entered himself as a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; but though very acceptable to the students, and giving every sign of being a clever lawyer, he was at first refused admittance to the bar. In 1770 he brought out his comedy *A Word to the Wise;* but as some persons believed (wrongly) that he was writing in government pay, a cabal was formed and the play attacked each night until withdrawn. However, out of evil came good, for on publishing the play Kelly received over £800 in subscriptions, besides the profits of the general sale.

In 1771, when his next play, *Clementina*, a tragedy, was produced, his name was withheld to avoid the opposition likely to arise. The piece proved no great success, however, and was withdrawn after the ninth night. In 1774 he still thought it wise to withhold his name from his new comedy, *A School for Wives*. Not only did he do this, but he prevailed upon Mr. Addington to stand father for his offspring, by which means his enemies were completely misled, and the play, being judged without prejudice, was a great success. After the ninth night Mr. Addington, very much to the chagrin of Kelly's foes, announced the real author in a letter in the papers. Soon after this he produced an afterpiece, entitled *The Romance of an Hour*, which attained a fair measure of success. In 1776 appeared his comedy of *The Man of Reason*, which was in most respects a failure, and was definitely "damned" on the first night. This so affected Kelly that, having received his call to the bar, he resolved to assume the character of barrister and write no more for the stage. In this there is no doubt he made a mistake. His writings for the stage were producing him about a thousand a year, while as a barrister he would most likely have to wait long and work hard for half the sum. Besides, having reached a certain scale of expenditure, it was hard for him to reduce it, and the result was that though fairly successful as a beginner he fell into debt, and his peace of mind left him never to return. The mental worry soon began to undermine his health, and in the latter part of January, 1777, an abscess opened in his side, which he at first neglected. When attended to his physicians advised the hot bath, and he was carried in a sedan-chair to Newgate Street Bagnio, but soon after his return to his house in Gough Square he became speechless, and next morning, the 3d of February, 1777, he died, not having completed his thirty-eighth year.

As a husband and father Kelly was beyond reproach; as a man of the world he was ever ready to help the afflicted; and as a writer "his genius was such that had his education been better, and fortune easier, so as to have enabled him to select and polish his works, it probably might have given his name a niche among the first dramatic poets of this country."]

IN DEBT AND IN DANGER.[1]

Leeson's Chambers in the Temple.

Enter LEESON.

Lee. Where is this clerk of mine? Connolly!

Con. (*Behind.*) Here, sir.

Lee. Have you copied the marriage-settlement, as I corrected it?

Enter CONNOLLY, *with pistols.*

Con. Ay, honey; an hour ago.

Lee. What, you have been trying those pistols?

Con. By my soul I have been firing them

[1] This and the next scene are from *The School for Wives.*

this half hour, without once being able to make them go off.

Lee. They are plaguy dirty.

Con. In troth! so they are; I strove to brighten them up a little, but some misfortune attends everything I do; for the more I clane them, the dirtier they are, honey.

Lee. You have had some of our usual daily visitors for money, I suppose?

Con. You may say that; and three or four of them are now hanging about the door, that I wish handsomely hanged anywhere else, for bodering us.

Lee. No joking, Connolly; my present situation is a very disagreeable one.

Con. 'Faith! and so it is; but who makes it disagreeable? Your aunt Tempest would let you have as much money as you please, but you won't condescend to be acquainted with her, though people in this country can be very intimate friends without seeing one another's faces for seven years.

Lee. Do you think me base enough to receive a favour from a woman who has disgraced her family, and stoops to be a kept mistress? You see, my sister is already ruined by a connection with her.

Con. Ah! sir, a good guinea isn't the worse for coming through a bad hand; if it was, what would become of us lawyers? And, by my soul, many a high head in London would at this minute be very low if they hadn't received favours even from much worse people than kept mistresses.

Lee. Others, Connolly, may prostitute their honour as they please; mine is my chief possession, and I must take particular care of it.

Con. Honour, to be sure, is a very fine thing, sir, but I don't see how it is to be taken care of without a little money; your honour, to my knowledge, hasn't been in your own possession these two years, and the devil a crum can you honestly swear by till you get it out of the hands of your creditors.

Lee. I have given you a license to talk, Connolly, because I know you faithful; but I haven't given you a liberty to sport with my misfortunes.

Con. You know I'd die to serve you, sir; but of what use is your giving me leave to spake, if you oblige me to hould my tongue? 'Tis out of pure love and affection that I put you in mind of your misfortunes.

Lee. Well, Connolly, a few days will, in all probability, enable me to redeem my honour, and to reward your fidelity; the lovely Emily, you know, has half consented to embrace the first opportunity of flying with me to Scotland, and the paltry trifles I owe will not be missed in her fortune.

Con. But, dear sir, consider you are going to fight a duel this very evening; and if you should be kilt, I fancy you will find it a little difficult to run away afterwards with the lovely Emily.

Lee. If I fall there will be an end to my misfortunes.

Con. But surely it will not be quite genteel to go out of the world without paying your debts.

Lee. But how shall I stay in the world, Connolly, without punishing Belville for ruining my sister?

Con. Oh! the devil fly away with this honour; an ounce of common sense is worth a whole shipload of it, if we must prefer a bullet or a halter to a fine young lady and a great fortune.

Lee. We'll talk no more on the subject at present. Take this letter to Mr. Belville; deliver it into his own hand, be sure, and bring me an answer; make haste, for I shall not stir out till you come back.

Con. By my soul, I wish you may be able to stir out then, honey. Oh! but that's true—

Lee. What's the matter?

Con. Why, sir, the gentleman I last lived clerk with died lately and left me a legacy of twenty guineas.

Lee. What! is Mr. Stanley dead?

Con. 'Faith! his friends have behaved very unkindly if he is not, for they have buried him these six weeks.

Lee. And what then?

Con. Why, sir, I received my little legacy this morning; and if you'd be so good as to keep it for me, I'd be much obliged to you.

Lee. Connolly, I understand you, but I am already shamefully in your debt. You've had no money from me this age.

Con. Oh, sir! that does not signify; if you are not kilt in this d——d duel, you'll be able enough to pay me; if you are, I sha'n't want it.

Lee. Why so, my poor fellow?

Con. Because, though I am but your clerk, and though I think fighting the most foolish thing upon earth, I'm as much a gintleman as yourself, and have as much right to commit a murder in the way of duelling.

Lee. And what then? You have no quarrel with Mr. Belville?

Con. I shall have a d——d quarrel with him though if you're kilt; your death shall be revenged, depend upon it, so let that content you.

Lee. My dear Connolly, I hope I sha'n't want such a proof of your affection. How he distresses me! (*Aside.*)

Con. You will want a second, I suppose, in this affair; I stood second to my own brother, in the Fifteen Acres; and though that has made me detest the very thought of duelling ever since, yet if you want a friend I'll attend you to the field of death with a great deal of satisfaction.

Lee. I thank you, Connolly, but I think it extremely wrong in any man who has a quarrel to expose his friend to difficulties; we shouldn't seek for redress if we were not equal to the task of fighting our own battles; and I choose you particularly to carry my letter, because you may be supposed ignorant of the contents, and thought to be acting in the ordinary course of your business.

Con. Say no more about it, honey; I will be back with you presently. (*Going, returns.*) I put the twenty guineas in your pocket before you were up, sir; and I don't believe you'd look for such a thing there if I wasn't to tell you of it. [*Exit.*

Lee. This faithful, noble-hearted creature!—but let me fly from thought; the business I have to execute will not bear the test of reflection. [*Exit.*

Re-enter CONNOLLY.

Con. As this is a challenge, I shouldn't go without a sword; come down, little tickle-pitcher. (*Takes a sword.*) Some people may think me very conceited now; but as the dirtiest blacklegs in town can wear one without being stared at, I don't think it can suffer any disgrace by the side of an honest man. [*Exit.*

[Leeson saved his life, and his honour too, his adversary confessing himself in the wrong. However, he ultimately had his revenge, as the Emily whom he afterwards eloped with was, unknown to him, sister to his adversary. At length all parties consented to the marriage, and all ended well.]

A HOLLOW VICTORY.

[General Savage has a son, Captain Savage, in love with Miss Walsingham, who returns his love. The general himself takes a fancy for the young lady, however, and goes a wooing,—she imagining he speaks for his son.]

Enter GENERAL SAVAGE.

Gen. Your hall-door standing open, Spruce, and none of your sentinels being on guard, I have surprised your camp thus far without resistance. Where is your master?

Spruce (a servant). Just gone out with Captain Savage, sir.

Gen. Is your lady at home?

Spruce. No, sir; but Miss Walsingham is at home; shall I inform her of your visit?

Gen. There is no occasion to inform her of it, for here she is, Spruce. [*Exit Spruce.*

Enter MISS WALSINGHAM.

Miss W. General Savage, your most humble servant.

Gen. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss W. I can't but think myself in the best company when I have the honour of your conversation, general.

Gen. You flatter me too much, madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair, Miss Walsingham; an affair of importance to me and to yourself. Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

Miss W. Anything of importance to you, sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure. 'Tis as the captain suspected. (*Aside.*)

Gen. You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for though my business is of an important nature, I hope it won't be of a disagreeable one.

Miss W. And yet I am greatly agitated. (*Aside.*)

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favoured by the kind partiality of the ladies.

Miss W. The ladies are not without gratitude, sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, madam; then give me leave, without any masked battery, to ask if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance?

Miss W. Upon my word, sir, there's no masked battery in this question.

Gen. I am as fond of a *coup de main*, madam, in love, as in war. I hate the method of sapping a town when there is a possibility of entering sword in hand.

Miss W. Why, really, sir, a woman may as

well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see, I have caught your own mode of conversing, general.

Gen. And a very great compliment I consider it, madam; but now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which everybody admires you much. Have you any objection to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss W. Why, then, frankly, General Savage, I say, No.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss W. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle; I'd sooner think Lord Russell was bribed by Louis XIV., and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sydney.

Miss W. How unjust it was ever to suppose the general a tyrannical father! (*Aside.*)

Gen. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name; I have but one more question to ask.

Miss W. Pray propose it.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? Speak frankly again, my dear girl!

Miss W. Why, then, again, I frankly say, No.

Gen. You make me too happy; and though I shall readily own that a proposal of this nature would come with more propriety from my son—

Miss W. I am much better pleased that you make the proposal yourself, sir.

Gen. You are too good to me. Torrington thought that I should meet with a repulse. (*Aside.*)

Miss W. Have you communicated this business to the captain, sir?

Gen. No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I have always been attentive to the captain's happiness, and I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss W. What, whether I will or no?

Gen. Oh! you can have no objection.

Miss W. I must be consulted, however, about the day, general; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Miss W. You may imagine that if I were not previously impressed in favour of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. Then you own that I had a previous friend in the garrison?

Miss W. I don't blush to acknowledge it, when I consider the accomplishments of the object, sir.

Gen. Oh! this is too much, madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss W. Don't say that, general, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. Ah! you flattering—flattering angel! and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part which encouraged me to hope for a favourable reception.

Miss W. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I laboured to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

Gen. You couldn't conceal it from me; you couldn't conceal it from me. The female heart is a field which I am thoroughly acquainted with, and which has, more than once, been a witness to my victories, madam.

Miss W. I don't at all doubt your success with the ladies, general; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more; I shall wait upon you sometime to-day, with Mr. Torrington, about the necessary settlements.

Miss W. You must do as you please, general; you are invincible in everything.

Gen. And if you please, we'll keep everything a profound secret till the articles are all settled, and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

Miss W. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, sir.

Gen. Then you leave everything to my management.

Miss W. I can't trust a more noble negotiator. [*Exit.*

Gen. The day's my own. (*Sings.*) "Britons, strike home; strike home! Revenge," &c. [*Exit.*

[However, the day was not his own, and he was soon made sensible of his mistake. But he put a good face upon the matter, and handed over the lady to his son with the utmost generosity.]

EXTRACT FROM "THESPIS."

Bold is his talk in this discerning age,
When every witling prates about the stage,
And some pert title arrogantly brings
To trace up nature through her noblest springs;
Bold in such times his talk must be allow'd,
Who seeks to form a judgment for the crowd;
Presumes the public sentiment to guide,
And speaks at once to prejudice and pride.
Of all the studies in these happier days,
By which we soar ambitiously to praise,
Of all the fine performances of art,
Which charm the eye or captivate the heart,
None like the stage our admiration draws,
Or gains such high and merited applause;
Yet has this art unhappily no rules
To check the vain impertinence of fools,
To point out rude deformity from grace,
And strike a line 'twixt acting and grimace.

High as the town with reverence we may name,
And stamp its general sentiments to fame;
Loud as perhaps we echo to its voice,
And pay a boundless homage to its choice;
Still, if we look minutely we shall find
Each single judge so impotent or blind,
That even the actor whom we most admire
For ease or humour, dignity or fire,
Shall often blush to meet the ill-earned bays,
And pine beneath an infamy of praise.

ALL HER OWN WAY.

(FROM "THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.")

LADY DI STRANGEWAYS *and* SIR HECTOR *her Husband.*

Sir Hector. An impudent puppy, to pester me with his fees of honour! I thought that at court it was not honourable to pay anything.

Lady Di. But, Sir Hector Strangeways—

Sir Hector. But, Lady Di Strangeways, I tell you again that if I had all the wealth of the Spanish galleons, I would not part with a single piece of eight upon this occasion. I did not ask them to knight me, and they may unknight me again if they like it; for I value the broad pendant on the *Dreadnought* masthead above any title which they can splice,—to all the red, or green, or blue rags in Christendom.

Lady Di. Well, my dear, but though an admiral's uniform is a very pretty thing, there is something inexpressibly attracting in a star; and if I could only persuade you to wear a bag-wig, that red ribbon would give a world of brilliancy to your complexion.

Sir Hector. My complexion! Zounds, wife, don't make me mad! A weather-beaten sailor of fifty ought to be mightily concerned about the brilliancy of his complexion.

Lady Di. Lord! Sir Hector, you are not so old by half a year; and if you'd follow my advice about the bag, you'd look as young as Billy Brownlow—

Sir Hector. Avast, Di!—avast! I have already suffered you to crowd too much canvas, and to make a puppy of me sufficiently.

Lady Di. I beg, Sir Hector, that you will soften the coarseness of your phraseology, and use a little less of the quarter-deck dialect.

Sir Hector. Zounds! madam, 'tis your own fault if the gale blows in your teeth; I might have been out with the squadron in the Mediterranean hadn't I humoured your fancy, and foolishly stayed to be piped in at the installation. However, there's some chance yet,—the admiral appointed is attended by three doctors, and if they heave him over I have a promise of succeeding in the command. There's a cable of comfort for you to snatch at, Lady Di.

Lady Di. Yes, you cruel! and for fear bad news should not reach me soon enough, you have ordered an express to be sent up directly from Portsmouth the moment the poor admiral is gathered to his progenitors.

Sir Hector. Yes, the moment his anchor is a-peak; and I'll take your son Orson with me, too, for I shall have him turned into a monkey if he stays much longer ashore.

Lady Di. Surely you won't be such a brute, my love. The boy is quite a sea monster already, and I must keep him close under my own eye, to give him some little touches of humanity.

Sir Hector. Orson is wild, I grant, but he is well-meaning; and therefore I forbid all lessons of good-breeding that are likely to make a heel in his principles.

ORSON *enters.*

Orson. Huzza! father, huzza!

Sir Hector. What do you cheer at, lad?

Orson. Here's an advice-boat that Colonel Ormsby has just made London, and will take a berth with us before the evening gun is fired.

Lady Di. How often must I tell you, child, that it is exceedingly vulgar to appear either surprised or overjoyed at anything?

Sir Hector. Don't desire the boy to slacken his sails in a chase of good-nature.

Lady Di. Why, what is the fool in raptures for? he never saw Colonel Ormsby since the moment of his existence.

Orson. No, mother; but I know that he is my uncle Brownlow's friend; that he has weathered my uncle from many a bitter blast, and is to be married to the sweet young lady my uncle lately brought us home from Bengal.

Sir Hector. And has anybody carried the news to Zelinda?

Lady Di. The Lady Zelinda, my dear; you know that her father was an Indian orurah, or nobleman of great authority!

Orson. I sent Bussora aloft with the news, and the poor fellow was as much rejoiced as a man of war on short allowance would be in sight of the Downs.

Sir Hector. I do love that Bussora, he's so faithful a creature, and has a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Lady Di. I don't wonder that he's so great a favourite with his lady, for he's extremely intelligent, and would, I dare say, readily hazard his life in her service.

Orson. Zounds! I'd stand a broadside for her myself at any time.

Sir Hector. D—— you, sirrah, do you swear? One would think that your ship was sinking, and that you expected every moment to be launched into the next world, you young rascal!

Lady Di. Ay, this is your blessed system of sea education.

Sir Hector. Hark'ee, 'scapegrace, mind your hits, if you'd avoid a rope's-end; and remember to keep your wickedness under hatches till you come to years of discretion, you puppy.

Lady Di. Mercy upon us! and is he then to let it appear above-board. Fine doctrine truly, that our vices are to be excused in proportion as we acquire consciousness of their enormity. You should study my mode of expression, Sir Hector.

Orson. Why, I meant no harm, tho' I've raised such a squall. Everybody loves Miss Zelinda, and many a heavy heart has it given me, since she cast anchor in this house, to see her so melancholy, poor soul!

Sir Hector. She's a delightful girl, that's the truth of it, and I hope that the arrival of Ormsby will prevent the worms of her sorrow from eating into the planks of her constitution.

Lady Di. Lord, my dear, do you think that a mind so delicate as hers can be destitute of gratitude, or indifferent about a man who not only repeatedly saved her father's life in the commotions of the East, but, what was still more, preserved the ladies of his family?

Sir Hector. Come, come, Ormsby is a noble fellow.

Orson. As ever stepped from stem to stern, my uncle Brownlow says.

Sir Hector. And Zelinda's father behaved nobly to him when his dead-lights were hung out.

Lady Di. I suppose you mean by bequeathing him his only daughter in his last moments, who is mistress of so large a fortune.

Sir Hector. Why, is not she an Acapulco vessel in herself, to say nothing of her being ballasted with rupees and pagodas?

Lady Di. And could her father, who loved the English extremely, who married her mother an English woman, and who knew the colonel's worth so well, act more prudently, in the distracted state of his country, than in giving his child to a man who was not only able to protect her against all dangers, but calculated besides to make her an admirable husband?

Sir Hector. Why, your brother tells me that Abdalla had none of his country superstition on board his mind.

Orson. Wasn't he a heathen, father?

Sir Hector. Yes, lad; but for all that he steered his course very sensibly, and knew that the chart of a good conscience would bring a ship of any nation to safe moorings in what our Methodist boatswain calls the river of Jordan.

Orson. Lord, father; boatswain says that the river runs by some town called the New Jerusalem, but I never could find either of them in the map.

Lady Di. You may easily judge the liberality of Abdalla's mind by the accomplishments of Zelinda.

Sir Hector. Why, she speaks English, French, and Italian.

Lady Di. Like her vernacular tongue.

Orson. Yes, she has a rare knack at her tongue, and I don't believe that there's ever a foreign merchantman in the whole Thames but she's able to hail in her own lingo.

Sir Hector. Then she sings so sweetly.

Orson. Yes, father; but she sings always mournful, like the mad negro that died in love for the ale-house girl at Portsmouth.

Lady Di. Like the mad negro! Mercy upon me, what a thing am I a mother to!

Sir Hector. Doesn't she dance charmingly, Di?

Lady Di. Divinely!—I know but one woman in England who is her superior in that accomplishment.

Sir Hector. And she is no more to be compared to that woman in anything than one of the royal yachts to a bum-boat upon the Thames.

Lady Di. I am always certain of a compliment from you, Sir Hector.

Orson. Lord, mother, sure it wasn't yourself that you were weighing up with Miss Zelinda?

Lady Di. You odious sea-calf,—quit the room—quit the room, you détestable porpoise!

Sir Hector. Who runs foul of politeness now, Di?

Orson. We had best cut and run, father.

Lady Di. And you, Sir Hector, to stand by and see me treated in this manner.

Sir Hector. Slip the cables, lad. This is damnable weather, and will speedily blow a hurricane. [*Exit Sir Hector and Orson.*

Lady Di. The brutes—the abominable brutes! No woman surely had ever such a husband, or such a son. But I deserve it all for having the least connection with an element where the utmost the very best can arrive at is to be so many respectable Hottentots? My sufferings should teach ladies of beauty and birth not to throw their persons away. Yet I should not have been thrown away myself, if any lover had offered of a more eligible character than this barbarian here.

JAMES DELACOUR.

Born 1709—Died 1781.

[James Delacour, or De la Court, as he sometimes signed himself, was born in the county of Cork in the year 1709. He was second son of a gentleman of considerable means and descended from an old and highly respected family. His university education he received at Trinity College, but while there the writings of Pope made such an impression on him that the Muses of learning were too often neglected for those of poetry. While in his twentieth year he produced his first poem of importance, *Abelard to Eloisa*, a kind of answer to and imitation of Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*. This poem was considered not unworthy of its subject, though of course inferior to its prototype. During the next year or two he produced a considerable number of sonnets and short pieces, which were well received; and in 1733 his principal work, *The Prospect of Poetry*. "This poem," says the writer of "Table Talk" in *The European Magazine*, "though partly didactic, abounds in many beautiful descriptions of the proper subjects for poetry, ornamented with much classical taste, and above all polished to a degree of harmony which at once reached perfection." Thomson was so pleased with it that he addressed to him a commendatory set of verses.

When the nine days' gossip over his poem had died out Delacour entered into holy orders, but here again his heart was not in his work. Instead of studying sermons he studied rhymes, and he preferred to spend his time in genial company rather than in visiting his parishioners. This soon led him to a love for the bottle; never, however, to such an abuse of it as might lead to actual degradation. Being no hypocrite, all his acts were open to the world. This seemed so eccentric to those around him that he soon began to be called "the mad parson." The graver kind of people began to avoid him, the lighter-headed sought his company "for the sake of the fun." In the end, as dissipation grew on him, his brain really became affected, and he imagined himself, like Socrates, accompanied by a familiar demon that enabled him to foretell the future. One or two lucky hits caused not only himself but a great number of the public to become convinced of his power, and though he made many mistakes, one success was sufficient to wipe away the memory of a hundred failures. Meanwhile his early love remained strong upon him, and in his character as a prophet he did not forget that he was also a poet. Verses flowed from his pen as regularly as when he was in the heyday of youth and mental vigour. Strange to say, these verses gave few signs of his derangement, if we except an occasional badly constructed line, possibly the result of carelessness as much as of anything else.

Towards the latter part of his life he was forced, for self-preservation sake, to sell what

little property he had to his brother, by whom he was afterwards lodged and boarded, and paid a small sum yearly. This small sum frequently dwindled almost to nothing, owing to a system which the poet adopted of having himself fined a shilling for every night he stayed out of doors after twelve.

Delacour died in the year 1781, at the age of seventy-two, regretted by the poorer people, and spoken of as "one who hurt nobody but himself." He left behind him a considerable number of poems which have never seen the light.]

HOW LOVE WAS BORN.

Here in the bower of beauty newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
In Flora's cheek when first the goddess smiled;
Nurst on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then armed his hand with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipt his shining arrows with desire:
Hence, joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender pity softens into tears.

EUPHRATES.

Like some smooth mirror see Euphrates glide
Through Dura's plains, and spread his bosom wide;
On whose broad surface wat'ry landscapes lie,
And bending willows shade the downward sky;
There floating forests mixt with meadows move,
And the green glass reflects the flowers above;
Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,
And with the water seem to slide away.
In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,
And gilded barges, mixt with grazing deer;
The huntsman sounds—the frighted shadow flies,
Through flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds, and skies.

A MOONLIT NIGHT.

As on a moonlit night when Neptune calls,
His finny coursers from their coral stalls;
From some white clift, whose brow reflects the deep,
He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep;
The waves obey: so still a silence reigns,
That not a wrinkle curls the wat'ry plains;
Like floating mercury the waves appear,
And the sea whitens with a heav'n so clear:
Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
In long procession the cærulean train,
With joy confess the sovereign of the main:
Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
When sweet Arion cross'd the wat'ry space;
When first his fingers felt the music rise,
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.
On land Amphion swells the magic song,
And round his fingers moving mountains throng.

HOW TO PRAISE.

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,
To praise with prudence, and address with art;
Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
Where compliments should indirectly hit;
From different subjects take their sudden rise,
And least expected, cause the more surprise:
"For none have been with admiration read,
But who beside their learning were well bred."
Such suit all tastes, on every tongue remain,
Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain;
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
These call, my lord, for an uncommon hand;
To turn the finer features of the soul,
To paint the passions, sparkling as they roll:
The power of numbers, the superior art,
To wind the springs that move the beating heart,
With living words to fire the blood to rage,
Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page:
This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse
From no unworthy, nor ungrateful muse;
A muse as yet unblemished, as unknown
Who scorns all flattery, and who envies none:
Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
Who found no patron, and who lost no name;
Indifferent what the world may think her due,
Whose friends are many, though her years are few.

THE POOR POET.

Poor is an epithet to poets given,
Yet David was a bard, and loved by Heaven.
Where's the foundation? For past times explore,
You'll surely find the lesser number poor;
Great Maro, Flaccus, Lucan, Ovid rich,
And though untitled, of no vulgar pitch;
Nay, our own times examples may afford
Of genius meeting in a duke or lord!
Fam'd Dorset, Surrey, Halifax were earls,

And Orrery and Chesterfield are pearls:
Hear Rochester, Roscommon, Lansdown sing,
Bright Buckingham and Falkland touch the string;
Soft Sedley, Denham, Butler, Steele were knights;
And Addison, though secretary, writes;
His excellency Prior tun'd the lyre,
And Congreve, though commissioner, had fire;
Lo! Pope and Swift, the wonder of our days,
Were far from poor, and yet they dealt in bays.

. . . . . .

Alas! 'tis wit itself has given the slur,
And bards too often act the cabin-cur;
Thus wits to coxcombs still new weapons send,
Who beat us with the very sticks we lend.
Strange each profession to itself adheres,
Fools herd together, foplings walk in pairs,
But wits still straggling scatter at this rate,
By congregated fools are easy beat;
Some have of wit, and some of wealth have store,
But envied by the idiot, and the poor;
'Twixt wit and folly there's eternal war,
As heat and cold cause thunder in the air.

ON SEEING A LADY AT AN OPPOSITE WINDOW.

Whilst on forbidden fruit I gaze,
And look my heart away,
Behold my star of Venus blaze,
And smile upon the day.

Fair as the purple blushing hours
That paint the morning's eye,
Or cheek of evening after showers
That fresh the western sky.

I send a sigh with every glance,
Or drop a softer tear,
Hard fate not further to advance,
And yet to be so near!

So Moses from fair Pisgah's height
The Land of Promise ey'd;
Surveyed the regions of delight,—
He saw, came down, and dy'd.

WILLIAM HAVARD.

Born 1710 — Died 1778.

[William Havard, a clever actor as well as successful author, was born in Dublin in the year 1710. His father was a vintner in that city, and was in such a position as to give his son a university education. Young Havard was intended for a surgeon, and proceeded so far in his studies as to acquire the necessary diplomas. His heart, however, was not in the work, but inclined altogether to the stage, and before attempting to commence practice he left home for London. There he found a first engagement in Goodman's Fields Theatre, from which he moved afterwards to the Theatre Royal. His success as an actor was soon acknowledged, his chief characteristic being good sense, both in public and private. In 1733 appeared his first play, *Scanderbeg*, which at once made him as much esteemed as an author as he was already as an actor. The drama was to some extent founded on Lillo's *Christian Hero*, but in every respect surpassed the original. Though it was successful Havard seems to have been in no hurry to produce another, and it was only after an interval of nearly four years, and at the earnest solicitation of the manager of the company of Lincoln's Inn Fields that he took up his pen again. So soon as he consented to write a drama the manager, as Campbell recounts, "invited him to his house, took him up to one of its airiest apartments, and there locked him up for so many hours every day; . . . nor released him . . . till the unfortunate bard had repeated through the keyhole a certain number of new speeches in the progressive tragedy." *King Charles the First*, the drama produced under these strange circumstances, was a complete success, and, had Havard been a vain or an ambitious man, it might have been made the stepping-stone to a great career. As it was, however, he continued in his easy-going amiable way of life, and a period of seven years elapsed before the appearance of his third, and in some respects best drama, *Regulus*, in 1774. So far as the theatre-going public was concerned this play was not so successful as its predecessors, though far from being a failure. Several years again elapsed before his next and final play, a farce called *The Elopement*, appeared. This also was a success in one sense, but was played only at the author's benefit. After this Havard wrote no more, contenting himself with holding the almost unique position of a dramatist who has never produced a failure.

Six years afterwards he began to feel him-

self growing old, and immediately decided on quitting the stage. At a benefit in his favour, and in which Garrick played, he took leave of the public in a formal epilogue written by himself, and delivered after the play of *Zara*. After this he lived nearly nine years, dying on the 20th February, 1778. He was buried in Covent Garden churchyard, and Garrick wrote an epitaph for him under the title of "A Tribute to the Memory of a Character long known and respected." Fielding had a high idea of Havard's talents as an actor, and declared that, "except Mr. Garrick I do not know that he hath any superior in tragedy at that house" (Covent Garden Theatre).

Of Havard's dramas his first and least perfect work, *Scanderbeg*, is still acted occasionally in country theatres, but we believe we are safe in saying that the others are utterly neglected. They, however, deserved better treatment, being full of truly dramatic scenes, and in some places marked by writing of rather a high order. *Regulus* is a drama fit to rank with some of the best of Sheridan Knowles', and *King Charles the First* is certainly superior to anything on the same subject since attempted.]

CHARLES I. IN PRISON.[1]

CHARLES (*alone*).

What art thou, Life, so dearly lov'd by all?
What are thy charms that thus the great desire
thee—
And to retain thee part with pomp and titles?
To buy thy presence the gold-watching miser
Will pour his bags of mouldy treasure out,
And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch,
Clad with disease and poverty's thin coat,
Yet holds thee fast, tho' painful company.
O Life! thou universal wish, what art thou?—
Thou'rt but a day—a few uneasy hours:
Thy morn is greeted by the flocks and herds,
And every bird that flatters with its note
Salutes thy rising sun; thy noon approaching,
Then haste the flies and every creeping insect
To bask in thy meridian: that declining
As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening
To mourn the absent ray: night at hand,
Then croaks the raven conscience, time misspent;
The owl despair screams hideous, and the bat
Confusion flutters up and down—
Life's but a lengthened day not worth the waking
for.

Enter the QUEEN.

My dearest queen,
I have been summing up th' amount of life,
But found no value in it, till you came.
Queen. Do not perplex yourself with thoughts
like these.
Ill-fortune at the worst returns to better,
At least we think so as it grows familiar.
King. No, I was only arming for the worst.
I have try'd the temper of my inmost soul,
And find it ready now for all encounters;
Death cannot shake it.
Queen. Do not talk of death:
The apprehension shakes my tender heart;
Ages of love, I hope, are yet to come
Ere that black hour arrives: such chilling thoughts
Disgrace the lodging of that noble breast.
King. What have I not to fear? Thus close
confined,
To-morrow forc'd to trial. Will those men
Who insolently drag me to the bar
Stop in the middle of their purpose? No.
I must prepare for all extremities
(And be that Power ador'd that lends me comfort).
I feel I am—Oh do not weep, my queen,
Rather rejoice with me, to find my thoughts
Outstretch the painful verge of human life,
And have no wish on earth—but thee! 'tis there
Indeed I feel: peace and resignation
Had wander'd o'er the rooms of every thought
To shut misfortune out, but left this door
Unclos'd, thro' which calamity
Has entered in thy shape to seize my heart.
Queen. Be more yourself, my lord; let majesty
Take root within thy heart, nor meanly bend
Before ill-fortune's blast.
King. O doubt me not!
'Tis only on the side where you are placed
That I can know a fear. For Charles' self
Let fierce encounter with the sword of danger
Bring him to bloodiest proof; and if he shrinks,
Despise him. Here I glory in my weakness.
He is no man whom tenderness not melts,
And love so soft as thine. Let us go in.
And if kind Heav'n deigns me longer stay
On this frail earth, I shall be only pleased
Because I have thy presence here to crown me;
But if it destines my immediate end
(Hard as it is, my queen, to part with thee),
I say farewell, and to the blow resign
That strikes me here—to make me more divine.

FAIRFAX AND CROMWELL.

FAIRFAX (*alone*).

Why did I conquer—to repent of conquest?
Who, though I fought for liberty alone,

[1] This and the following extract are from *King Charles the First*.

Will yet acquit me of the guilt that follows?
Will future ages, when they read my page
(Tho' Charles himself absolves me of the deed),
Spare me the name of regicide? O no!
I shall be blacken'd with my party's crimes,
And damn'd with my full share, tho' innocent.
In vain then 'gainst oppression have I warr'd,
In vain for liberty uprear'd the sword;
Posterity's black curse shall brand my name,
And make me live in infamy for ever.
Now valour, break thy sword, thy standard, victory,
Furl up thy ensigns, bold hostility,
And sink into inaction, since, alas!
One tainted heart, or one ambitious brain,
Can turn the current of the noblest purpose,
And spoil the trophies of an age's war.
But see where, to my wish, stern Cromwell comes,
Now urge him strongly for the life of Charles,
And if entreaty fails, avow thy purpose.

CROMWELL (*entering*).

Fairfax in thought! My noble lord, good day.
Fairfax. To make it good, let Cromwell grant my prayer,
So mercy and the sun shall shine together.
Cromwell. Still on this paltry subject! Fairfax, why,
Why will you wrong entreaty by this cause?
Fairfax is wise, and should not ask of Cromwell
To grant what justice stops; yours are not years
When childhood prattles, or when dotage mopes:
Pardon the expression.
Fairfax. I forgive you all,
All you can think, but rigour to the king.
Cromwell. Pr'ythee no more: this mercy that you pray for
As ill becomes the tongue as my severity;
Nay, worse, would you obstruct the law
In its due office? nor permit the axe
To fall upon offenders such as Charles?
Would you see tyranny again arise,
And spread in its foundation? Let us then
Seize on our general, Liberty, who still
Has in the front of battle fought our cause,
And led us on to conquest; let us bind him
In the strong chains of rough prerogative,
And throw him helpless at the feet of Charles:
He will absolve us then, and praise our folly.
Fairfax. This is a sophistry too weak for reason;
You would excuse the guilt of Charles' death
By showing me the opposite extreme;
But can you find no mean, no middle course,
Steering between the danger of the last
And horror of the first? I know you can.
Cromwell. It is not to be done: would Fairfax now,
When he has labour'd up the steep ascent,
And wasted time and spirits, would he now,—
When but one step exalts him to the summit,
Where to his eye the fair horizon stretches,
And every prospect greatness can command,—
Would he now stop, let go his fearful hold,
And tumble from the height?
Fairfax. I aim at none.
Damn'd be all greatness that depraves the heart,
Or calls one blush from honesty—no more,
I shall grow warm to be thus trifled with:
Think better, Cromwell—I have given my promise
That Charles shall live.
Cromwell. A promise may be broke;
Nay, start not at it—'Tis an hourly practice;
The trader breaks it—yet is counted honest;
The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;
Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
Yet follow sep'rate pleasures, and are—virtuous.
The churchmen promise too, but wisely, they
To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
And draw upon futurity. A promise!
'Tis the wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint,
It is the ship in which the knave embarks,
Who rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,
And fails with every wind. Regard it not.
Fairfax. Can Cromwell think so basely as he speaks?
It is impossible; he does but try
How well fair speech becomes a vicious cause,
But I hope scorns it in the richest dress.
Yet hear me on. It is our interest speaks,
And bids us spare his life; while that continues,
No other title can annoy our cause,
And him we have secure; but grant him dead,
Another claim starts up, another king,
Out of our reach. This bloody deed perhaps
May rouse the princes of the Continent
(Who think their persons struck at in this blow),
To shake the very safety of our case.
Cromwell. When you consult our interest speak with freedom,
It is the turn and point of all design;
But take this answer, Fairfax, in return:
Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession,
Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dyke,
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world;
Be therefore satisfied, for Charles must die.
Fairfax. Wilt thou be heard, though at thy utmost need,
Who now art deaf to mercy and to prayer?
O curst Ambition—thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty
Pick every grain of profit and delight,
And mock the reaper, Virtue! Bloody man!
Know that I still have power, have still the means
To make that certain which I stoop to ask;
And fix myself against thy black design,
And tell thee dauntless that he shall not die.
Cromwell. Will Fairfax turn a rebel to the cause,
And shame his glories?

Fairfax. I abjure the name;
I know no rebel on the side of virtue.
This I am sure of: he that acts unjustly
Is the worst rebel to himself, and though now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
May drown the sound, yet conscience will one day
Speak loudly to him, and repeat that name.
Cromwell. You talk as 'twere a murder, not a justice.
Have we not brought him to an open trial?
Does not the general cry pronounce his death?
Come, Fairfax dares not.
Fairfax. By yon heaven I will:
I know thee resolute, but so is Fairfax.
You see my purpose, and shall find I dare.
[*Going.*
Cromwell. Fairfax, yet stay; I would extend my power
To its full stretch to satisfy your wish,
Yet would not have you think that I should grant
That to your threats which I deny'd your pray'r:
Judge not so meanly of yourself and me;
Be calm and hear me—What is human nature
When the intemperate heat of passion blinds
The eye of reason, and commits her guidance
To headlong rashness? He directs her steps
Wide of success, to error's pathless way,
And disappointments wild; yet such we are,
So frail our being, that our judgment reaches
Scarce farther than our sight. Let us retire,
And in this great affair entreat his aid
Who only can direct to certainty.
There is I know not what of good presage
That dawns within, and lights to happy issue.
Fairfax. If Heav'n and you consider it alike,
It must be happy.
Cromwell. An hour or two of pray'r
Will pull down favour upon Charles and us.
Fairfax. I am contented, but am still resolved
That Charles shall live. I shall expect your answer
With the impatience of desiring lovers,
Who swell a moment's absence to an age. [*Exit.*
Cromwell. This was a danger quite beyond my view,
Which only this expedient could prevent;
Fairfax is weak in judgment, but so brave,
That set determination by his side
And he ascends the mountain top of peril.
Now time is gain'd to ward against his power,
Which quickly must be thought on.—To my wish.

Enter IRETON.

Ire. I but this instant met the general, Fairfax,
Who told me his entreaty had prevailed
To save the life of Charles: 'Tis more than wonder—
Cromwell. Ireton, thy presence never was more timely;
I would disclose—but now each moment's loss
Is more than the neglect of future years:
Hie thee in person to St. James's, Ireton,
And warn the officer, whose charge leads forth
The king to execution, to be sudden,
Let him be more than punctual to the time;
If his respect to us forerun his warrant,
It shall win greatness for him; so inform him:—
That done, repair o' th' instant to the army,
And see a chosen party march directly
(Such as can well be trusted), post them, Ireton,
Around the scaffold; my best kinsman, fly.
[*Exit Ireton.*
Why now, I think, I have secured my point:
I set out in the current of the tide,
And not one wind that blows around the compass
But drives me to success. Ambition now
Soars to its darling height, and eagle-like
Looks at the sun of power, enjoys its blaze,
And grows familiar with the brightness; now I see
Dominion nigh. Superiority
Beckons and points me to the chair of state;
There, grandeur robes me: now let Cromwell boast,
That he has reft the crown from Charles's brow,
To make it blaze more awful on his own. [*Exit.*

A DYING ROMAN'S ADVICE.

(FROM "REGULUS.")

REGULUS *and his daughter* CLELIA. DECIUS *enters.*

Regulus. Decius, thou com'st to warn me; from the senate
What message bring'st thou?
Decius. Heart-deliver'd greetings!
Such as no love, no friendship ever breathed;
The fervency of thanks for his deliverance,
When the wreck'd sailor finds himself on land,
Gives but a faint idea of their zeal:
Nothing is seen or heard throughout the senate
But tears and exclamations. For the traitors,
Proofs were so plain, that with a general voice
The rock Tarpeian was pronounc'd their doom,
Which they have leap'd ere this.
Regulus. I thank their loves;
They've given me strength I wanted. O my friend,
Long hast thou follow'd, with unwearied steps,
My worst of fortunes to their present close
(An uncouth office for thy gentle youth).
Here shall we part, and all I can bestow
Of happiness approaches thee in her:
Come nearer, Clelia—Decius, take her hand;
Unwealth'd—but not undower'd, accept a maid
Whom virtue will make rich, and honour great:
I know your mutual loves, and heav'n prolong it
Even to the latest moment of your lives.

Decius. On any other but this sad occasion,
This gift had been too great for common joy:—
This was my utmost wish—yet at the present
'Tis so embittered with the losing thee,
The sweet is scarcely tasted—O my father!
Regulus. No more, good Decius! let us part like men:—
Keep in thy tears; they are but nature's weakness,
And the concession pain extorts from us
When it would prove the frailty of our beings:
Leave 'em to women, there they look with grace,
Dimming and adding lustre to the eye.
Clelia! I have bestow'd thee to thy wish,
Let not thy wish be neighbour to dislike,
As some have proved it. There are of thy sex
Who, through the glass of straining expectation,
Look for the blessing e'er enjoyment comes;
That over—then their prospect is no more,
But through satiety's sick eye.
Clelia, be thou as constant in the race,
As thou wast constant who should start with thee:
And so regard your husband that you love him,
Not for you should obey him,—but obey him
Because you love him:—note this in thy heart.
Clelia. I hope I shall not profit by my father
So little, not to prove myself his daughter;
My conduct shall be formed on such a plan,
That were my father witness of each step
He should not find occasion to disown me.
Regulus. 'Tis well resolved: Decius, my time is short,
And yet another tender call invites me
Ere I go hence for ever; yet, my son,
I will devote a little of that time
To leave thee my last precepts—my last counsel.
Decius. Impart, and I will wear 'em in my heart,
Dear as the memory of him that gave them.
Regulus. If Rome should raise thee to her highest service
(As thou hast merit to expect her honours),
Serve her for love of Rome, and not of interest;
Let glory be thy second motive only,
Thy country's love be ever first, and dearest:
In liberty's defence, fight constant, single,
Die with her,—'tis no life if you survive her;
The greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.
Search out for hidden worth—and then reward it:
The noblest prospect to a Roman eye,
Is greatness lifting merit up to fame.
Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart, to hide its thoughts!
And double shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty, and told a lie!
Decius. I hope this caution is unnecessary.
Regulus. I do believe it; but receive it, Decius,
Not as a precept to amend thy life;
But one that cannot be too oft remembered.
Be ready for all changes in thy fortune,
Be constant when they happen—but, above all,
Mostly distrust good fortune's soothing smile;
There lurks the danger, though we least suspect it
Hunt for no offices;—accept them offered,
But never to the wrong of suffering merit,
Or thy own virtue; there may chance a time,
When, by refusing honours, you most gain 'em.
Decius. How shall I fill Rome's offices with justice
When thou my great instructor art away?
What great example shall direct my steps
When Regulus is silent and no more?
Regulus. Decius, thy virtue is thy best instructor,
She will direct thee right:—but to proceed.
If thy paternal acres be well till'd,
Thou hast a superfluity; for gold,
See it adorn the temples of the gods,
But banish it your coffers and your house:
Let the vainglorious or the villain hold it,
Who loves a flatterer,—or who sells his country:—
Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;
So shall thy friendships be sincere, though few,
So shall thy sleep be sound—thy waking cheerful.
I could say more, but O, excuse me, Decius,
For see where Martia comes—her sorrows speak
Unaided by the tongue—more eloquent
The look is in distress, than speech can be;
When sorrow swims in the tear-flooded eye,
Words need not form a language for the heart:—
Decius, farewell!—If my prediction's true,
While Rome has honours, and neglects thy service,
She will do wrong to merit and herself.
Decius. Farewell, my father! O I must retire,
Lest I should shame thy manhood with my weakness:—
'Tis not, I find, to common natures given
To bear misfortunes like a Regulus.

SCANDERBEG'S TEMPTATION.

[The lady Deamira is held captive by Scanderbeg's enemy, against whom he is in arms. Heli, the vizier's friend, offers to assist him, but Scanderbeg will not profit by his treachery. Ultimately fortune favours his arms, and he rescues the lady.]

Scand. 'Tis greatly true the loving hand corrects,
Reproof is kindness from a friendly tongue,
And trials wait upon the chosen man.
Why should we murmur at the friendly hand
That pulls us back to good? Why, why impute
That to severity which but appears
Paternal anxious fondness for our safety?
Nay, let us bring it to the point of proof,
And we shall find misfortune here a kindness.

In the warm flow of gay prosperity
The pliant mind too easily admits
The stamp of ill—the fool of every sense;
Affliction's hand so moulds and hardens it
The impression fails;—the courser loosely reined
Too often stumbles, but with art held in
Safely he journeys on.—My friend! What news,
Heli. I see your wonder and amaze,
The cause for which I came will more surprise you.
Not to prolong your expectation, know,
And think me as a friend,—a friend convinced,
Who wonders at thy virtues, and would join 'em.
Scand. I do confess my wonder at a sight
So strange and unexpected,—but proceed.
Heli. Your wariness is just; but I come armed
Against all doubt—not only will profess
But prove myself a friend,—nor imagine
The spleen of a discarded fav'rite;
The desperate turn of forced necessity
Persuades me to approve and own your cause.
Scand. Thy love is the more welcome, as it flows
From an unbias'd motive, and is found
The pure result of penitence and thought.
Heli. To prove it such—tho' still I see distrust
Hangs on your words—this night shall make you blest;
This happy night shall lead you to the height
Of your sublimest wish—to Deamira—
Scand. Ha!
Heli. My unsuspected honesty can gain
Admission to her presence; then with ease
She may be carried thence to both your wishes.
The vizier's confidence in me is firm,
And easy confidence full oft performs
What a free open force attempts in vain.
Scand. May not some purpose lurk beneath these words, (*Aside*)
Some dark design of treachery and deceit?
I've heard of such, and shall I trust this man?
Trust?—whom?—He who without a cause betrays
His master—his first great support? But then,
Shall I reject the opportunity
That fortune seems to offer to my wishes—
Seems—as it only seems, I must.
Heli. You muse,
Are love and Deamira to be weigh'd
Against your present state, in such nice scales?
Or, weighing them, do they appear so doubtful?
Or is it but a matter of indifference,
Not rising to a wish, that you might meet?
Scand. O say not so; the power that knows my heart
Finds not a greater wish within it. Deamira—
To clasp her in these arms, to gaze entranced
On her lov'd eyes—to wipe away the tears
Of boundless joy, and gaze on her again—
To hear her speak,—No, that I could not do,
For every sense would hasten to my eyes,
And seeing her would gratify them all.
And ask you if these transports be indifferent?
Heli. I judg'd as much, I judg'd you by myself.
Such is the force of love, and such the joy
To find the long-lost object—such the transports,
Such the tumultuous rapture I should feel
To meet with Zadia.
Scand. Ha! I see it now:
But to destroy thy fruitless hopes at once,
Know that her plighted love has long ere this
Been given to Lysander—to my friend;
Nor could I help thy suit were I inclin'd—
Or if I could it were in vain to ask it;—
Take back thy terms, return again in safety.
Learn to be honest and subdue thy passions,
Study the charms of virtue, and detest
The guilty view that bids thee sell thy master.
Nor once imagine at th' expense of honesty
To purchase happiness.—A fruitless thought.
Heli. I am amazed! Can you decline the means
To make you bless'd? Will you refuse—
Scand. No more:
When we can find a virtuous means to meet
Doubt not my readiness: but that is left
To Heav'n's all-seeing will and best disposal.
Hence, and depend upon a prince's word,
Tho' I reject thy terms they still are secret.

KANE O'HARA.

Died 1782.

[Very little is known of the life of Kane O'Hara, beyond that he was a younger brother of a family moving in the fashionable world of Dublin. It is generally supposed that he was born somewhere between 1715 and 1720, but one biographer gives 1743 as the date—wrongly, as we conclude. His manner and style of talk are said to have been anything but what is usually associated with men of wit and fancy, and to have given little sign of the humour found in his writings. He was, however, possessed of varied talent, and had a perfect knowledge of music as well as a refined taste in its application.

In January, 1764, the first of his burlesques—for he confined himself entirely to that kind

of writing—was produced at the Crow Street Theatre in Dublin. This was the well-known *Midas*, which on the first night appeared rather long and tedious, but on being cut down to its present size became a great success. In February it was reproduced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and was repeated nine times during the season.

In 1773 his next work, *The Golden Pippin*, was produced at the same house with success, chiefly owing to the acting of Nan Catley, and her singing of one of its songs, "Push about the Jorum." In 1775 appeared the *Two Misers*, and in 1777, at the Haymarket, *April Day*. At Covent Garden, on the 3d of October, 1780, that "tragedy of tragedies," *Tom Thumb*, was produced, which at first appeared without the songs which are now always given with it. The work is founded on Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, but is in many respects superior. Mrs. Pilkington in her *Memoirs* declares that Dean Swift assured her he had never laughed but about twice in his life, "once at some trick by a merry-andrew, and the other time at the circumstance of Tom Thumb killing the ghost."

On the 17th of June, 1782, less than two years after the appearance of *Tom Thumb*, O'Hara died, leaving behind him a reputation which to-day may possibly seem greater than his works deserve. But such is often the fate of burlesque literature,—to be over-estimated while fresh, and afterwards to be unduly depreciated.]

A MOST TRAGICAL TRAGEDY.

(FROM "TOM THUMB.")

Enter KING ARTHUR, QUEEN DOLLALOLLA, PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, *and Attendants.*

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free!
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas
To pay their debts. Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us; we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

Hunc. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding-day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh, oh!

King. What means the blockhead?

Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror;
Tom Thumb's no more.
A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now i' th' open street,
Before my eyes devour'd the great Tom Thumb!
(*A general groan.*)

King. Shut, shut again the prisons:
Let our treasurer
Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill.
(*Queen kills Noodle.*)

Friz. My lover kill'd! His death I thus revenge.
(*Kills the Queen.*)

Hunc. Kill my mamma! Oh, base assassin! there!
(*Kills Frizaletta.*)

Dood. For that, take this! (*Kills Hunca.*)

Plum. And thou take that! (*Kills Doodle.*)

King. Die, murderers vile! (*Kills Plumante.*)
Ah! death makes a feast to-day,
And but reserves ourselves for his *bon bouche*.
So, when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards!
Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.
(*Stabs himself. They all lie on the stage dead.*)

MERLIN *rises.*

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Mer. Blood! what a scene of slaughter's here!
But I'll soon shift it, never fear.
Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.
(*Waves his wand.*)

(*The Cow discovered.*)

First, at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return our England's Hannibal. (*Thunder.*)

THUMB *is thrown out of the Cow's mouth, and starts fiercely.*

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise, ye groups of drunken sots;
Who deal out deaths, you know not why;
No more of porter pots, or plots,
Your senseless jealousy lay by.

Your souls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night,
My power remands them.

(*The dead all start up as Merlin touches them.*)

Here ends jar,
Live, love, and all this will be right.

. . . . . .

Mer. Now love and live, and live and love,
All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't;
Mer. Each couple prove like hand in glove:
All. Agreed.
Queen. 'Fore George! we'll make a night on't.
All.
Let discord cease;
Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.
[*Exeunt.*

PAN'S SONG TO APOLLO.

(FROM "MIDAS.")

A plague on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper!
And after Miss Will o' th' Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray, what's all this fuss for, but—but toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;
Midas. Not at all,
Pan. I only meant—life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

(FROM "THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.")

When bickerings hot
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum:
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is—push about the jorum.
With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug,
Or show me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

THOMAS LELAND.

BORN 1722 — DIED 1785.

[Thomas Leland was born in Dublin in the year 1722, and was educated at the school of Dr. Sheridan, grandfather of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, and in his nineteenth year obtained a scholarship. In 1745 he was unsuccessful in an attempt to procure a fellowship, but next year gained it easily. In 1748 he entered into holy orders, and the same year published the result of his anxious meditation on the duties of the ministry, under the title of *The Helps and Impediments to the Acquisition of Knowledge in Religious and Moral Subjects.* This essay was much admired on its appearance, but it is believed to be not now extant.

Some time after this he was requested by the university to produce a new edition of Demosthenes, and in 1754 the first volume of his celebrated translation appeared. This was completed in two more volumes, the last of which was issued in 1770. This translation, together with the critical notes which accompanied it, at once established his reputation in England as a scholar. It was therefore with warm anticipations of success that his *Life and Reign of Philip King of Macedon* was received in 1758. These were not doomed to disappointment, for the work was at once successful, and continues to this day the best on the subject. In 1763 he was appointed professor of oratory in Trinity College, and soon after published *The Principles of Human Eloquence,* which was fiercely attacked by Warburton and Hurd. To them he replied with great force, obtaining a complete victory over both, as the best critics acknowledge.

After this, Leland turned his attention to the study of Irish history, and in a comparatively short time produced his *History of Ireland,* a work which is written in the best historical manner and graced with a pure

style. This work, though highly successful from a critical point of view, was too impartial to be accepted by either of the two parties into which Ireland was then divided, and the author had consequently to be content with its praise and purchase by men of sense, a limited class in any nation. However, as years passed on the work grew in favour even with partisans, and to-day no library devoted to Irish matters is complete without it. The work had also a fair success in England, where party spirit did not run so high.

By this time Leland had not only established his position as a writer, but also as an eloquent preacher, and when Viscount Townshend became lord-lieutenant, in October, 1767, it was expected that he would be rewarded with some rich preferment. Preferment did indeed come to him, but not such as his friends expected. Early in 1768 he was appointed to the vicarage of Bray together with the prebend of Rathmichael, and soon after settled down to parochial work. After passing a quiet evening of life he died in the year 1785.

Dr. Johnson had a high opinion of Leland's works, as may be seen in several places in Boswell's *Life*. Dr. Parr had also a high regard for him, and says, "Of Leland my opinion is not founded on hearsay evidence, nor is it determined solely by the great authority of Dr. Johnson. . . . I may with confidence appeal to writings which have long contributed to public amusement, and have often been honoured by public approbation; to the life of Philip, to the translation of Demosthenes, to the judicious dissertation upon eloquence, and to the spirited defence of that dissertation."]

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

(FROM "THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

The fate of Ireland was now ready to be decided. Whether the English power was to be at length unalterably established in this harassed country, or whether it was to be once more exposed to the calamities of a tedious intestine war, seemed to depend on the event of a few days, and the minds of all men were in consequence strained to a painful pitch of anxiety and expectation. On the 10th day of June Ginckle marched from Athlone, and encamped along the river Suc, in the county of Roscommon, a pass which the Irish might have maintained with advantage; but it soon appeared that they had taken their station to greater advantage, about three miles further to the south-west. Their camp extended more than two miles along the heights of Kilcommeden, with a rivulet on their left running between hills and morasses, and these again skirted by a large bog, in breadth almost a mile; on the side of which stood the ruins of an old castle, called by the name of the neighbouring village Aughrim, entrenched and occupied by infantry, and commanding the only pass on that side to the Irish camp. All along the front, at a distance of about half a mile from their encampment, the bog extended to their right, where was another pass through a range of small hills opening into wider ground. The slope of Kilcommeden, even to the edge of the bog, was intersected by hedges and ditches communicating with each other, and lined with Irish musketeers. Ginckle, with 18,000 men, was now to attack an enemy amounting to 25,000 thus posted, and who wanted only an additional number of cannon to take the full advantage of their situation. St. Ruth, from his eminence, had a full view of the motions of the English; he saw them cross the river and prepare to give him battle; he drew out his main army in front of his camp. He rode to every squadron and battalion; he reminded the Irish officers that their future fortune depended upon the issue of one encounter; that they were now to fight for their honour, their liberty, and their estates; that they were now to establish their religion, for which he himself had displayed an extraordinary zeal, on such a firm basis as the powers of hell and heresy should never shake; that the dearest interests and most honourable engagements of this life, and the ravishing prospect of eternal happiness, called for a vigorous exertion of that valour which their enemies affected to deny them. The priests ran through the ranks, labouring to inspire the soldiers with the same sentiments; and, we are told, obliged them to swear on the sacrament that they would not desert their colours.

On the 12th day of July at noon (for the fogs of the morning had hitherto prevented them) the English army advanced in as good order as their broken and uneven ground would permit. It was in the first place deemed necessary to gain the pass on the right of the enemy. A small party of Danes sent to force it, fled instantly at the appearance of a still smaller party of the enemy. Some English

dragoons were next employed, were boldly opposed, were sustained by other bodies; the enemy retreated; as the assailants pressed forward they found themselves encountered by new parties, but after an obstinate contest of an hour they forced their way beyond the bog; nor possibly was St. Ruth displeased to have an opportunity of fighting one wing of the English separately in a plaee where, if defeated, their retreat must prove fatal. The skirmish served to convince Ginckle both of the spirit and of the advantages of the enemy. It was now debated whether the battle should not be deferred to the next morning; and, with difficulty, resolved to prevent the enemy from decamping in the night and prolonging the war, by an immediate renewal of the engagement. By the adviee of General Mackay it was resolved to begin the attack on the enemy's right wing, which would oblige St. Ruth to draw off some forces from his left, so that the passage by Aughrim Castle would be rendered less dangerous for the English horse, and the whole army be enabled to engage. About the hour of five in the evening the left wing of the English, both horse and foot, advaneed boldly against the enemy, who obstinately maintained their posts. The musketeers, supported by their cavalry, received and returned the English fire, defending their ditches until the muskets of each side closed with the other; then retiring by their lines of communication, flanked their assailants, and charged them with double fury. The engagement was thus continued for one hour and a half, when St. Ruth, as was foreseen, found it neeessary to draw a considerable part of the cavalry from his left to support his right wing. Maekay seized the favourable moment, and while the cavalry were in motion to gain the pass by Aughrim Castle, several regiments of infantry in the centre were ordered to march through the bog extending along the front and to post themselves on the lowest ditches, until the horse should gain the passage, and wheel from the right to support their charge. The infantry plunged into the bog and were instantly sunk to their middle in mire and water; they floundered on unmolested, but no sooner had they gained the opposite side than they received a furious fire from the hedges and trenches oeeupied by the enemy. They advaneed still undismayed; the Irish retired on purpose to draw them forward; transported with ardour, they forgot their orders, and pursued almost to the main battle of the Irish. Both horse and foot now poured down upon them, assailed them in front and in flank, forced them from their ground, drove some of them back into the bog, pursued them with slaughter, and took several prisoners of note; while St. Ruth exclaimed in an eestasy of joy, "Now will I drive the English to the very walls of Dublin."

His attention was soon diverted to the English cavalry on his left, commanded by Talmash, who, seeing the alarming disorder of the centre, pushed with incredible ardour close by the walls of the castle, through all the fire of the enemy, forcing their way through a narrow and dangerous pass, to the amazement of St. Ruth, who asked what the English meant? "To force their way to our left," replied his officers. "They are brave fellows!" said the general, "it is a pity they should be so exposed."

Mackay, Talmash, Rouvigny now gradually pressed forward from the right, bearing down all opposition; the infantry of the centre rallied, advaneed, and regained their former ground; the left wing fought bravely and was bravely opposed. St. Ruth saw that the fortune of the day depended on making an impression on the enemy's cavalry in their rapid progress from the right. He rode down from his station on the hill, and having directed one of his batteries where to point their fire, led a body of horse against them. In this critieal moment a cannon-ball deprived him of life. His body was conveyed away, and the intelligence of his death ran through the lines. His cavalry halted, and as they had no orders, returned toward their former station. The Irish beheld this retreat with dismay; they were confounded and disordered; their disorder increased; Sarsfield, upon whom the command devolved, had been neglected by the proud Frenchman ever since their altercation at Athlone. As the order of battle had not been imparted to him, he could not support the dispositions of the late general. The English in the meantime pressed forward, drove the enemy to their camp, pursued their advantage until the Irish, after an engagement supported with the fairest prospeet of sueeess while they had a general to direct their valour, fled precipitately,—the foot to a bog, the horse towards Loughrea.

During the heat of this aetion some Danish forces stationed at the extremity of the left wing kept several bodies of the enemy in awe. When they perceived the advantage at length gained by the battalion in the centre they charged their opponents, to prevent their fall-

ing back to the relief of their associates. The Irish received them intrepidly, and continued the contest for some time; but on the general rout of the army, fled with their countrymen. In the battle and in a bloody pursuit of three miles 7000 of the Irish army were slain. The unrelenting fury of the victors appeared in the number of their prisoners, which amounted only to 450. On their side 700 fell, 1000 were wounded. All the cannon, ammunition, tents, and baggage of the enemy were taken, with a great quantity of small arms, eleven standards, and thirty-two colours, destined as a present to the queen. Such was the crowning victory of the English army.

EDUCATION OF ALEXANDER.

(FROM "THE LIFE OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.")

On Philip's return to Macedon the education of his young son Alexander became the immediate object of his regard. . . . The philosopher Aristotle was therefore invited to the court of Macedon, and to him was committed the important charge of superintending the education of the prince, "that he may be taught," said Philip, "to avoid those errors which I have committed, and of which I now repent." To engage him more effectually in a faithful and diligent discharge of this great trust, Philip loaded Aristotle with favours worthy the generosity of the king and the merit of the philosopher. He caused Stagira, the city which gave birth to Aristotle, and which had shared the common fate of the Olynthian territories, to be rebuilt, and the inhabitants, who were now slaves or fugitives, to be restored to their original settlements and privileges: and there set apart a spacious park, laid out into shady walks and ornamented with statues and seats of marble, for the use of the Peripatetic sages, who were there at full liberty to pursue those exercises which gave the title to their sect. . . .

A governor named Leonidas had ever attended him; a man naturally austere, but virtuous and brave, rigidly scrupulous, and careful of the most minute particulars relating to his charge. Nothing superfluous, nothing that administered to vanity or luxury, was ever suffered to approach the prince's apartment by this exact inspector. In some religious rite Alexander was observed by Leonidas to make use of more incense than seemed necessary on the occasion, and told, with some severity, "that it would be time enough to be thus lavish of perfumes when he was master of the country that produced them;" which occasioned the prince, when he had afterwards conquered Arabia, to send Leonidas a large quantity of these perfumes, "to engage him," as he said, "to make his offerings to the gods with a more liberal hand." He had another governor, Lysimachus of Acharnania, who seems to have been recommended by his age and attachment to his pupil. He called Alexander Achilles, Philip Peleus, and himself Phœnix. This flattering application recommended and endeared him to the King of Macedon, who had that paternal tenderness which made him feel a sensible delight in all presages that seemed to promise that his son should surpass him in the glory of his actions. Aristotle on his part laboured to improve and adorn the mind of Alexander with every kind of knowledge suitable to a prince. That logic for which his sect was famous, was neither wholly neglected nor minutely inculcated. What the philosopher more insisted on, was to give the prince a perfect knowledge of the human mind, to explain all the objects which affect it, and the motives by which it is determined. The three books of rhetoric which he afterwards dedicated to Alexander were an abridgment of those lectures on eloquence which he had given to the prince, to complete him in that branch of knowledge. Thus the first care of his teachers was to form this prince to speak with grace, propriety, and force. Nor is it probable that they had less attention to teach him an equal propriety of action and conduct in the elevated station in which he was at some time to appear. But those studies which might inspire him with great and exalted ideas of glory and heroism seemed to have been the particular delight of Alexander, if we may judge from that remarkable veneration which he ever expressed for the works of Homer.

As Aristotle was the son of a physician, doubtless a natural partiality in favour of the art determined him to give his pupil an extensive knowledge of medicine. If it be allowed to indulge conjecture, he might be supposed to have taken the hint from Lysimachus, and to have flattered his pupil by imitating the education of Achilles, and appearing in a character similar to that of Chiron. But the deference due to the judgment of Milton, who in his tractate on education recommends this branch of knowledge as of great use to

military men, should induce us to conclude that the philosopher was directed by the just rules of reason and good sense in teaching his pupil the means of preserving the health of those numbers who might hereafter march under his guidance and command. The prince seems to have received these his instructions with pleasure. He afterwards wrote several directions and receipts for the use of his sick friends, and possibly the opinion of his own skill determined him to cause the physicians of Hepheastion to be hanged, who might not have treated his favourite according to those rules in which he had been instructed. We may presume that mathematics were not neglected by Aristotle, though we learn from Seneca that Alexander studied geometry without any great success. But another branch of literature which the philosopher seems to have inculcated with particular attention was the knowledge of *being*, considered in itself, and of intelligent substances. And how greatly his pupil valued himself on this knowledge may appear from the following letter, occasioned by Aristotle's publishing a treatise of these metaphysical disquisitions:—

"Alexander to Aristotle, health!—You have by no means acted rightly in publishing those treatises of knowledge, to be communicated only to particular hearers. How shall I excel others if those things which I have been taught be now divulged to the world? I am ever better pleased to appear superior to the rest of mankind in the knowledge of excellent things than in power. Farewell."

The answer of the philosopher on this occasion is well known. "That these disquisitions were published and not published; being written in such a manner as to be still totally inaccessible to the vulgar." And if we may judge by those metaphysical works which have been transmitted to us as the works of Aristotle, the prince's complaint was ill-founded, and the philosopher's answer extremely just.

ON SUBLIMITY OF COMPOSITION.

(FROM "THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN ELOQUENCE.")

It can scarcely be controverted, I presume, that some subjects are in themselves intrinsically and essentially greater and more elevated than others, and that whenever they are proposed to the mind they must be received with superior emotion, reverence, awe, or terror, naturally or instinctively, or at least independent of any casual association of ideas. We call the ocean a grander object than a rivulet, because it strikes the senses and imagination more forcibly. The serious actions and engagements of human life are really greater objects than its amusements. A battle is still a more awful subject than any of the calmer occupations of social life. And the works and dispensations of the Deity still more august and awful than the most striking actions of the creature. . . .

There is no grander and more awful subject on which a writer can be employed than that of the Deity executing his justice publicly and sensibly upon his offending creatures. Let it then be considered whether there be not a real and intrinsic difference as to the dignity of sentiment and conception between two different writers furnished with the same grandeur of subject. In one part of the Alcoran Mahomet relates how the Lord defeated the Ethiopians, who came mounted on elephants to destroy the temple of Mecca, by sending birds against them, which threw down stones upon their heads. We are told that each of these birds carried three stones, one in the mouth and the other two in the feet; that these stones, though not much larger than peas, were yet of such weight that they pierced the soldiers through their armour, and that on each of them was written the name of him who was to be slain by it.

I presume we can make no scruple to declare, that the sentiments here expressed of the agency and instruments of the Deity are not sufficiently exalted for the subject, but rather mean and minute, and devoid of real dignity. At least, we may appeal to the feelings of any man in any nation not entirely savage and brutally ignorant, whether the following short account of the sacred historian be not infinitely more affecting and elevating:—"And it came to pass that night, that the Angel of the Lord went out and *smote* in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning, *behold, they were all dead corpses!*"

In the account of Mahomet's journey into heaven we meet with scarcely a circumstance that is not disgusting by its meanness and puerility.—His beast so vicious that nothing but a promise of a place in Paradise could prevail on him to suffer the prophet to mount

him;—his angels in the shape of birds and beasts;—his cock as white as snow, with his feet on the first heaven and his head rising to the distance of five hundred years' journey, crowing so loud that all hear it that are in heaven and earth, except men and fairies. Surely there is an intrinsic difference in point of sublime sentiment between this motley mixture of the great and the ridiculous and that noble and awful obscurity with which the apostle speaks on the same subject:—"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth,) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

It should seem that we are warranted to proceed one step further, and to affirm that proper expression of these more exalted sentiments, and images more truly ennobled, must form a composition of real and intrinsic superiority in point of grandeur; and that an Arabian must acknowledge this, if such sentiments or images were once conveyed to his mind by the purity and eloquence of his Alcoran—"No, for he has already formed his idea of sublimity; and must judge of every new object by the standard to which he has been accustomed." If this be truth and nature, it must hold in all possible cases and instances which can be devised. Let us then suppose the Mantuan shepherd who had conceived that Rome was no more than a vast collection of cottages, entertaining his fellow swains with an eloquent or poetical description of this city, according to his and their confined ideas. He describes the vast number of its shepherd inhabitants, and the extensive range of their dwellings, the crowd of Galateas, Amaryllises all clothed in the best and finest weeds that his village has ever seen, the number of flocks and herds, and all the circumstances of rural magnificence. His hearers are delighted and surprised by this description, which they call grand, and in speaking on the same subject they borrow the sentiments and expressions of their favourite orator or bard. But is this habit of speaking and thinking never to be altered? or can such habits make the harangue of this shepherd as truly sublime as any whatever? Suppose an orator more refined and better informed could represent to the minds of these villagers the richness, the lustre, the gorgeous palaces, the stupendous temples of this great capital of the world— . . . in a word, all the pomp and glory of the city and its inhabitants in a manner suitable to the subject: or (if words could not as yet convey these grand ideas to their minds) should he first lead them to this magnificent city, and then renew the impression of those august scenes which they had visited by his lively and animated description,—could they still persevere in thinking and pronouncing that such description was not really more sublime than that of the rustic? Or could the most rigid philosophical spirit venture to affirm that the one had no superiority over the other but what was arbitrary and casual, what was derived from chance or caprice? The ideas of the one are clearly more striking and affecting than those of the other. And the modes of speech which convey those more striking ideas in their full force, and describe their full impression upon the fancy or the passions, must have the same real and intrinsic superiority; for they have the greater power in raising transport and surprise; and what is called sublimity of composition is nothing more than this power of transporting and surprising.

HENRY BROOKE.

Born 1706 — Died 1783.

[Henry Brooke, a Goldsmith in versatility if not in genius, was born at Rantavan, in the county of Cavan, in 1706. His father, a man of talent and amiability, was rector of four parishes, his mother was a Digby. The rudiments of his education he obtained from Dr. Sheridan, and he was sent for a short time to Trinity College. In his seventeenth year he was entered at the Temple, and soon became acquainted with every one in London worth knowing, Pope and Swift being of the number. "Swift prophesied wonders of him," says a writer in *The European Magazine;* "Pope affectionately loved him."

Returning to Ireland he was called to the bar, though he did not practise, and on the death of an aunt he became guardian to her only child, Catherine Meares, a beautiful girl. In a short time love sprang up between the young guardian and the still younger ward, and the two were secretly married while as yet the young lady was in her fourteenth year. Strange to say the match was a happy one, and remained so to the very end. In 1732, at the pressing solicitations of his friends, he went again to London, to continue his studies and enter regularly upon his profession. But poetry was as fatal to him there as love had been in Ireland. Law was neglected for the Muses, and in the same year appeared his first poem, *Universal Beauty*, which Pope looked upon as a wonderful first production. Soon after he was obliged to return to Ireland, and there for some time he devoted himself to his profession as a chamber counsel. In 1737 he went again to London, where he was received with enthusiasm by Pope, while Lord Lyttleton sought his acquaintance, and Mr. Pitt spoke of him and treated him with affectionate friendship. "Here," says the writer already quoted, "flushed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praise, his genius soared to its zenith, and snatched all its fire from the altar of Apollo, to animate the foremost production of human powers, his tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*." Before this he had published (in 1738) a graceful and spirited translation of the first three books of Tasso. *Gustavus Vasa* gave offence to the authorities, and its production was disallowed. This, however, only helped to add to his fame, for his friends rallied round him, the play was printed, and he sold 5000 copies at 5*s*. each, his pecuniary reward being more than it was likely to have been had the authorities not interfered.

When his success was at its highest Brooke was seized with a violent ague, and was given over by the doctors. As a forlorn hope he was ordered to Ireland, whither he went. In a short time he recovered, and was about to return to London, when his wife, who knew that party spirit then ran high there and that he was sure to take a side, implored him to remain at home. After long solicitation she not only prevailed on him to remain at home for the time being, but also to make her a promise that he would give up his connection with London altogether. In a short time he disposed of his house at Twickenham, dismissed his servants, and laid down his pen. Friend after friend pleaded with him against this suicidal act, but in vain; the wife was still the sweetheart, and his love for her overcame the ambition that still burned within him.

Soon after his return to Ireland he received the appointment of barrack-master from Lord Chesterfield, and while in this post resumed his pen to a certain extent. He wrote the *Farmer's Letters*, something after the style of the *Drapier Letters*, and in the same year (1745) his tragedy *The Earl of Westmoreland* appeared. In 1747 four fables by him were printed in Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*, and in 1748 his dramatic opera *Little John and the Giants* was performed in Dublin. In 1749 his tragedy *The Earl of Essex* was performed at Dublin with great success, and also afterwards at Drury Lane. After this for a long time he remained in retirement at his ancestral home, having clustered round him not only his own family, but the almost equally numerous family of his only and beloved brother. In 1762 he again appeared before the world with his plea for the repeal of the penal laws, under the title of *The Trial of the Roman Catholics*. In 1766 he issued his first novel, *The Fool of Quality*, a work of unequal merit, but marked by wonderful flashes of genius in the midst of much that is mystical. In 1772 his poem *Redemption* appeared, and in 1774 his second novel, *Juliet Greville*. In 1778 a great number of his works were published, most of which had evidently been written in the apparently blank years of his retirement. These were: *The Last Speech of John Good;* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, *The Impostor*, *Cymbeline*, *Montezuma*, *The Vestal Virgin*, five tragedies; *The Contending Brothers*, *The Charitable Association*, *The Female Officer*, *The Marriage Contract*, four comedies; and *Ruth*, an oratorio. Finally, in 1779, appeared the *Fox Chase*, a poem. From the time of his wife's death he completely secluded himself from society, and spent his remaining years with his beloved daughter Charlotte. On the 10th October, 1783, he passed away, leaving of a numerous family but two to mourn his loss.

As to Brooke as a man, the writer in *The European Magazine* says that his "feelings were even beyond those of female nature, soft, and exquisitely tender. His wife used often to conceal from him the death of a cottager, lest the grief of the survivors should affect him too much. His temper was meek almost to a fault; it was nearly impossible to provoke him to resentment. . . . Once, when asked what he thought of a humorous but false and

malicious libel, in which he with several others were included, his answer was, 'Why, sir, I laughed at the wit and smiled at the malice of it.'"

As to his works, no student of them can have any doubt that they are not nearly so well known as they ought to be. *Gustavus Vasa* still keeps the stage, it is true, and *The Fool of Quality* was lately reissued under the editorship and with a biographical preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley; but except *Juliet Greville*, how few of his other works are known to the majority of readers even by name! Yet they are full of splendid passages, sufficient to start many a modern poet or writer on the road to fame. His plays, with scarce an exception, are marked by force and clearness. His poems are not so brilliant as those of Pope, nor so sweet in diction as those of Goldsmith, but they are full of solid beauties and just sentiment. Hoole, in his preface to his own translation of Tasso, speaking of Brooke's reproduction of the first three books, says, "Mr. Brooke's in particular is at once so harmonious and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt whose poetical abilities are much superior to mine."

Brooke's poetical works were collected by his daughter Charlotte, who added some few things not mentioned here, and published them at Dublin in 1792 in one volume 8vo. A new edition properly edited is urgently needed.]

GUSTAVUS AND THE DALECARLIANS.

(FROM "GUSTAVUS VASA.")

[Cristiern is king of Denmark and Norway and usurper of Sweden. Gustavus Vasa was formerly general of the Swedes, and first cousin to the deceased king. Arnoldus, a Swedish priest and chaplain in the copper-mines of Dalecarlia, a northern province of Sweden. Gustavus has been working in the mines in disguise under the name of Rodolphus, and during the time rouses the workmen to a sense of the oppression and slavery of their country. Sivard, a captain of the Dalecarlians.]

Mountains of Dalecarlia. GUSTAVUS *enters as a Peasant, Dalecarlians following.*

Gustavus. Ye men of Sweden! wherefore are ye come?
See ye not yonder how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honour up,
And leave your hills a desert—Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
And fawning, lick the dust?—Go, go, my countrymen!
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil
To purchase bondage—Bid your blooming daughters
And your chaste wives to spread their beds with softness;
Then go ye forth, and with your proper hands
Conduct your masters in; conduct the sons
Of lust and violation—O Swedes! Swedes!
Heav'ns! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?

ARNOLDUS *enters, who talks apart with* GUSTAVUS.

1st Dale. How my blood boils!
2d Dale. Who is this honest spokesman?
3d Dale. What! know ye not Rodolphus of the mines?
A better lab'rer ne'er struck steel to stone.
Gust. There was a time, my friends! a glorious time,
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turn'd; himself had stood,
Alone had stood the bulwark of his country.
Your sires were known but by their manly fronts;
On their black brows, enthron'd, sat liberty,
The awe of honour, and contempt of death.
1st Dale. We are not bastards.
2d Dale. No.
3d Dale. We're Dalecarlians.
Gust. Come, come ye on then; here I take my stand!
Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Altho' contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heav'n with earth, and roll the ruin onward;
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
'Till I or Denmark fall.
Siv. And who art thou,
That thus would'st swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast,
The sword has till'd it; and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace honour here; shall never blot
The fair inscription—Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms
That bore my royal master from the field.
Gust. Ha! say you, brother? Were you there—O grief!—
Where liberty and Stenon fell together?
Siv. Yes, I was there—a bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell

Its o'er-toil'd triumph. There, our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
"Soldier," he cried, "if e'er it be thy lot
To see my valiant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him,
And would like him have"—
Conquer'd—he should have said—but there, O there
Death stopt him short.
Gust. Come to my arms, and let me hide thy tears,
For I have caught their softness—O Danes! Danes!
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, brother?
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for ev'ry blow, and when we fall
There shall be weight in't; like the tott'ring towers
That draw contiguous ruin.
Siv. Brave, brave man!
My soul admires thee—By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone—
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich poverty,
Though wrapp'd in rags, my fifty brave companions,
Who, through the force of fifteen thousand foes,
Bore off their king, and sav'd his great remains.
Gust. Why, captain,
We could but die alone; with these we'll conquer.
My fellow-lab'rers, too—What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for't?
Siv. Death! Victory or death!
All. No bonds! no bonds!
Gust. Spoke like yourselves. Ye men of Dalecarlia,
Brave men, and bold! whom ev'ry future age,
Tongues, nations, languages, and rolls of fame,
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honour's dang'rous summit. Warriors all!
Say, might ye chuse a chief, for high exploits,
From the first annal, to the latest praise
That breathes a hero's name—speak, name the man
Who then should meet your wish?
Siv. Forbear the theme.
Why would'st thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection? O Gustavus!
Could the dead wake, thou wert that man of men,
First of the foremost.
Gust. Didst thou know Gustavus?
Siv. Know him! O Heav'n! what else, who else was worth
The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,
When Cristiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summ'd his powers and weigh'd the scale of fight:
On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
Gustavus rush'd, and bore the battle down;
In his full sway of prowess, like leviathan
That scoops his foaming progress on the main,
And drives the shoals along—forward I sprung,
All emulous, and lab'ring to attend him;
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
And distant wonder gaz'd—At length he turn'd,
And having ey'd me with a wondrous look
Of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable!
He pluck'd this bracelet from his conq'ring arm
And bound it here—My wrist seem'd treble nerv'd;
My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds
As best might thank him;—but from that bless'd day
I never saw him more—yet still to this
I bow, as to the relics of my saint:
Each morn I drop a tear on ev'ry bead,
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
And think I still behold him.
Gust. Rightly thought;
For so thou dost, my soldier.
Give me my arms—off, off, ye dark disguises!
For I will be myself. Behold your general,
Gustavus! Come once more to lead ye on
To laurel'd victory, to fame, to freedom.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(FROM "GUSTAVUS VASA.")

[Cristina, daughter to King Cristiern, alone. She has heard of the battle, and sends a young Danish nobleman, Laertes, to see the result. She secretly favours Gustavus, whom she released from captivity in her father's dungeons.]

CRISTINA *solus.* LAERTES *enters.*

Laer. Arise, Cristina; fly, thou royal virgin!
This morn beheld thee mistress of the north,
Bright heir of Scandinavia; and this hour
Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions,
Whereon to rest thy foot!
Cristina. Now, praise to Heaven!
Say but my father lives—
Laer. At your command
I went; and, from a neighb'ring summit, view'd
Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd,
Reflecting on each other's gloomy front
Fell hate and fix'd defiance. When at once
The foe mov'd on, attendant to the steps
Of their Gustavus—He, with mournful pace,
Came slow and silent, till two hapless Danes
Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their fury;
Then rous'd the lion—To my wond'ring sight
His stature grew twofold; before his eye
All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume
Shook wild dismay around; as Heav'n's dread bolt
He shot; he pierc'd our legions; in his strength
His shouting squadron gloried, rushing on
Where'er he led the battle. Full five times,

Hemm'd by our mightier host, the foe seem'd lost
And swallow'd from my sight; five times again
Like flame they issued to the light; and thrice
These eyes beheld him; they beheld Gustavus,
Unhors'd, and by a host girt singly in,
And thrice he broke through all.

Cristina. My blood runs chill.

Laer. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd conflict,
Sure never field was fought! until Gustavus
Aloud cried victory! and on his spear
High rear'd th' imperial diadem of Denmark;
Then slack'd the battle; then recoil'd our host;
His echo'd victory! and now would know
No bounds; rout follow'd, and the face of flight—
. . . . . .

Enter CRISTIERN, *flying without his helmet, in disorder, his sword broken, and his garments bloody; he throws away his sword.*

Cristiern. All's lost.
Is it not so? Begone,
Give me a moment's solitude. Thought, thought,
Where wouldst thou lead?

Cristina. He sees me not. Alas, alas, my father!
Oh! what a war there lives within his eye!
Where greatness struggles to survive itself.
I tremble to approach him; yet I fain
Would bring peace to him. Don't you know me, sir? . . . .

Cristiern. Oh! thou all that's left me!
E'en in the riot, in the rage of fight,
Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,
When else no arm could aid; for thro' my ranks,
My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush'd!
Vengeance! he cried, and with one eager hand
Grasp'd my diadem; his other arm
High rear'd the deathful steel; suspended yet;
For in his eye, and thro' his varying face,
Conflicting passions fought—he look'd—he stood,
In wrath reluctant; then, with gentler voice,
Cristina, thou hast conquer'd! Go, he cried,
I yield thee to her virtues.

ESSEX AND ELIZABETH.[1]

Essex. Health to the virgin majesty of England!
Your servant, your true soldier,
Queen of monarchs!
For the first time now trembles to approach you,
As being here in conscious disobedience
Of your dread orders. Yet, when I have shown
That 'twas the last necessity compell'd me
(Thanks to the artful malice of my foes)
To this now seemingly unduteous act;
When I have shown that no alternative
Was left me, but to seem, or disobedient
Or bear a traitor's name; I shall rely
Upon your majesty's accustomed grace,
Weighing the jealous honour of the soldier,
To palliate, if not clear, the subject's fault—
I am charged with guilt, with being false, disloyal,
False to my queen, to England false—could Essex
Bear such a charge, and live? No—swift as thought,
And bold as innocence, fearless of danger,
Of death—or what is worse, his queen's displeasure,
He comes to front his foes; even to the teeth
Of malice comes he, to assert his honour,
And claim due reparation of his wrongs.

Queen. Cecil, are those petitions answered yet,
Which late I gave in charge?

Cecil. They are, an't please you.

Essex. What, not a word, a look?—not one blest look
Of wonted influence, whose kindly warmth
Might chase these envious and malignant clouds,
With which your servant is begirt? Nay, then—
My night comes on apace—I see—I see
The birds of dark and evil omen round me;
Cecils and Raleighs: how they scent their feast—
Sagacious ravens, how they snuff from far
The promised carcass. Be it so; for Essex
Is but the creature of imperial favour,
By his queen's voice exalted into greatness,
And by her breath reduced again to nothing.

Queen. Ha! that's mournful——
I must not listen to that well-known voice;
I feel the woman rising in my breast.—
But rouse thee, queen of Britain, be thyself!
[*Aside.*
What, does the traitor still abide our presence?
All who have truth or fealty to their queen
Forsake that faithless wretch, and follow me.

ESSEX AND NOTTINGHAM.

The COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM *visits* ESSEX, *a prisoner in the Tower.*

Essex. Fair visitant, to whom may
Essex stand indebted for this grace?

Nott. Chiefly, my lord,
To the queen's majesty, and some small matter
To one, who, loving well, tho' most unhappily,
Has not yet learned entirely to erase
The fond impression.

Essex. Your reproof is gentle—
Were Rutland to be born, I must admit
All hearts had then been Nottingham's.

Nott. Your pardon—
No more of hearts, I pray—but for your friendship,

[1] This and the next two scenes are from *The Earl of Essex.*

I will dispute it even with her who claims
Possession of your love.—The queen, my lord,
Commends the value of her pity to you;
And kindly asks if you have aught to offer
In mitigation of your sentence?

Essex. Nothing.

Nott. Some light exception, touching law or form—
Apparent malice in the prosecution—
Error of judgment—but the slightest hinge,
Whereon to hang her mercy?

Essex. Not the slightest—
Tell her, most fair and charitable messenger,
My course of trial has been free and equal;
I stand self-censured in my guiltiness:
And mercy—what in mercy may ensue—
Is all her own, unpleaded.

Nott. How, my lord,
No more than so? this cannot, must not be.
The appointed time is on you; this short hour
May seal your doom—Oh let me beg, implore you,
As if for my own life, to use the means
Are left you to preserve yourself, your friend—
Say, have you not a further plea?—You hesitate—
A further cause for hope?—You have, I know it—
Intrust me with it; by yon heaven I swear
I will not leave the queen till she has granted
My utmost wish.

Essex. I have not merited
This kind concern; but yet your generous warmth
Demands my confidence. Behold this signet!
It is a talisman, and bears a charm,
By royal breath infused, of power to save
Even from the jaws of death.

Nott. O let me catch it,
That I may fly—

Essex. Hold, generous fair one! first
Hear my request. Present this to the queen
From dying Essex. Say, her dying Essex
Adjures her by the virtue of this ring
To save his friend, to spare Southampton's[1] life,
And he shall fall content.

Nott. O stint not thus
The royal bounty; do not circumscribe
The bounds of mercy. By the same request,
By the same breath, a life more precious far
May be preserved—it must—it shall.

Essex. I dare not
Urge such a suit. Yet if my gracious mistress
Still thinks me worth preserving, I am not
So weary of the world, but I would take
The boon with grateful heart, and live to thank her.
But O, be sure you urge my other suit;
Save my Southampton's life, let him not fall
A victim to my crimes: alas! he knows
No guilt, but friendship. So may conscious peace
Sweeten your days, and brighten your last moments. [*Exit Essex.*

[1] Who was implicated with him

Nott. Now he is mine—at least in death my own,
For ever sealed—tho' not for love's light rapture,
For hatred, full as joyous—deeper far,
And more enduring! Now to take him sudden,
When the full tide, returning fraught with hope,
Lifts him elate, to plunge him down at once
To the eternal bottom! This, aye this
Alone can satiate; 'tis the luxury
Of eager-eyed revenge. The queen—no matter—
I am prepared. Be but my vengeance safe,
And for the rest, events are equal all.

GONE TO DEATH.

Queen. Is he then gone?—To death? Essex to death!
And by my order?—now perhaps—this moment!—
Haste, Nottingham, despatch—

Nottingham. What would your majesty!

Queen. I know not what—I am in horrors, Nottingham.
In horrors worse than death!—Does he still live?
Run, bring me word—yet stay—can you not save him
Without my bidding? Read it in my heart—
In my distraction read—O, sure the hand
That saved him would be as a blest angel's
Pouring soft balm into my rankling breast—

Nott. If it shall please your majesty to give
Express commands, I shall obey them straight—
The world will think it strange.—But you are queen.

Queen. Hard-hearted Nottingham! to arm my pride,

Enter RUTLAND, *wife of Essex.*

My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here!
A sight to strike resentment dead, and rouse
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—
It is the wife of Essex!
Rise, Rutland, come to thy repentant mistress:
See, thy queen bends to take thee to her bosom
And foster thee for ever!—Rise.

Rutland. Which way?
Do you not see these circling steeps?—
Not all the fathom lines that have been loos'd
To sound the bottom of the faithless main
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,
Help me to put these little bones together—
These are my messengers to yonder world,
To seek for some kind hand to drop me down
A little charity.

Queen. Heart-breaking sounds!

Rut. These were an infant's bones—But hush—don't tell—
Don't tell the queen—

An unborn infant's—may be, if 'tis known,
They'll say I murder'd it—Indeed I did not—
It was the axe—how strange soe'er 'tis true!
Help me to put them right, and then they'll fly—
For they are light, and not like mine, incumber'd
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.

Queen. Alas! her reason is disturbed; her eyes
Are wild and absent—Do you know me, Rutland?
Do you not know your queen?

Rutland. O yes, the queen!—
They say you have the power of life and death—
— Poor queen!
They flatter you.—You can take life away,
But can you give it back? No, no, poor queen!—
Look at these eyes—they are a widow's eyes—
Do you know that?—Perhaps, indeed, you'll say,
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry:
That's not my fault; tears should come from the heart,
And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,
Cold as a stone.—But yet my brain is hot—
O fye upon this head, it is stark naught!
Besecch your majesty to cut it off,
The bloody axe is ready—say the word,
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)
And it is done—I humbly thank your highness
You look a kind consent. I'll but just in,
And say a prayer or two.
From my youth upwards I still said my prayers
Before I slept, and this is my last sleep.
Indeed 'tis not through fear, nor to gain time—
Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely;
You shall be judge yourself.—We must make haste;
I pray, be ready.—If we lose no time
I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.

Queen. Follow her close, allure her to some chamber
Of privacy; there soothe her frenzy, but
Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may not
Require such aid myself! for sure I feel
A strange commotion here.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. May it please your majesty,
The Earl, as he address'd him to the block,
Requested but the time to write these lines;
And earnestly conjured me to deliver them
Into your royal hands.

Queen. Quick.—What is here!—Just heaven!
Fly, take this signet,
Stop execution—fly with eagle's wings—
What art thou? Of this world?

Nottingham. Ha! I'm discovered—
Then be it so.—Your majesty may spare—

Queen. Stop, stop her yell!—Hence to some dungeon hence—
Deep sunk from day! In horrid silence there
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings;
Awake remorse and desperate penitence,
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt
May hell be all thy refuge!

Enter Cecil, Raleigh, *&c.*

Cecil. Gracious madam,
I grieve to say your order came too late;
We met the messenger on our return
From seeing the Earl fall.

Queen. O fatal sound—
Ye bloody pair! accurs'd be your ambition,
For it was cruel.—
O Rutland, sister, daughter, fair forlorn!
No more thy queen, or mistress, here I vow
To be for ever wedded to thy griefs—
A faithful partner, numbering sigh for sigh,
And tear for tear; till our sad pilgrimage
Shall bear us where our Essex now looks down
With pity on a toiling world, and sees
What trains of real wretchedness await
The dream of power and emptiness of state.

NATURE'S SKILL AND CARE.[1]

With deepest art her skilful plan she lays,
With equal scale the least advantage weighs;
How apt, for time, place, circumstance, and use,
She culls all means, that to all ends conduce!
Nice to a point, each benefit selects;
As prudent, every mischief she rejects;
In due proportions, time, and motion, metes
Advances to a hair, and to a hair retreats:
Constant to good, for that alone she veers,
And with the varying beam her offspring cheers;
Cools all beneath her equinoctial line,
And gives the day throughout the world to shine;
The nitre from the frozen pole unseals,
And to the tropic speeds the pregnant gales;
Here leaves the exhausted fallow to recruit,
Here plumps and burnishes the ripening fruit;
Superfluous hence withdraws the sultry beam,
Here drinks anew the vivifying flame;
Returns still faithful to the labouring steer—
Wide waves the harvest of the golden year;
Trades universal on from pole to pole,
Inspires, revives, and cultivates the whole;
Frugal, where lack, supplies with what redounds,
And here bestows what noxious there abounds;
This with the gift, and that with giving, blest,
Alike, throughout, of every wish possest.
Wrapt in her airy car the matron glides,
And o'er the firmament ascending rides;
The subtle mass its copious mantle spreads;
Its mantle wove of elemental threads,
The elastic flue of fluctuating air,
Transfused invisible, enfolds the sphere,

[1] From the poem *On Universal Beauty.*

With poignance delicate pervades the whole,
Its ear, eye, breath, and animating soul;
Active, serene, comprest, rare, cool'd or warm'd,
For life, health, comfort, pleasure, business, form'd
Useful around, throughout, above, beneath!
By this the quadrupeds the reptiles breathe;
This gives the bloom of vegetative life;
Corrects the seeds of elemental strife;
Broods o'er the eggs, in airy caverns laid,
Warmed in the down of their ethereal bed,
Gives motion to the swimmers of the flood;
Gives music to the warblers of the wood;
Rebounds in echo from the doubling vale,
And wafts to heaven the undulating gale:
Here hushed, translucid, smiles the gentle calm;
And here impearl'd, sheds meek the showery balm;
Salubrious here, a lively rapture claims,
And winnows pure the pestilential steams;
Here buoys the bird high on the crystal wave,
Whose level plumes the azure concave shave;
Here sits voluptuous in the swelling sail,
The vessel daneing to the sprightly gale;
Its varied power to various uses tends,
And qualities occult achieve contrarious ends;
With generative warmth fomenting breed,
Or alimental with nutrition feed;
In opposition reconciled to good
Alike the menstruum, as sustaining food:
Or here restorative, destructive here,
Here nature's cradle, here her funeral bier;
With keen despatch on all corruption preys,
And grateful, from our aching sense conveys,
Returns the bane into its native earth,
And there revives it to a second birth,
Renew'd and brightened like the minted ore,
To shoot again to life, more gorgeous than before!

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Born 1728 — Died 1784.

[Francis Gentleman, who, like many another Irishman, played the threefold part of actor, author, and soldier, was born in York Street, Dublin, on the 23d of February, 1728. His father was a major in the army, and when his son reached fifteen he obtained for him a commission in his own regiment. However, on the regiment being reduced at the conclusion of the war in 1748, Francis left the service, and, being powerfully drawn towards the stage, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the part of Aboan in Southerne's play of *Oroonoko*. He was favourably received, though possessing anything but a noble figure, his good sense and intelligence probably making up for his deficiency in that respect. Soon after this he went to London, not to continue acting, but in the hope of proving his claim to some property left by a deceased relative. In this he failed, and having spent all he possessed was forced to return to the stage. For some time he played at Bath, then for a time at Edinburgh, and later on at Manchester and Liverpool. After this he settled at Malton near York, where he married. In 1770 he returned once more to the stage, being engaged by Foote for the Haymarket, where he played three seasons. In this year also appeared two of his plays, *The Stratford Jubilee*, and *The Sultan, or Love and Fame*, his *Sejanus* having already appeared in 1751. In 1771 he produced *The Tobacconist*, a farce; in 1772, *Cupid's Revenge;* in 1773, *The Pantheonites* and *The Modish Wife*. In this latter year he left the Haymarket and returned to Dublin, where for the last six or seven years of his life he suffered from want and sickness. His death took place on the 21st December, 1784.

In addition to the works already named, Gentleman wrote several others which were never published, comprising the plays *Osman*, 1751; *Zaphira*, 1754; *Richard II.*, 1754; *The Mentalist*, 1759; *The Fairy Court*, 1760; *The Coxcombs*, 1771; and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1783. He also wrote and published *The Dramatic Censor; Royal Fables*—"poetical productions of very considerable merit;" and *Characters, an Epistle*. His best work is generally said to be *The Modish Wife*.]

THE BIRTHDAY.

(FROM "ROYAL FABLES.")

The morn was come, the brilliant morn
On which fame said my Lord was born;
The courtly sun—who more polite?—
Contributed unusual light;
The vegetable world was seen
Exhibiting more vivid green;
The feather'd songsters tuned their throats
To louder and more joeund notes;

All nature smiled and look'd more gay
To honour the auspicious day;
Nor could she, reason must confess,
Do for a titled mortal less,
Whom twenty-one indulgent years
Had ripen'd for the House of Peers.

At such an era custom pays
A world of compliments and praise,
Mere phantoms of external show,
Which from the lip of int'rest flow;
For, let the self-same wondrous man,
So worshipp'd by a servile clan,
Be stripp'd of titles and estate,
He's then no longer good nor great.

The birth-day levee now was come,
And, marshall'd in the drawing-room,
A medley of most curious creatures,
As different in designs as features.

Here fawning priests with looks demure,
In hopes to get a better cure,
Appear'd to grace the friendly crowd,
And very low, for livings, bow'd.

On t'other side, the sons of law
Their rev'rence make with distant awe.
No counsel sure would ever grudge
A scrape or two—to be a judge.
Ev'n thy disciples, Mars, beset
The youthful rising coronet.

But where is he the race can shun,
When thou, Preferment, bid'st him run?
Thy magic spur can quicken all
To circle round this earthly ball,
To combat dangers, cares, and strife,
Nay, some to hazard fame with life.

Amongst the rest one suitor came,
A stranger, scarcely known by name,
Who, acting on a different plan,
Declared himself the honest man.

This rustic blade approached the peer,
"I've reached," he said, "my ninetieth year,
Threescore of which, young lord, have I
Been tenant to your family.
Then, let me first with kindness prove
Your patronage and noble love;
Tho' plain my coat, my heart, I trust,
Hath ever been in action just.
I boldly ask what these conceal,
And hope to win what they would steal,
Your favour,—not for selfish end,
But more to show myself your friend.

"I ask not wealth, for common sense
Hath made me rich in competence;
I ask not titles, they must shame
My humble parts and humble name,
But ask a boon which you may grant,
Nor for another suit or want.
Age bows my body to the grave,
Remaining time I wish to save;
Thus hasting off this stage of strife,
Will you bestow some years of life?"

The youthful peer, whose heart was good,
And full as noble as his blood,
In sentiments as rank sublime,
Perhaps the Carlisle of his time—
Replied, "I understand thee not;
What power have I to change thy lot
Of life or death? Yet what is mine
I promise freely shall be thine.
I've heard thy worth, and dare afford
To bind it with my solemn word."

"O noble youth," returned the sire,
"May Heav'n thy virtuous mind inspire;
Each worthy deed of thine will be
A year of added life to me.
Thus I may ask without a crime
To lengthen out with joy my time."

His lordship heard with smiling face,
Then rush'd into a kind embrace,
And cried, "Good father, thy request
Shall live for ever in this breast,
And far as mortal frailty reaches
I'll practise what thy wisdom teaches;
Nor will I specious show regard,
But worth in honest men reward,
And keep my favours there confined,
Where virtues ornament the mind."

He said,—the levee shrunk away,
Like night before the rising day.

TWO OPPOSITES.

(FROM "THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.")

Sir John. What! no lottery gudgeons in this town?

Scrapeall. No, no, Sir John; I could pick up nothing but a premium of ten shillings for number forty-five—they are all jubilee gudgeons here. When I asked a bookselling fellow who dabbles a little that way whether he wanted any tickets, he answered: Shakspeare is to be crowned to-morrow; and his wife, before I could open my mouth again, said there was to be a masquerade to-morrow, which everybody would be at. For my part,

I think they are all Shakspeare mad, and I wish we were fairly out of the town.

Sir John. Body o' me, why so? Can't people be merry and wise? For my own part I should like to stay and see the fun; ay, and we will, old True-penny. When it is over, I'll take you to such gardens, groves, and purling streams in Yorkshire as shall make you young again.

Scrapeall. With your leave, Sir John, I had rather go back to London. Pray, where can you find a garden of equal value to that of Covent Garden?—Where can you match the golden grove of Lombard Street?—Where meet more delightful retreats than the arbours of the Alley?—Where more comfortable walks than those of the Exchange, or a stream equal to the Thames between Bridge and Deptford? Besides, I am very uneasy about my girl, she's at the ticklish age of nineteen, has twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal when of age, besides the inheritance of all my estate.

Sir John. What then, friend, touch and take; ten to one, do all you can, she'll please herself at last, and throw herself away upon some poverty-struck lord, who, being out at elbows, will marry her money to mend bad circumstances; then keep a mistress to please his inclinations.

Scrapeall. Ah! why had not I a son? by this time he might have been thoroughly educated in those schools of useful knowledge, Lloyd's and Jonathan's. I might have lived to see him double my fortune.

Sir John. Why then, old boy, since you can't be sure who will get it, or how it may go, take my advice and regale yourself with a little of it before you are shipped off for the other world. Now I am here I'm resolved to see what sort of an affair this jubilee is, though I suppose it won't be half so good as a country feast or a fox-chase.

Scrapeall. No, nor half so fine as my lord-mayor's show, which may be seen for nothing into the bargain.

Sir John. Nothing! prithee don't grumble so in the gizzard—it is my humour to see what all this bustle's about, and if you'll promise to throw off your melancholy face, body o' me, I'll bring you off scot free—I'll pay for both; I have three hundred pounds a quarter, and don't wish to save a shilling of it.

Scrapeall. As you please, Sir John. (*Aside.*) What a prodigal old fool it is!

Sir John. Besides, man, I never saw a coronation in my life, and, for aught I know, the crowning of King Shakspeare may be as pretty a piece of diversion as the crowning of any other king; so brush up your phiz, and we'll sally forth to see what's stirring.

Scrapeall. I follow, Sir John. I wish I knew how East India stock was done to-day, and what news there is from the Nabobs.

Sir John *and* Scrapeall *arrive at the Masquerade Shop.*

Sir John. So we have reached the place at last, and now we'll see what they have got.

Scrapeall. Ay, ay; foolery enough, I warrant.

Sir John. (*To attendant Sleekem.*) What are all these?

Sleekem. Masks to cover the faces, and mark characters.

Scrapeall. Characters! I believe you deal in very suspicious characters. Why, these baubles can only be fit for such as are, or should be, ashamed to show their faces.

Sir John. Body o' me, here's one grins like a monkey; and there's so many, I don't know how to choose.

Sleekem. If you please to walk that way, gentlemen, my master will help you to a choice immediately.

Sir John. Well said, lad. Come, old Multiplication.

Scrapeall. Ah! stocks must fall at this rate. [*Exit.*

[Emmeline, Scrapeall's daughter, whom he had left safe at home, has come to the jubilee with her maid Jackonet, for the purpose of meeting her lover Sir Charles Planwell, and they are now in purchasing dresses for the masquerade, intending after the fun to fly to Scotland and get married.]

Sir Charles. My dear Emmeline, the cordial punctuality of this meeting has confirmed me yours for ever.

Emmeline. I assure you, Sir Charles, Jackonet has been an active and steadfast friend in your favour.

Sir Charles. I hope I have not been ungrateful; and if she has an inclination to follow your example, madam, I'll endeavour to procure her a good husband.

Jackonet. I thank you, sir; but, according to the old proverb, I must please my eyes though I plague my heart.

Sir Charles. Then to our business. Here, show your book of dresses, young man. [*Retires.*

Sir John *and* Scrapeall *enter.*

Scrapeall. Positively, Sir John, I'll stay no longer. What! six guineas for two dresses one night? Why, it is absolute robbery.

Emmeline. (*Who has not noticed her father.*) I think, Sir Charles, this infinitely pretty.

Scrapeall. Bless me, what's this! my Emmy?

Emmeline. Oh! papa! what—what shall I do?

Scrapeall. Pretty! ay, it is pretty, hussey, to meet you here without my consent, without my knowledge, without my—— Od, I have lost all patience. And who is this fellow? I'll make an example of him for running away with an heiress.

Jackonet. Why, don't you think she's able and willing enough to run away with herself, sir?

Scrapeall. Is she so, Mrs. Prate-a-pace? Ay, you're a hopeful maid of her aunt's providing. I know you well, sauce-box, and I'll turn over a new leaf. But who are you, scapegrace?

Sir Charles. I am a gentleman, sir, and not used to abusive language. To speak of myself may not be so proper, but my father, Sir Robert Planwell, was generally known and esteemed in the north of England.

Sir John. What! are you Bob Planwell's son of Lincolnshire? As honest a fellow, cousin Scrapeall, as ever tossed off a tankard!

Scrapeall. But did he know anything of the Alley?

Sir Charles. If he did not, I do, sir; I have employed all my spare cash these five years in the stocks. Why, sir, I have written two letters, dated India, to come overland by Holland, one of which will raise that stock twenty per cent., and the other fall it thirty. Now, sir, if you will countenance my pretensions to your daughter, I'll kill Hyder Ali, and make him conquer Madras, as often as you please to sell out or buy in.

Scrapeall. Nay, if that's the case, you may be a hopeful young fellow: but I hate a title. However, if you can make what you say appear—

Sir Charles. If not, sir, I request no favour.

Sir John. Why, that's honest; and since you have all met together, I'll take care to bring you to a right understanding. I wear a title myself, and I am no rogue for all that. We'll see what's to be seen here, and then all for Yorkshire, where we'll be as merry as grigs. But, d'ye hear, no more objections to titles, for

> Titled or plain, still judge upon this plan,
> That the heart only manifests the man.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1788.

[Thomas Sheridan, son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan the famous schoolmaster, and husband of Frances Sheridan already noticed in this volume, was born at Quilca, in the county of Cavan, in 1721. His earlier education was conducted by his father, but while yet young he was sent to Westminster School, where for merit alone he was elected a king's scholar. Leaving Westminster after a time, he returned to Dublin, and entered Trinity College as a sizar. In 1738 he obtained a scholarship, and in 1739 graduated B.A. In 1743, having formed and abandoned several schemes of life, and the death of his father leaving him without resources, he finally chose the stage, and made his first appearance on the boards of Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in January of that year. In 1744 he appeared in London at Covent Garden, and in 1745 at Drury Lane in company with Garrick. In 1746 he became manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, which post he occupied successfully for eight years. In 1754 he produced Miller's tragedy *Mahomet*, the language in which roused the political passions of his audience to a high pitch. They became full of rage at him, and on his refusing to make an apology the stage was stormed, the scenery cut to pieces, and the theatre actually sacked. One young gentleman who took a leading part in the riot assaulted Sheridan personally. For this the manager brought an action. The counsel for the defendant, after stating that he was anxious to see a curiosity, said, "I have often seen a gentleman soldier, and a gentleman tailor, but I have never seen a gentleman player." Mr. Sheridan bowed and answered, "Sir, I hope you see one now." Notwithstanding the prejudice against a player the young gentleman was sentenced to imprisonment and a fine. After he had been a week in prison he applied to Sheridan, who interfered on his behalf and procured his liberation.

This whole affair created him many ene-

mies, and as his personal safety was threatened, Sheridan retired to England. In 1756, however, he returned, made an apology, and again became the public favourite. But fortune now seemed to turn against him, for a rival theatre, under the rule of Barry and Woodward, was erected in Crow Street, and drained him, not only of a portion of his audience, but of his principal performers. To add to his troubles, a number of hands he had engaged in London, among them Theophilus Cibber and Maddox, on the passage across were driven by a storm to the coast of Scotland and there lost their lives by shipwreck.

In 1757 he published a plan for establishing an academy for the youth of Ireland, in which oratory, the hobby of his life, was of course to hold chief place. To further his idea he delivered lectures on the subject, which so persuaded the public that the plan was put into execution, but, with a strange want of wisdom and generosity on the part of those in power, the author was not allowed a share in its conduct. This, no doubt, drove him again to England, where he composed and delivered before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge a splendid series of lectures on elocution and oratory. These not only brought him a monetary reward, but added greatly to his reputation, and for some years his time in London was divided between the stage and the delivery of public readings and lectures. In 1760, on the accession of George III., he was granted a pension, much to the disgust of Dr. Johnson, who remarked on the occasion, "What, give him a pension!—then I must give up mine." He also compared the influence Sheridan might have on the language of the country to "burning a farthing candle at Dover to show light at Calais." In 1776 he left the stage, but in the same year, on the retirement of Garrick, he was appointed manager of Drury Lane Theatre. This post he held for three years, when he resigned it, to return again to his writing, reading, and lecturing. The rest of his life was spent in the busy but comparative quiet of a man of letters. He died at Margate on the 14th of August, 1788.

Though so closely connected with the stage, and though wielding a clever pen, Sheridan did not produce many dramatic works. They comprise: *Captain O'Blunder*, a farce, 1754; *Coriolanus*, a tragedy, 1755; *Royal Subject*, an alteration from Beaumont and Fletcher; and an alteration of *Romeo and Juliet*. Of his other works the principal are his *Lectures on the Art of Reading; British Education; Address on the Stage; Difficulties of English; A General Dictionary of the English Language*, to which a "Rhetorical Grammar" was prefixed; *Life of Swift*, prefixed to an edition of Swift's works; and many miscellaneous articles of a high order of merit on the subjects of oratory and education. All his works show a scholarly hand, and most of them have been successful, especially his dictionary, which still has a phonetic if not a philological value. His *Lectures on the Art of Reading* is a book which may still be studied with advantage, as may also one of his smaller treatises on the manner of reading the liturgy of the Church of England.]

THE PERFECTION OF MODERN WORKS ONLY SETTLED BY COMPARISON.[1]

It is evident enough that the works of the greatest modern artists in poetry and statuary have but a comparative value, and that there is but a comparative judgment passed upon them. When compared with those of the ancients, they fall far short of the perfection to be found in them, and appear relatively mean in the eyes of all persons of true taste; but when compared with the performances of their contemporaries, or such as have succeeded them, the works of the most eminent acquire a superiority above the rest, as much as they themselves are found inferior to those of antiquity. Nor is there any reason to believe but that the case would be exactly similar with respect to painting and music if the several compositions of the great masters in those arts had been preserved and handed down to us in the same manner as in the others. From the many wonderful accounts transmitted to us, by persons of undoubted authority, of the amazing effects produced by the musical compositions of the ancients, we cannot believe but that they were of a kind far superior to ours; and though their paintings are lost to us, yet some of them retain still a kind of being in the elegant descriptions given of them by several authors, so as to enable us to form a tolerable notion of their merit. Whoever reads Pliny's account of a picture drawn by Aristides, representing a

[1] This and the following extract are from *British Education*.

woman stabbed with a poniard, having a child at her breast; the praises which Ausonius bestows upon the Medea of Timomachus; what Pliny and Quintilian both have said upon the sacrifice of Iphigenia by Timanthes; the excellent description which Lucian gives of a grand piece representing the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, as also the family of a Centaur drawn by Zeuxis, with many others to the same effect, cannot but conclude that the painters of antiquity were masters of the noblest and most accurate expression, as well as of the finest poetic and picturesque composition. And indeed, when we find that all the ancients who have written upon those subjects are agreed in allowing that painting and music were in as high a degree of perfection as poetry and sculpture, we cannot refuse our belief to the testimony of such exquisite judges.

Here it must be observed, therefore, that though the compositions in modern painting and music be generally thought to have a more absolute degree of perfection than those of poetry and sculpture, yet in fact they have only a comparative value. The whole difference lies in this, that, as some of the noblest works of antiquity in the latter arts are still remaining, the compositions of the moderns suffer much when compared with them; but as all traces of the former are lost, the most eminent masters of latter times can be only compared with such as are inferior to themselves; and consequently, by such a comparison their works must always appear in the most advantageous light. Nay, to modern judges they must of course become the standards of perfection. But were the masterly drawings of the ancient painters still in being, it is more than probable that the historical pieces of our most celebrated artists would be thrown at as great a distance by comparison with them, and sink as much in their value, as the works of our poets and statuaries have done. And could we hear the ancient music performed in its utmost perfection, our admiration of the modern would perhaps be changed into contempt, and the most excellent of our composers be considered only as agreeable triflers.

From this view it is evident that, however the reputation of the modern artists in painting and music may have been raised by the loss of the works of the ancients, yet the arts themselves must have suffered amazingly, and all true critical knowledge with respect to these must have been proportionably less. For there can be no doubt but that the curious inquirers into poetry and statuary have much stronger and more certain lights to guide their judgments in ascertaining the real value of any production in either of those arts by means of the twofold comparison; whereas, they who have a taste for music and painting can only judge by comparison of the works of one modern with those of another.

WANT OF EFFICIENCY IN OUR EDUCATION.

Want of knowledge, and a quantity of false knowledge, far worse than none, are the necessary consequences in a country of not studying and understanding the language which is most generally read.

The low state of the arts is owing to a false taste, and false taste proceeds from a want of using the proper means early in life of procuring a true one.

If our legislators have at any time acted wrong, how could it be otherwise expected, when there is no care taken in their education to qualify them for the discharge of so important an office.

. . . . . .

The infinite variety of opinions is not at all surprising, nor that there should be as many sects of philosophers in England as ever have appeared in the world; since great pains are taken, in the education of youth, to make them acquainted with all these, and at the most dangerous time of life, when the judgment has least power, they are left to themselves to adopt what opinions they please and to stick by such as are most agreeable to them. Is it any wonder that their raw and weak understandings, bewildered in such a maze of systems, should make their escape from them into the less perplexing regions of scepticism?

That this island should abound more in suicide than any other country upon earth will no longer appear strange, when it is considered that nothing brings on the weariness of life so much as the want of employment; and no education in the world qualifies men less for the active life than ours, though, from the very genius of the people, and the nature of our constitution, that ought to be its chief end. When persons born with a restless active disposition do not find proper employment, or are engaged in such as is not suitable to their genius, life becomes a burden to them. This is a more rational way to account for the

frequency of that crime than to attribute it to the peculiar qualities of our air, &c. Why is so fair a plea offered, why are any arguments used to palliate so atrocious a crime? Why is the climate arraigned, and Providence blasphemed, to excuse self-murder, upon a principle contrary to reason and fact? It is to be supposed that our climate has been always the same, and yet there was a time when that crime was as little known here as in any other country. In the reign of Elizabeth, when all found employment, it was hardly heard of; and the great frequency of it has been of very short date, and since many people have had little to do. A gentleman in a well-known instance gave the true reason why it is grown so common, in a letter which just before he shot himself he wrote to his friends, who were then waiting for him at a tavern; wherein he said that he was "grown weary of buckling and unbuckling his shoes every day."

Why is the climate called in upon all occasions as a general solution for all such difficulties as are above the capacities of our minute philosophers? Why is it to the changeableness of that and to liberty that the variety of manners, dispositions, tempers, and humours in individuals, the infinite number of sects in philosophy, religion, and politics, are imputed? The climate has not always produced the same effects in this country, nor has liberty done it in others. Why may they not all be referred to their true source, education? By that our opinions and notions are formed, and by those our actions are governed.

How is it possible that the British constitution can flourish when the education of their youth is neither suited to its end, its nature, or its principles?

In Athens and Rome there were two systems of education, which prevailed at two different eras, one in their flourishing, the other in their corrupt state. In the first oratory and philosophy were united, and the youth were trained up to be not only wise but active members of society. In the last philosophy became the only study; the active was changed for the contemplative life; their time was chiefly employed in empty disquisitions and disputes about trifles; they, for the most part, became wise only in their own conceit, and were utterly incapacitated from being of any use to the public. By this latter education chiefly was Athens destroyed; and this was the system which was adopted at Rome when in her state of slavery and corruption.

Britain had her choice of these two methods. She has chosen the latter. What consequences are to be expected from it?

But besides her preference of the worst mode of ancient education, she has adopted into her system all the worst of the modern. Everything that is bad in the French is studiously imitated by us; everything that is good in their institutions wholly neglected.

Montesquieu, in speaking of the difference between ancient and modern education, says, "Another advantage their education had over ours, it was never effaced by contrary impressions."

In our days we receive three different or contrary educations, namely, of our parents, of our masters, and of the world. What we learn in the latter effaces all the ideas of the former.

If this be really the case, how hopefully has the prime of life been employed!

To give a sanction to the sentiments which I have delivered upon this head, I shall subjoin a few queries of the Bishop of Cloyne, extracted from a pamphlet called the *Querist.*

Whether a wise state hath any interest nearer heart than the education of youth?

What right the eldest son hath to the worst education?

Whether it is possible that a state should not thrive, whereof the lower part were industrious and the upper wise?

Whether Homer's compendium of education,

"Alike to practise eloquence and valour,"

would not be a good rule for modern educators of youth? and whether half the learning and study of these kingdoms is not useless, for want of a proper delivery and pronunciation being taught in our schools and colleges?

Upon a review of the whole it must be allowed that our system of education is extremely defective, and that too in some of the most essential points. First, in not providing properly for the support of religion by neglecting to instruct those who are to be its guardians in the most necessary qualification of all to the discharge of their sacred functions; as also for the support of our constitution and civil liberties, in not taking care to train up the youth destined to compose the august body of our legislature in such arts and studies as can alone render them capable of filling that important post. Secondly, in making the paths of knowledge difficult and uncertain, by a total neglect of our own language. Thirdly, in omitting all care of the imitative arts, so essential to the well-being of this

country. How far the revival of the art of oratory may contribute to remedy these defects is submitted to the judgment of the reader.

CAPTAIN O'BLUNDER: A FARCE.

[Lucy, and Betty her maid. Cheatwell, a lover of Lucy. His meeting with the Irish captain, whom Lucy's father has desired her to receive. Sconce, Cheatwell's man.]

Lucy. Well, this barbarous will of parents is a great drawback on the inclinations of young people.

Betty. Indeed, and so it is, mem. For my part I'm no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal. . . . But la! mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believe that I saw your Irish lover the Captain; and I conceits it was he and no other, so I do;—and I saw him go into the Blue Postices, so I did.

Lucy. My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute.—Pray had he his wings on? I suppose they saved him his passage.

Betty. Oh! mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

CHEATWELL *enters.*

Cheatwell. Miss! your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger: our common enemy is just imported hither, and is inquiring for your father's house through every street.—The Irish captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble!

Lucy. I long to see him; and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable; besides, the Captain may be misrepresented. (*Aside.*) Well, you know, my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

Cheatwell. I have nothing but your professions and your sincerity to depend upon. O here's my trusty Mercury.

SCONCE *enters.*

Well, Sconce, have you dogged the Captain?

Sconce. Yes, yes, I left him snug at the Blue Pots, devouring a large dish of potatoes and half a sirloin of beef for his breakfast. He's just pat to our purpose, easily humm'd, as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

Cheatwell. Propose, why to drive him back to his native bogs as fast as possible.

Lucy. Oh! Mr. Cheatwell. Pray let's have a sight of the creature.

Cheatwell. Oh! female curiosity.—Why, child, he'd frighten thee;—he's above six feet high.

Sconce. A great huge back and shoulders, wears a great long sword, which he calls his sweetlips.

Lucy. I hear the Irish are naturally brave.

Sconce. And carries a large oaken cudgel, which he calls his shillela.

Lucy. Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose.

Sconce. Add to this a great pair of jackboots, a Cumberland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a d——d potato face.

Lucy. He must be worth seeing truly.

Cheatwell. Well, my dear girl, be constant; wish me success, for I shall so humbug, so roast, and so banter this same Irish captain that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

Lucy. About it then. Adieu! I hear my father.

[Sconce manages to lodge the Irish captain in a mad-house, which he introduced him to as his cousin's: Drs. Clyster and Gallypot examine him.]

Captain. Faith, my cousin's house is a brave large place, tho' it is not so very well furnished; but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms. So, who are these now? some acquaintance of my cousin's, to be sure. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; but where's my cousin?

Dr. Clyster. His cousin! What does he mean?

Dr. Gallypot. What should a madman mean? Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

Captain. O, dear gentlemen, 'tis too much trouble; you need not be over regular; a single joint of meat and a good glass of ale will be a very good treat, without any needless expenses.

Dr. Clyster. Do you mind that symptom—the canine appetite?

Captain. Nine appetites! No, my jewel, I have an appetite like other people; a couple of pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry. What the devil do they talk of nine appetites?

do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives?

Gallypot. He looks a little wild, brother.

Captain. What! are you brothers?

Clyster. Pray, sir, be seated; we shall examine methodically into the nature of your case.

Captain. What the devil do they mean by taking me by the wrists? Maybe 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

. . . . . .

Gallypot. First, brother, let us examine the symptoms.

Captain. By my soul, the fellows are fools!

Clyster. Pray, sir, how do you rest?

Captain. In a good feather-bed, my jewel, and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

Clyster. But do you sleep sound?

Captain. Faith, I sleep and snore all night, and when I awake in the morning I find myself fast asleep.

. . . . . .

Gallypot. How do you eat, sir?

Captain. With my mouth. How the devil should I eat, do you think?

. . . . . .

Gallypot. Do you generally drink much?

Captain. Oh, my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter wouldn't choke me. But what the devil magnifies so many questions about eating and drinking? if you have a mind to order anything, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famished.

Clyster. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and secundum artem.

Captain. Secundum artum! I don't see any sign of treating at all. Ara, my jewels, send for a mutton chop, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

Clyster. I shall give you my opinion concerning this case, brother. Galen says. . . . Galen is of opinion that in all adust complexions—

Captain. Well, and who has a dusty complexion?

Clyster. A little patience, sir.

Captain. I think I have a great deal of patience, that people can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.

Clyster.

Qui habet vultum adustum
Habet caninum gustum.

Captain. I'm sure 'tis an ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long, after pretending to treat him.

Gallypot. Ay, brother, but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

Captain. Well but, my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me, for a small matter will serve my turn.

Clyster. Sir, you break the thread of our discourse; I was observing that in gloomy opaque habits the frigidity of the solids causes a continual friction in the fluids, which by being constantly impeded grow thick and glutinous, by which means they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

Gallypot. Then, brother, from your position it will be deducible that the primæ viæ are first to be cleared, which must be effected by frequent emetics.

Clyster. Sudorifics.

Gallypot. Cathartics.

Clyster. Pneumatics.

Gallypot. Restoratives.

Clyster. Corrosives.

Gallypot. Narcotics.

. . . . . .

Captain. How naturally they answer one another, like the parish minister and the clerk; by my soul, jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

Clyster. And thus to speak, summatim and articulatim, or categorically to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emetics will clear the first passages and restore the viscera to their pristine tone, and regulate their lost peristaltic or vermicular motion, so that from the œsophagus to the rectum I am for potent emetics.

Gallypot. And next for sudorifics, as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

Clyster. With cathartics to purge him.

Gallypot. Pneumatics to scourge him.

Clyster. Narcotics to dose him.

Gallypot. Cephalics to pose him.

Captain. These are some of the dishes they are to treat me with. Why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery; upon my soul, this is to be a grand entertainment. Well, they'll have their own way.

Clyster. Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

Captain. Phlebotomy, d'ye say?

Gallypot. His eyes roll, call the keepers.

[The keepers enter and strive to seize the Captain, when he catches up a chair and rushes at them like a madman. They fly for their

lives, and he, following them, gains the street in a few minutes. On reaching his lodgings he dresses and presents himself at the house of Mr. Trader, Lucy's father. He finds the house in confusion, Mr. Trader having just learned that he is ruined by a failure in business.]

Trader. O Captain, I'm ruined, undone—broke—

Captain. Broke! what have you broke?

Trader. Oh! sir, my fortune's broke, I am not a penny above a beggar. . . . So now, Captain, I have not concealed my misfortune from you, you are at liberty to choose a happier wife, for my poor child is miserable.

Captain. I thought your ribs was broke; I'm no surgeon; but if it is only a little money that broke you, give me this sweet lady's lily-white hand, and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her and with yourself.

Cheatwell. (*Enters.*) Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

Captain. Oh! by my soul this is my friendly cousin, that bid the old conjurors phlebotomize me.

Cheatwell. Sir, I beg your pardon in particular, and I hope you'll grant me it; nothing but necessity was the cause of my ungenteel behaviour. This lady I had an esteem for; but since things have turned out as they have, my pretensions are without foundation; and I, therefore (*turning to Trader*), raised the report of your ships being lost at sea, in hopes that this gentleman would decline his addresses to your daughter when he found she had no fortune.

Captain. Oagh! my dear, we play no such dirty tricks in our country.

Cheatwell. And now, Captain, I hope you'll grant me your pardon, and look upon me in the light of an unfortunate rather than a bad man.

Captain. Faith, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of your mourning, I forgive you with all my heart.

. . . . . .

Lucy (*to the Captain*). Sir, your generous behaviour, so frankly shown on so melancholy an accident, has entirely gained my heart, nor do I value your estate when set in comparison with your noble soul.

[The Irish captain is so delighted with the turn affairs have taken that he volunteers a song.] (*Sings.*)

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN'S SONG.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes,
So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my clothes.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

By my soul, I'm afraid I shall die in my grave,
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride,
In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

[The Captain and Lucy get married, and as a consolation Cheatwell marries the maid Betty, after finding that she has saved a nice little fortune.]

ANDREW MAGRATH.

Born about 1723 — Died after 1790.

[Andrew Magrath, one of the most witty, eccentric, and high-spirited of the poets writing in Irish, was born in Limerick about the year 1723. He was the author of a great mass of songs and poems "of a jovial, amatory, and political nature, which are current and popular chiefly in the province of Munster." Hardiman says of him, that "as a poet he not only excelled the mob of English gentlemen who wrote with ease, but also many of those whom Dr. Johnson has designated English poets. His habits and writings closely resembled those of Prior. Like him, Magrath delighted in mean company. His life was

irregular, negligent, and sensual. He has tried all styles from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace."

Magrath, the last of the poets who wrote in his native Irish, was, and is still, generally known among the peasantry by the nickname of *Mangaire Sugach* ("mixture of drollery"). He was alive so late as 1790, but when his death took place has not been ascertained. In addition to an English translation of the "Canticle," we give two pieces in Irish which have never been translated. The first of them, the "Song to Drink," is Magrath's, and the "Fragment," which is especially popular among the peasantry of Munster, is generally accredited to him.]

A CANTICLE OF DELIVERANCE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun[1] and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

He told how the heroes were fall'n and degraded,
And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim!
But Phelim and Heber,[2] whose children betrayed it,
The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
The fleet is prepared, proud Charles is commanding,
And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-string shall tremble,
And love and devotion be poured in the strain;
Ere "Samhain"[3] our chiefs, shall in Temor[4] assemble,
The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration;
In song shall exhale our warm hearts' adoration,
Confusion shall light on the foes' usurpation,
And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
Away! to each heart the proud tidings to tell,
Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you!
The treaty they broke[5] your deep vengeance shall swell:
The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
Surround him! sustain! shall the gorg'd goat[6] descending,
Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending;
Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe!

[1] The ruler of the Munster fairies.
[2] Renegade Irish who joined the foe.
[3] The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids.
[4] Tara.

OL DAH.—SONG TO DRINK.

Nuair theidhim go tigh an tabhairne,
Budh ghnath liom fuireach oidhche ann
Agus buidhean shultmhar sasta,
Ag ól slainte am thimchioll.—
Mar budh mhiann liom an t-árthach,
Bheith lán gan aén chinnteacht,
Agus gasraidh bhreagh, ghradhmhar
Na'r ghnáthach a bheith cinnte.—
Síud ort féin 's an g-ceart,
A rúin-ghil súidh le m'ais,
Bídh sugach a's ól do dhram,
A's an ccrusga-so go fras,
Go n-diugaim é go cneas,
Go n-glaodham tuilleadh a steach,
As a threin-fhir na treig me.

Glór pibe agus bheidhlin,
A's ceól cruite gan aimhreas,
Nior mhór liom a bheith am thimchioll,
Ag ól punch go meadhrac,
No beóir maith agus cider,
Is iad do dhiugadh le h-intinn,
'S go m-budh léor liom mar shaidhbhreas,
Iad do rúsgadh le h-adhmad,
Mar do'b fhonn sin mar acht,
Gach n-aon ag ól a dhram,
Go fiúghantach córach, ccart,
S' an crúsga tar ais
Ag tnuth le tuillcadh théacht
Go n-diugamaois ar g-cau
Ag ól slainteadha chéile.

A chuideachta bhréagh, bheusach,
A ta taobh liom 's a g-cuibhreann,

[5] The Treaty of Limerick.
[6] A contemptuous epithet for the English.

Ni sgarrfam le chéile,
Go n-glaodham tuilleadh fiona;
Ag so slainte gach trén-fhir
Do'b fhéile, a's budh saoithe,
'S ná'r chuir a d-taisge d'á ghaolta
Gach ar shaothruigh sé le crionacht.
Mas mheasaim beart gach eín neach
Do chaith a choróinn 's a réul gheal
'S a liacht sgramairc gan chéil
Do mealladh ris an t-saoghal,
A tá nois ag dreoghadh 's an ceré,
Fir ag a mnáibh d'á n-déis,
'S iad gan phreab fa liocc 's an teamroll.

A FRAGMENT.—BLOGHADH.

I.

Nach aoibhin do na h-eininibh d'eirighean go h-árd,
'S a bhidhean a ceileabhar le na chéile air aon chraoibh amhain,
Ni mar sin damh féin 's domh chéud mile grádh,
Is fada o n-a chéile oruinn d'eirighean gach Iá.

II.

Is táine í iona an lile is deise í 'n an sgéimh,
Is binne í 'n an bheidhlinn 's is soillseíche í 'na an ghréin,
Is fearr ioná sin uile a h-uaisleacht 's a méinn,
'S a dhia tha is na flaithis fuasgail dom phéin.

III.

An roibh tu air au g-carraig, no an bh-facaidh tú mo ghradh,
No an bh-facaidh tu gile no finne no sgeimh na mná,
An bh-facaidh tu an t-ubhall budh mhilse 's budh chúmhra blath,
No an bh-facaidh tu mo bhailintin no bh-fhuil si 'g á claoidh mar taim?

IV.

Bhidh me air an g-carraig a's chonairc me do ghrádh,
Chonnairc me gile agus finne agus sgeimh na mná.
Chonairc me an t-ubhall budh milse 's budh chumhra bláth,
Agus chonairc me do bhailintin 's ni fhuil si 'g á claoidh mar táir.

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

Born about 1728 — Died 1792.

[The precise date of the birth of John, afterwards General, Burgoyne, we have not been able to discover. He is generally said to have been a natural son of Lord Bingley, and we find him lieutenant-colonel of the 16th Light Dragoons in August, 1759. In 1761 he served at Belle Isle, and in 1762 he commanded a force sent to defend Portugal against the Spaniards. In the operations there he distinguished himself by the surprise and capture of Alcantara, and before his return to England he was made colonel. Already, in 1761, he had been elected M.P. for Midhurst, and in 1768 he stood as candidate and was elected M.P. for Preston. In this latter election, however, his supporters were guilty of bribery and other misdeeds, for which he was prosecuted and fined £1000. Six years later he wrote his first dramatic work, the production of which was brought about in this way:—Years before, while serving as a subaltern in Preston, he and Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby, became acquainted and fell in love with each other. A secret marriage followed, on the knowledge of which the earl became merciless. After a time, however, a reconciliation was effected, and the earl, finding his son-in-law a man of wit, talent, and sense, requested him to produce a dramatic piece, to be played at a fête-champêtre to be given at the family seat, The Oaks, on the occasion of the marriage of a second daughter. Burgoyne consented, and produced the *Maid of the Oaks*, a piece far too clever to be buried at a rural fête, and which accordingly soon found its way to the London boards.

In the following year (1775) he went on active service to America, and in 1777 he was appointed to the command of the force that captured Ticonderoga, but was ultimately obliged to capitulate to General Gates at Saratoga. On his return to England he was treated rather harshly, but he defended himself with

spirit, and demanded a court-martial, which was refused. On this he resigned all his appointments, but when a change of ministry occurred he was made commander-in-chief in Ireland. This post he held for two years, when he resigned it and devoted himself entirely to literature. He had already produced in 1780 the comic opera *Lord of the Manor*, and now he contributed to *The Rolliad* the "Ode to Dr. Prettyman" and "Westminster Guide." In 1786 he ventured into a new field of literature, and, guided by higher art than hitherto, produced *The Heiress*, a comedy on which his fame as an author chiefly rests. This play, which might have been written by Congreve in his best mood, was a great success, and was soon followed by *Richard Cœur de Lion*, an operatic piece adapted from the French. On the occasion of the trial of Hastings, Burgoyne was appointed one of its managers. He did not live to see the end of this celebrated trial, however, as he died of gout on the 4th of June, 1792, and was buried privately in a cloister of Westminster Abbey.

There is no doubt that had the author of *The Heiress* devoted the better days of his life instead of its odds and ends to literature, he would have attained a high position. As it is he has done enough to deserve a place in the rank and file of the shining battalion of men of talent and genius.]

THE LADY AND THE CYNIC.[1]

An Apartment in Sir Clement Flint's House.

LADY EMILY GAYVILLE *and* CLIFFORD *discovered at chess.* SIR CLEMENT *sitting at a distance, pretending to read a parchment, but slyly observing them.*

Lady E. Check! If you do not take care you are gone the next move.

Clif. I confess, Lady Emily, you are on the point of complete victory.

Lady E. Pooh! I would not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

Clif. Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

Lady E. I could find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I could not submit to with pleasure.

Sir C. (*Apart.*) Pretty significant on both sides. I wonder how much farther it will go.

Lady E. Uncle, did you speak?

Sir C. (*Reading to himself.*) "And the parties to this indenture do further covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, hereditaments—um—um." How useful, sometimes, is ambiguity.

(*Loud enough to be heard.*)

Clif. A very natural observation of Sir Clement's upon that long parchment. (*Pauses again upon the chess-board.*) To what a dilemma have you reduced me, Lady Emily! If I advance, I perish by my temerity, and it is out of my power to retreat.

Sir C. (*Apart.*) Better and better! To talk in cipher is a curious faculty.

Clif. Sir!

Sir C. (*Still reading.*) "In witness whereof, the said parties have hereunto, interchangeably, set their hands and seals, this—um—um—um—day of—um—um—"

Lady E. Come, I trifle with you too long. There's your *coup de grace*. Uncle, I have conquered. (*Both rise from the table.*)

Sir C. Niece, I do not doubt it; and in the style of the great proficients, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? (*Rises.*)

Clif. It was, sir.

Sir C. In looking over the writings Alscrip has sent me, preparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton, of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

Clif. My grandfather, sir. The plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscrip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and, lastly, his sole creditor.

Sir C. And no better monopoly than that of a needy man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

Clif. It is a compensation for my family losses that, in the event, they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

Sir C. Heyday! Clifford, take care, don't trench upon the blandish; your cue, you know, is sincerity.

Clif. You seem to think, sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

Sir C. You do me great injustice; several, several; and upon the old principle, that

[1] This and the scene that follows are from *The Heiress*.

"honesty is the best policy." Self-interest is the great end of life, says human nature. Honesty is a better agent than craft, says the proverb.

Clif. But, as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives—

Sir C. Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

Clif. What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

Lady E. That there may be such, but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuousness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility; and for disinterestedness, young people sometimes set out with it; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring, one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

Sir C. Emily, I protest, you seem to study after me; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

Lady E. Read one's acquaintance, delightful! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquettes, fugitive pieces; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew. Lord, I should now and then, though, turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

Clif. How so?

Lady E. Lest one should pop, unawares, upon something one should not, like a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

Sir C. Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads by herself, and to herself, there are wicked philosophers who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

AN OLD RASCAL.

Alscrip's Room of Business.

ALSCRIP *and* RIGHTLY *discovered.*

Right. Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree. There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title-deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

Als. I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant, quiet possession?

Right. Sir Clement insists upon it.

Als. A client insist! And you, an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility! Ah! in my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

Right. How, pray?

Als. I read his writings to him myself. I was the best reader in Chancery Lane for setting the understanding at defiance. Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment. Shall I give you a specimen?

Right. I have no doubt of your talent.

Als. Then return to Sir Clement and follow my example.

Right. No, Mr. Alscrip; though I acknowledge your skill I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

Als. Law understood! Zounds! would you destroy the profession?

Right. No, I would raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the theory, to which he is competent, the practice would revert to the purity of its institution; maintain the rights, and not promote the knavery of mankind.

Als. (*Aside.*) Plaguy odd maxims! Sure, he means to try me. Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone. I have locked the door. (*In a half whisper.*)

Right. A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I would not proclaim at Charing Cross.

Als. (*Aside.*) No! Then I'll pronounce you the most silly or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

Right. But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguished regularity.

Als. Yes; I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially title-deeds. Some in drawers, some in closets—(*aside*)—and a few underground.

Miss Als. (*Rattling at the door.*) What makes you lock the door, sir? I must speak to you this instant.

Als. One moment, child, and I'll be ready for you. (*Turning again to Rightly, as to dissuade him.*)

Right. If the thoughts of the wedding-day make any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly, our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

Als. (*Aside.*) Confound the old hound, how he sticks to his scent! (*Miss Alscrip still at the door.*) I am coming, I tell you. (*Opens a bureau in a confused hurry, shuffles papers about, and puts one into Rightly's hand.*) There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room. You, who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nut-shell, will look over it in ten minutes.

(*Puts Rightly into another room.*)

Miss Als. (*Without.*) I won't wait another instant, whatever you are about. Let me in.

Als. (*Opening the door.*) Sex and vehemence! What is the matter now?

Enter Miss Alscrip, *in the most violent emotion.*

Miss Als. So, sir—yes, sir—you have done finely by me, indeed; you are a pattern for fathers. A precious match you had provided!

Als. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. (*Running on.*) I, that with fifty thousand independent pounds left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard-of—and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age.

Als. What the devil's the matter?

Miss Als. (*Following him about.*) I, that at fourteen might have married a French marquis—my governess told me he was, for all he was her brother.

Als. Gad-a-mercy! Governess?

Miss Als. And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and would have found his way to Gretna Green blindfolded?

Als. (*Aside.*) 'Gad! I wish you were there now, with all my heart. What the devil is at the bottom of all this?

Miss Als. Why, Lord Gayville is at the bottom; and your hussy, that you was so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom, a treacherous minx! I sent her, only for a little innocent diversion, as my double—

Als. Your what?

Miss Als. Why, my double; to vex him.

Als. Double! This is the most useless attendant you have had yet. 'Gad! I'll start you single-handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England.

Miss Als. I caught them, just as I did you with your—

Als. Is that all? 'Gad! I don't see much in that.

Miss Als. Not much? What, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turned off—rejected—renounced!

Als. Renounced? Has he broke the contract? Will you prove he has broken the contract?

Miss Als. Ay, now, my dear papa, you take a tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Alscrip rises; rises as it ought. You mean to fight him directly, don't you.

Als. Oh, yes! I'm his man. I'll show you a lawyer's challenge: sticks and staves, guns, swords, daggers, poniards, knives, scissors, and bodkins. I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper six inches square than would stock the armoury of the Tower.

Miss Als. Pistols! don't talk to me of anything but pistols. My dear papa, who shall be your second?

Als. I'll have two; John Doe and Richard Roe—as pretty fellows as any in England, to see fair play, and as used to the differences of good company. They shall greet him with their *fiere facias;* so don't be cast down, Molly; I'll answer for damages to indemnify our loss of temper and reputation. He shall have a *fi-fa* before to-morrow night.

Miss Als. Fiery faces and damages! What does your Westminster Hall gibberish mean? Are a woman's feelings to be satisfied with a fie-fa? You old insensible! you have no sense of family honour—no tender affections.

Als. 'Gad! you have enough for us both, when you want your father to be shot through the head;—but stand out of the way, here's a species of family honour more necessary to be taken care of. If we were to go to law, this would be a precious set-off against us. (*Takes up the deed, as if to look it up.*) This!—why, what the devil!—I hope I don't see clear. Curse and confusion! I have given the wrong one. Here's fine work! here's a blunder! here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity!

Miss Als. Lord! what a fuss you are in! what is in the old trumpery scroll!

Als. Plague and parchment! old Rightly will find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him. Mr. Rightly, Mr. Rightly, Mr. Rightly!

(*Going to the door Rightly went out at.*)

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

Als. Gone! whither?

Ser. Home, I believe, sir. He came out at the door into the hall, and he bade me tell your honour you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

Als. Fire and fury! my hat and cane. [*Exit Ser.*] Here, my hat and cane.

Miss Als. Sir, I expect, before you come home—

Als. Death and devils! expect to be ruined. This comes of listening to you. The sex hold the power of mischief by prescription. Zounds! Mischief — mischief is the common law of woman-kind. [*Exeunt.*

[And mischief was done, too, from Alscrip's point of view, for in his confusion he had handed Mr. Rightly the wrong paper, which proved what his employer Sir Clement Flint had suspected, that part of the fortune which belonged to Clifford by right was held by Alscrip wrongfully. Of course the fortune was restored, and Lady Emily and Clifford married.]

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

(FROM "THE MAID OF THE OAKS.")

[Dupely invited to the fête-champêtre by his friend Sir Harry Groveby, who is about to be married. Lady Bab Lardoon, a woman of fashion, determines to fool Dupely, who has just returned from abroad. For this purpose in her fête dress as a shepherdess she wanders in the garden.]

A Flower-garden.

Enter LADY BAB LARDOON, *dressed as a shepherdess,* OLDWORTH *following.*

Old. Hist, hist! Lady Bab! Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

Lady B. Not for the world; you see, I am dressed for the purpose. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made. Away, away! [*Exit Oldworth, Lady B. retires.*

Enter DUPELY.

Dupe. Where the devil is Sir Harry? This is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by-and-by, like two pheasants in pairing time. (*Observing Lady B.*) Ha! is that a dress for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? Oh, I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy-hunting;—but what a neck she has! How beautifully nature works when she is not spoiled by a d——d town stay-maker! What a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation he keeps his eyes fixed upon her; Lady B. looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and, with an air of naïveté, presents it to him.*)

Lady B. You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir; it is much at your service.

(*Offers the flowers, and curtseys awkwardly.*)

Dupe. Oh! the charming innocent! A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

Lady B. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet!—pray smell 'em; they are charming sweet, I assure you, and have such fine colours! La! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

(*Simpers, and looks at him.*)

Dupe. Exquisite simplicity! (*Aside.*) Ah! I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Lady B. Lack-a-daisy heart! How could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dupe. By a certain instinct I have; for I have seen few or none of the sort before. But, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

Lady B. Situation!

Dupe. Ay—what are you?

Lady B. I am a bridemaid.

Dupe. But when you are not a bridemaid, what is your way of life? How do you pass your time?

Lady B. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employed, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content.

Dupe. Oh, the delicious description!—beechen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes and pastorals. What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of *champêtre!* I'll do it. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. (*Examines him.*) And, pray, what may you be? for I never saw anything so out of the way in all my life—He, he, he!

(*Simpering.*)

Dupe. I, my dear? I am a gentleman.

Lady B. What a fine gentleman! Bless

me! what a thing it is! Ha, ha, ha! I never saw anything so comical in all my life. Ha, ha, ha! And this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much.

Dupe. What is the matter, my dear? Is there anything ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

Lady B. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks.

Dupe. And as loving as sparrows.

Lady B. I know you are very loving—of yourselves. Ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that flock but never pair.

Dupe. Why, you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard anything else of fine gentlemen?

Lady B. Yes, a great deal more; that they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for show; squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers and their estates to Jews; and, at last, run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcass, and an empty pocket:—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dupe. Pray, my dear, what is really your name? (*Surprised.*)

Lady B. My name is Philly.

(*Resuming her simplicity.*)

Dupe. Philly!

Lady B. Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

Dupe. And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady B. Oh! I learnt it with my catechism. Mr. Oldworth has taught it to all the young maidens hereabout.

Dupe. So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming innocence, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

(*Significantly.*)

Lady B. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dupe. And how is that, pray?

Lady B. Why, while one keeps at a distance he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it. Lord! you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful; but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dupe. Well said, rural simplicity, again. Well, but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here. Fly with me to the true region of pleasure. My chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady B. (*Fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

Dupe. Oh! this will do, I see. (*Aside.*)

Lady B. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by-and-by; there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed! I should as soon be in love with the figure of the great mogul at the back of a pack of cards; if she has anything to do with hearts, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket.[1] No, sweet Philly; thank heaven, that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms; here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips. (*Struggling to kiss her.*)

Enter Hurry, *a servant.*

Hurry. Oh! Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship—Lord! I thought they never kissed at a wedding till after the ceremony.

(*Going. Dupely stares. Lady B. laughs.*)

Dupe. Stay, Hurry. Who were you looking for?

Hurry. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopped her mouth.

Dupe. Who—what—who? This is Philly Nettletop.

Hurry. Philly Fiddlestick! 'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you. Do you think I don't know her because she has got a new dress.

[*Exit.*

Dupe. Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady B. No, no; Philly Nettletop.

Dupe. Here's a d——d scrape! (*Aside.*)

Lady B. In every capacity, sir, a rural innocent, Mr. Oldsworth's mistress, or the great mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion. (*With a low curtsey.*)

Enter Oldworth, *master of the house, and* Sir Harry Groveby, *laughing.*

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you

[1] She was said to be particularly fond of the gaming table.

a gentleman remarkable for second sight. He knows all women by instinct—

Sir H. From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a may-pole; I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

Lady B. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travelled man for you, and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

(*Pointing at Dupely, who is disconcerted.*)

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably. Mr. Dupely must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

SONG.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah me! my Anna's urn.

CHARLOTTE BROOKE

BORN 1740 — DIED 1793.

[Charlotte Brooke was the daughter of Henry Brooke author of *Gustavus Vasa*, and was born in 1740. At an early age she exhibited a passion for books, which for a time was interrupted by a desire to go upon the stage. Luckily her father prevailed upon her to forego this intention, and returning once more to her books she studied more passionately than ever. Frequently, while the rest of the family were in bed, she would steal down stairs to the study, there to lose herself in her beloved antiquities. In this way she was led to the study of the Irish language, and in less than two years from commencing she found herself mistress of it. From reading Irish poetry and admiring its beauties, she proceeded to translate it into English, one of her earliest efforts being a song and monody by Carolan, which appeared in Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. These were widely admired, and encouraged by this, and by the advice of friends, she set herself to collect and translate such works of Irish poets as she could procure and were found worthy of appearing in an English dress. The result was her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, which appeared in 1788. This work may well take rank with Percy's *Reliques*, not only for its intrinsic worth, but because of the influence it has had on the study of the almost forgotten poets who had written in the Irish language.

Soon after the appearance of her principal work she was unexpectedly reduced from affluence almost to poverty. Instead of indulging in fruitless complaints, however, she busily set about preparing a complete edition of the works of her father, which appeared in 1792, and produced her, together with the *Reliques*, the sum of over £300, with which she purchased an annuity of £40 a year. This she did not enjoy long, for in the following year she died, regretted by every one who had known her.

Miss Brooke's other works were: *Dialogue between a Lady and her Pupils; The School for Christians*, 1791; *Natural History, &c.*, 1796; *Emma or the Foundling of the Wood*, a novel, 1803; and *Belesarius*, a tragedy. In *The Reliques* she has printed an original poem, entitled *An Irish Tale*, an extract from which we give as characteristic of her style.]

THE SONG OF THE BARD CRAFTINÉ.

ADDRESSED TO MÄON, AN IRISH PRINCE IN EXILE AT A COURT IN FRANCE.

Mäon! bright and deathless name!
Heir of glory! son of fame!
Hear! O hear the Muse's strain!
Hear the mourning bard complain!—
Hear him, while his anguish flows
O'er thy bleeding country's woes;
Hear by him her genius speak!
Hear her, aid and pity seek!

"Mäon (she cries), behold my ruin'd land!
The prostrate wall—the blood-stained field:—
Behold my slaughtered sons, and captive sires,
Thy vengeance imprecate, thy aid demand!
(From reeking swords and raging fires,
No arm but thine to shield).

Come see what yet remains to tell,
Of horrors that befel!
Come see where death, in bloody pomp array'd,
Triumph'd o'er thy slaughtered race!
Where murder show'd his daring face,
And shook his deadly blade.
Hark!—hark—that deep-drawn sigh!—
Hark—from the tomb my slaughtered princes cry!

"Still attention! hold thy breath!—
Listen to the words of death!—
Start not, Mäon!—arm thy breast!—
Hear thy royal birth confest.
Hear the shade of Laoghaire tell
All the woes this house befel."

"Son of my son! (he cries) O Mäon! hear!—
Yes, yes,—our child thou art!
Well may the unexpected tale
Thus turn thy beauty pale!
Yet cheer, my son, thy fainting heart,
And silent give thine ear.

"Son of Ollioll's love art thou,
Offspring of his early vow;
One dreadful morn our fall beheld,
One dagger drank our kindred blood:
One mingling tide the slaughter swell'd,
And murder bathed amid the royal flood;
Again,—again they rise to sight!
The horrors of that fatal day!
Encircling peril! wild affright!
Groans of death and deep dismay!

"See Erin's dying princes press the ground,
See gasping patriots bleed around!
See thy grandsire's closing eye!
Hear his last expiring sigh!
Hear thy murdered sire in death
Bless thee with his latest breath!—

"Tears!—shall tears for blood be paid?
Vengeance hopes for manly aid,
There to yon tomb direct thine eyes,
See the shade of Ollioll rise!
Hark!—he groans!—his airy side
Still shows the wound of death.
Still from his bosom flows the crimson tide,
As when he first resign'd his guiltless breath!

"Mäon! (he cries) O hear thy sire!
See, from the tomb his mangled form arise,
Vengeance!—vengeance to inspire,
It meets thine aching eyes!

"Speak I to an infant's ears,
With shuddering blood and flowing tears!
Rouse thee!—rouse thy daring soul,
Start at once for glory's goal!

"Rush on murder's blood-stained throne!
Tear from his brow my crown!
Pluck, pluck the fierce barbarian down!
And be triumphant vengeance all thy own!'

Ha!—I behold thy sparkling eyes!
Erin!—'tis done!—thy tyrant dies!
Thy Mäon comes to free his groaning land!
To do the work his early virtue plann'd.
He comes the heir of Laoghaire's splendid crown!
He comes the heir of Ollioll's bright renown!

He comes, the arm of Gallia's host!
Valour's fierce and lovely boast!
Gallia's grateful debt is paid;
See, she gives her generous aid!
Her warriors round their hero press;
They rush, his wrongs, his country to redress.

TO A WARRIOR.

TRANSLATION FROM THE OLD IRISH.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,
In storms and terrors drest,
Withering the force of every hostile breast,
Rush on the ranks of fight!—
Youth of fierce deeds and noble soul!
Rend, scatter wide the foe!
Swift forward rush, and lay the waving pride
Of yon high ensigns low!
Thine be the battle, thine the sway!
On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,
And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side!
As the proud wave, on whose broad back
The storm its burden heaves,
Drives on the scattered wreck
Its ruin leaves;
So let thy sweeping progress roll,
Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong;
Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming
might along.

OH, GIVE ME SIGHT!

Like Bartimeus, Lord, I came,
To meet thy healing word;
To call upon thy gracious name,
And cry to be restored.

Across thy path my limbs I laid,
With trembling hope elate,
And there in conscious rags array'd
A poor blind beggar sate.

I did not ask the alms of gold,
For sight alone I cried;
Sight! sight a Saviour to behold!
And feel his power applied.

The more the crowd rebuked my prayer
And gave it to the wind,
The more I cried thy grace to share,
Thy mercy to the blind.

At length I heard a pitying voice,
Pilgrim, he calls, "Arise!"
Poor pilgrim, let thy heart rejoice,
He hears thee and replies.

Up at the word with joy I bound
(My cure in hope begun),
And cast my garment on the ground,
That faster I may run.

But the "What wilt thou?" yet delays,
Nor yet I view the light,
Till faith once more with fervour prays,
O give me, give me sight!

Transport! 'tis done! I view that face!
That face of love divine,
I gaze the witness of his grace,
And see a Saviour mine.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

LONDON: BLACKIE AND SON; DUBLIN, GLASGOW, AND EDINBURGH.

Catharine Parr Traill College

DATE DUE

DEC 10 1991

CARR McLEAN, TORONTO FORM #38-297

PR 8833 .R4 v.1
010201 000
The cabinet of Irish literatur
0 1163 0134451 5
TRENT UNIVERSITY

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL COLLEGE
783502